MEDICAL TYRANNY

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

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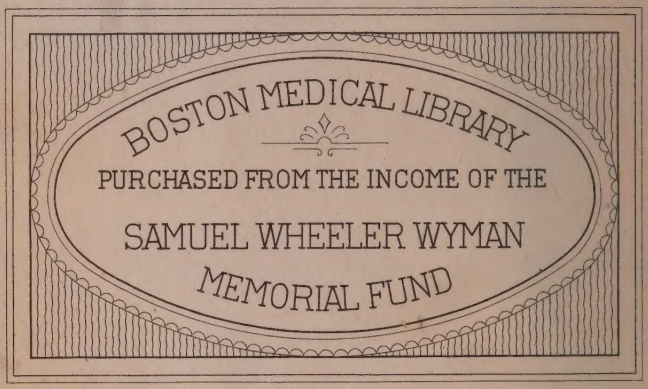
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A Personal Experience

PUBLISHED BY ALICE J. BEATTY
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CHAPTER I.

In the HIGH COURT of JUSTICE. 1896. B., No. 570.
KING'S BENCH DIVISION.

Between :

ALICE JANE BEATTY, Plaintiff,

and

CHARLES JAMES CULLINGWORTH, Defendant.

Counsel for Plaintiff, Sir Lawson Walton.

Junior Counsel, Mr. Spokes.

Solicitors, Messrs. Radford and Frankland (Mr. Radford acting), 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Counsel for Defendant, Sir Edward Carson.

Junior Counsel, Mr. Eldon Banks.

Solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis (Sir George Lewis acting), 10, Ely Place, E.C.

Brief for Plaintiff, Sir Lawson Walton opening :

" This action is brought by the Plaintiff for damages for an operation performed on her at St. Thomas' Home, a department of St. Thomas' Hospital for paying patients (at three guineas a week), on the 15th of August, 1892, without her consent and against her instructions. Before going into the facts of the case, some explanation is necessary as to the reasons why the action only comes on for trial nearly four years after the defendant's wrongful act. The plaintiff is not a woman of independent means, and was at the date in question earning her living as Superintendent of Nurses at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin. She had therefore no pecuniary resources for bringing an action."

Such is the opening statement made in the High Court of Justice by the late Sir Lawson Walton, K.C.

The point at issue in the action was " Surgery by force and without consent—and against instructions of patient."

A claim arrogated to themselves by surgeons, at the present day, as members of the medical profession—a claim so acted upon by them is a serious danger to everyone—man, woman, and child—from the standpoint of personal liberty and freedom. " Other times, other methods." We have had in times past other groups of men banded together in power who have sought by persecution, prison, torture,

and other forms of oppression to coerce all individuals outside their circle to submission to the will and the interests of the group; and again and again have the people resented and resisted the tyranny and encroachment upon their freedom, and secured for themselves personal liberty in thought, speech and action.

A force has arisen—that of the medical profession—a trade union of individuals—a combination of self-interests—terrible in its irresponsible power, which is growing—a force, with claims antagonistic to every principle of personal freedom to all others outside the immediate circle.

That which has been the practice—surgery by force—operations without consent by members of the group, for time past, in the monetary greed of the men so working within closed doors—where the observant public can throw no searchlight—is now, with secretly accumulated power and influence, forced into legislature—present and future—the demand for a larger and legal scope of forcible surgical operation for experimental work.

In asylums for the insane a patient may be held down by force and made to submit to any or every operation, however absurd.

In the prisons—where in these days any one of us may find ourselves—Lord Alvestone, as Lord Chief Justice of England, has by his ruling on the forcible feeding of the political prisoners made a law entirely by himself, without such law being passed in the House of Commons and entered on the Statute Book; but it is a precedent giving power into the hands of prison official medical men to operate, without consent of prisoner or friends, upon the "feeble-minded," upon those suffering from "heart disease," "lung or kidney trouble," upon anyone who may fail to obtain permission from this trade union to marry, upon those who may be, or may become physically delicate, and practically the economically poor are to be similarly treated.

At present the medical profession, in its members, in their work, is the only trade union above the law.

I am little known now amongst those with whom I come in contact under my name of Beatty, used in the Cullingworth case and its subsequent incidents, and its association with the terrible and still very bitter experience of life brought about by my contact with Dr. Cullingworth. The use of it, too, frequently brought up to others the remembrance of my cruel fate, but the use of it in these pages will hardly affect me now socially.

In the interest of the poor in hospital, in the interest of vivisected animals, on a par with both I place myself. I have decided, after many requests, to give to the public a real life history of suffering, boycotting, and persecution meted out to me, wholly and solely for daring to resent

surgery by force of intrigue, against my wishes and instructions, and a refusal to conform to the claim that a surgeon has a right to do what he chooses while a patient is in his power.

Environment moulds each one of us, and our views of life, ideas, and knowledge are formed and gained from it and acquired in the surroundings of ourselves ; and in my profession of nursing I formed my views upon the practice of surgery without consent.

I have been a nurse in various institutions for the sick poor, as staff nurse in the Soho Hospital for Women, staff nurse in Victor Ward (gynæological ward) at the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road. I have listened to discussions in operating theatres and by the bedside of patients. Whatever may be the practice now in hospitals, from fear, as the result of my strenuous protest against Dr. Cullingworth's self-claimed right to operate upon me as he chose, ignoring my instructions, I have never seen a written consent given by a patient.

I am informed, as a result of my action, that some surgeons will not operate without a written consent being obtained from the person to be operated upon ; but I very much doubt, even when the consent is obtained that the effect, or the probable result, or the nature of the "operation" is explained to either patient or relatives and friends in understandable language before the consent is obtained.

Many a patient has found, as in my own case, the remedy worse than the ailment.

I have never seen a consent given nor the result of operations explained. Sir Edward Carson, in his cross-examination of me in the witness-box, asked, "How came you to form such opinions of the necessity to attempt to tie the hands of Dr. Cullingworth?" "Where?" I replied. "By standing at the operating table and by sick beds with such men as those sitting there in front of me, who have come here solely in support of your client's work and in their own interest, to still be allowed to operate without the consent of patients—even against their instructions."

Is the claim based on the plausible plea "To save life," so deliberately and erroneously put forward to the public by the profession? I, as a nurse, say "No." It was not even suggested or put forward by Dr. Cullingworth in my case as plaintiff and patient. Only the case books—the operators' records—hold the secrets of many operations performed without consent, and tell the number of deaths, and of conditions of human sufferings worse than death. The latter is further evidenced by the state of patients sent from hospital, who have been more than probably entered in the Institutional Discharge Book, in the interests of the hospital

and the operating surgeon, as "cured," such patients often entering the nearest Poor Law infirmary to die a more painful death than one from the disease would ever have been. "Dying scientifically," as one medical man so aptly termed such deaths, in a published book of protest against mutilation and vivisection in hospitals.

Sir John Williams, M.D., in his weighty caution to the medical profession at a critical opportune time said, "Mutilation is not the highest good to which medical and surgical skill can reach. Although we cannot abolish disease, yet we may be able to discover the means of preventing it, and perhaps of curing it, without the aid of surgical art in its present mutilating character." But his words had no effect on a trade union in which mutilation was a great monetary asset. Mutilation by surgery means the highest professional fees, the greatest notoriety, the shortest ladder to a peerage, free Press advertisements, and hence the dexterity of the hands, not the erroneously put forward subtle and selfish plea of "benefit to humanity," is wantonly to be gained in the mutilation and torture of the defenceless animals, whose torture cage is in the cellar or on the roof of the hospital, where no public eye can see the agony or hear the cry of pain, equally with the mutilation of the poor human patients in the ward—as defenceless as the animal—for the patient has no legal rights over his body when once he has entered the hospital.

At the present time the medicine man is as much in the ascendant as was the religious priest in the olden times, but without even a pope to check the abuses.

CHAPTER II.

I entered St. Thomas' Hospital Home paying department of the hospital, at a fee of three guineas per week for board residence, my one motive and idea was to save myself from experimental and publicity treatment. My sister who is also a trained nurse, trained at St. Thomas' Hospital and for some years staff nurse at this home department, was with me as I entered.

I had had a bad passage crossing from Dublin to Liverpool on holiday. I had not been off duty in professional work from illness of any sort and was on duty managing the largest hospital in Ireland as Superintendent of Nurses, about a fortnight previous to my entrance into St. Thomas' Home. St. Thomas' Hospital—my sister who was for some time a nurse at the Home, suggested I could have a good rest there, and the nurses who knew both of us would look well after me. Dr. Bradshaw, of Rodney Street, Liverpool, had diagnosed that I was suffering only from anæmia, so little was thought to be the matter with my health. I had arranged to go to Brighton with my siser after a rest at St. Thomas' Home—before returning to my appointment in Dublin—(to this appointment held open for some months I did not return and I mention here for reference to an after event that Sir Arthur Chance in sending an official testimonial to me, as Lady Superintendent of the Hospital to which he, too, was attached, and who had evidently become Chairman of the Medical Board since I had been away, wrote, " I fear the formal words of a testimonial only faintly expresses the esteem in which Miss Beatty was held by every member of the Board.")

On my admission to St. Thomas' Home, I had asked to be attended by Mr. Bernard Pitts, a surgeon, who had seen me years previously, when I was suffering from a " tennis arm," but Mr. Pitts was on the eve of taking his summer holidays, he came to see me, and, sitting by my bedside, said to my sister, "Get Dr. Cullingworth to see her. He will not be going away yet." What passed between my sister and Dr. Cullingworth I do not know, excepting that Dr. Cullingworth had suggested that instead of going to the Home Department I should go to his ward in the Hospital, The Adelaide. To this, my sister informed him, I objected, on the grounds of publicity, the students, etc., and my idea was to save myself from the experimental treatment so often dealt out to the poor.

Dr. Cullingworth came to see me on his visit to the Hospital the next morning, and, with reference to the objection to students, met me with, "Well, am I old enough to attend you?" and followed this with, "You are a friend of More Madden. Why do you not make him dress better?" I wondered, and replied, "I am at the same Hospital as Dr. More Madden, but his toilet has nothing to do with me." I learned afterwards that Dr. More Madden, a noted Dublin gynæcologist and surgeon, had protested against the surgical mutilation of women by Dr. Cullingworth, and not only had Dr. More Madden raised his voice in the defence of women as patients who might fall into Dr. Cullingworth's hands as a surgeon, but Sir John Williams and Sir Basil Champneys had done the same. Dr. Heywood Smith, well known publicly in the Stead-Armstrong case, seems to have been the gynæcologist at this time to take up the defence of Dr. Cullingworth before the Gynæcologist Society, when opposed by others. Next morning, Dr. Cullingworth came again from his ward to see me. Looking back, now, the secret plotting and scheming began from the beginning. My sister did not come into the ward with Nurse Greenop, who was the attendant nurse, and without a moment's warning, I was submitted to a medical examination. When I protested Dr. Cullingworth replied, "It is nothing. I have not hurt you. There is nothing much the matter with you. You have a prolapsus on one side which may, in your present prospect, give you some trouble. "Will you have it seen to by operation?" "No," I replied.

"Big Ben." Westminster's clock, whose chimings I had not yet become accustomed to, with its quarter strikes, had prevented me from sleeping; at each stroke I woke. I had been in hospital since Saturday evening; it was now Tuesday. Dr. Cullingworth prescribed a sleeping draught, which was given every night. But for this will-deadening process, I might and probably should have been saved a life's torture.

Dr. Cullingworth called each morning, and on every occasion tried to induce me to have chloroform, and let him see to the prolapsus. "No," I answered. "Why," he asked. "Because I am afraid. I do not think either man, woman, or child is safe in the hands of a surgeon at the present time." That a different or any operation can be performed on a patient when once under an anæsthetic without the consent of patient or any one else, and on this account I would not have it done, because I was afraid to leave myself unconscious in the hands of any surgeon with a knife to be used." A similar discussion took place at every visit, and his constant assurance to me was, "Trust me, I would not go against your wishes, and your sister will be there when you are unconscious."

I had to return to my duties as Superintendent of Nurses

on October 1st, with other arrangements in view. No one in Dublin knew I was laid up.

I had been in St. Thomas' Home a week, and had paid the three guineas in advance.

On Saturday afternoon, my sister and Nurse Greenop were having tea at my bedside, when Mrs. Hannay, the Ward Sister, came into my room. "Dr. Bidwell wants to know if you will take chloroform on Monday," she said. I turned to the three nurses and asked, "Can I trust Dr. Cullingworth not to go beyond my instructions? I will never leave myself in a surgeon's hands without this promise." Each of the three nurses remarked, "You have told him so often in the morning discussions that he dared not disobey or go against your wishes." About an hour was spent in my bedroom over the consent. To Mrs. Hannay I finally said, "Tell Dr. Cullingworth only on condition of the promise he has given me both as a gynæcologist and a man of honour, that whatever he finds is the matter with me, he will not go beyond my instructions. On these conditions will I consent to take the anæsthetic to have the prolapsus righted"; and in these terms even now I believe the letter to have been written, and sent by Dr. Leonard Bidwell, who was then acting as House Surgeon for Dr. Walter Edmunds, at the Home, to Dr. Cullingworth. My sister assured me at the time that this was so. Dr. Bidwell confirmed this, when, on the following day, Sunday, he came to see me in the afternoon, and in conversation said, "Why not leave yourself in Dr. Cullingworth's hands unfettered?" My well remembered reply was, "No, I will not, on any consideration." My sister and Nurse Greenop being also present.

I was at that time a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Father Warwick, of Southwark Cathedral, had called on me several times. I had discussed with him during the week on the Church's ruling upon certain operations—operations which to me are a wicked and brutal fallacy, and which, if women but knew, they would soon be condemned and refused. But they do not know. I had all the rites of the Church for the sick, including "Extreme Unction," and had told him (Father Warwick), my views and wishes, and on Saturday, as he called, mentioned the message I had sent to Dr. Cullingworth.

Monday, August 15th, was the fatal day. Before leaving my bed I called my sister to my bedside. "Am I safe in taking the anæsthetic, he will not go beyond my instructions, will he?" "No," she replied, "he dare not, in the face of what you have said to him. Say it again in front of us all." I took hold of her hand and said, "Will you promise me as my sister, when I am unconscious and unable to speak for myself, not to leave me, and under no circumstances—were Dr. Cullingworth to say I am suffering from cancer,

if I am dying from hœmorrhage, or whatever may happen, you will not consent to his going beyond my wishes and instructions. Will you promise me this, and do not leave me in his hands alone?" She kissed me and answered, "I promise you, Alice, but say to Dr. Cullingworth what you have already told him."

Assuming I was safe from mutilation, I went to the bath-room—the operating theatre of the Home—with my sister, and getting on to the table, I called Dr. Cullingworth to my side, and said to him, "Dr. Cullingworth, again I repeat my instructions and conditions," and giving them again in technical phraseology and medical terms, so that there should be no misunderstanding as to what my instructions were, and, taking hold of my sister's hand, saying, "Don't leave me, and do not give consent to any operation against my known wishes." I took the fatal anæsthetic trusting where no honour remains, where the medicine man has power, no honour, no humanity, no consideration, stands before the dreaded knife, and his assumption of wisdom. There is at present no law giving freedom of decision to the individual. The knife mania is checked by neither honour, law, nor a sense of a common humanity. "I must multiply my number of cases—"To secure for myself promotion is the mind of the surgeon."

Monday, August 15th, 9 a.m.

I had agreed to pay three guineas weekly, as I said to avoid publicity and students—as soon as I was unconscious students were admitted to the operation, and my sister was ordered out of the room by Dr. Cullingworth—I was but a "case," a "subject."

I did not regain consciousness for twenty-four hours afterwards—coming to on Tuesday morning, no one was by my bedside—I had no idea of any serious operation, I knew I had taken the anæsthetic. I was conscious of the provision I had made for my safety from mutilation, and was in blissful ignorance that I had been left in the cruel irresponsible power of a man with a mania for the knife, who could not stay his hand either by the instructions or the wishes of a woman—a nurse—and paying in money as I thought to save paying in my body, as the unpaying patient in Hospital must do.

I was awake, I got out of bed to call my sister—Nurse Greenop came to me as the patient in the cubicle said, "Nurse, the next patient is moving," referring to me.

"You must not get out of bed, Alice," said Nurse Greenop.

"It will not hurt me after so slight an affair," I said; "but I will go back to bed. There, tell my sister to come."

I waited and waited; my sister did not come.

There was no nurse, and no one but the patients, whom I could not trouble. I again got up to call a nurse to ask for my sister, when the next patient again called out to Nurse Greenop, who, with my sister, Dr. Cullingworth, and Dr. Bedwell, came rushing into the cubicle. I heard afterwards my sister had spent the hours since the operation in weeping over my fate. My brother had found her in her room on the Monday afternoon sobbing. My relatives decided to beg Dr. Cullingworth not to tell me what he had done at present. But what did Dr. Cullingworth care for my sufferings or those of my sister and other members of the family? To him I was but a subject experimented upon, and for him to watch its effects was but a surgical pleasure, as keen as the pleasure to the other vivisector on the roof of hospital or underground watching the torture and emotion of his victims. *"Don't tell her until she is better,"* I heard in my sister's voice, "It will kill her. She will never forgive you." I can see her face now as I caught sight of it behind Dr. Cullingworth, but the words conveyed no meaning of reference to me as she came forward and kissed me.

Seeing Dr. Cullingworth, I said, "Hallo, Dr. Cullingworth, what have you done?"

With the callousness acquired in his brutal work, and which has characterised the man throughout the whole of the subsequent quarrel of disputed claim between us, he replied, smiling, "What you told me not to do—the worst you dreaded." *Not an excuse, not a word of regret,* standing to watch the effect upon me.

"You have," I replied. "Go from me. *Before God, I vow if ever I get off this bed, I will make it my life's duty to test your right to mutilate women's bodies as you like, and dictate."*

From this vow, made between life and death, I have never yet swerved and my life's story of suffering from one of those dastardly operations performed under such circumstances, though written in mental anguish as I live it over again, is the climax of my vow, and may do something to save the poor from mutilation. The shock must have had its effect. I remembered regaining consciousness, with my sister's arms round my neck. "Oh, Alice, don't die, live for my sake. I am so sorry I did not stay by you now, but I did not think he would do it." I could feel but the tips of my finger ends. The words brought back to me the fearful realisation of the, to me, terrible position. Would to God I could die. Better death than this. Dr. Cullingworth stood there by my side smiling at the grief of my sister and the terrible anguish of myself. I appealed to my sister to take the man away. "Don't let him see me."

"No," said Dr. Cullingworth, "you shall be attended by me." He attempted to undo the bandages in which I was swathed. I struggled. I must again have lost consciousness.

The days that passed I cannot deal with—days in which I lived in the most terrible anguish and dread, in which Dr. Cullingworth was ever the dreaded moving activity. At one stage of consciousness I remember seeing my sister with swollen eyes at my bedside, and as Dr. Cullingworth came in she fainted, and I remember struggling to resist being handled by Dr. Cullingworth, but I was helpless. I had shuddered and trembled as he had entered the room. "Why do you shudder when you see me?"

"Why? Every atom of a woman's body revolts against you."

"Very well," he said, "I am going for my holidays in a day or so. You may then have someone else to attend you, and you will not see my hated face again for a fortnight. Do you still intend to test by some means my right to do as I have done?"

"Yes, if I live. You are but trying to kill me by coming near me," I replied.

"If you do try or attempt to test the matter I will have you certified as a lunatic."

With this he left me. I was sobbing bitterly. My sister came back to me. She, too, was crying. "Don't fret so, Alice," she said; "this will kill the two of us. Why did he do it? I cannot bear it."

I was being drugged, the terrible awakening and bouts of sickness. The visits of Dr. Cullingworth, which to me were times of nightmare, suffering so acutely, mentally and physically (as per Hospital Chart afterwards secured by Mr. Radford, my solicitor, to quicken my respiration to the extraordinary rate of 52 instead of the ordinary rate of 18 or 20 per minute).

On the Thursday following the Monday, day of operation, Dr. Cullingworth informed my sister that in his opinion I should not live the day through.

I was a member of the Catholic Church, and naturally had asked for a priest to be sent for, but, like every request I made, even this was denied. It was hoped, I have no hesitation in saying, that I should die without my resentment against Dr. Cullingworth's unjustifiable work being further known, especially outside medical circles.

I was in the same position again of the vivisected animal. I was drugged—under curara—conscious of being tortured, tormented, with no power to move, no power to escape from a locked room, but conscious and resentful, dreading the visits of Dr. Cullingworth, who, at any time,

like the vivisector to his animal victim, might appear upon the scene, but to inflict more or take note of the suffering he had brought about.

I had no fear of death—on this day, Thursday—four days after the operation—I was happy in my unconsciousness. Whether from reading Cardinal Newman's "Dream of St. Gerontius," I cannot say. It had always been a favourite of mine, and I knew it well, but at this stage it was real to me ; it was an existence and an experience. I saw myself as lying dead, and I thought, "How strange it should be me dead!" Unfortunately I awoke. My sister was kneeling by my bedside, her face buried in the bedclothes ; other relatives were there. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"You are so ill, Alice," replied my sister.

"Yes, I know. Bury me at Ford," I said. (Ford is a Catholic cemetery in Liverpool, to which I have never been nor had any knowledge of.)

Dr. Cullingworth had visited me during my unconsciousness, but had left at the request of my relatives, so that should I again become conscious, I should not see him.

I was being moved ; my bed was passing through the door down a passage. I thought I was being carried out to be buried. Strange it should be me! was still my sole thought.

I found myself on Saturday afternoon in another ward. Dr. Cullingworth had raised the curtain of the cubicle. "You!" I screamed, and trembled. He left, but returned. He said, "Dr. Edmunds is going to look after you." The relief to me cannot be written in words.

Dr. Edmunds sat by my bedside. "I am going to look after you," he said. "I am sorry for you. Dr. Cullingworth has left, so you will be free from his visits. Try and keep quiet and lie still, and get well. You have half your life in front of you. Don't sob so."

"He should not have done it," I said to Dr. Edmunds. "Not even to save my life would I have consented to an operation so repugnant to me ; but my life was not in danger in any way, and has only been now from this terrible affair." I thanked him (Dr. Edmunds) ; his sympathetic manner was so different from that of Dr. Cullingworth, who had expressed not a word of sympathy or regret. His whole attitude to me was that of the medicine-man who claims the right to mutilate when and how he chooses, and the victim must raise not a word of protest.

Days of extreme illness, physical, and days of mental anguish passed. I had, as I said, repeatedly asked to see Father Warwick. Telegrams and letters written at my bedside were taken out of the room, but suppressed and

never sent. Father Warwick had called to see me, but was informed he "could not be admitted to see me, as I was too ill." Yet I was begging to see him. It was done to save Dr. Cullingworth. However, a telegram finally reached him, presumably secreted by my sister, whom I seldom saw. I was a prisoner in a small ward, again, locked in. Father Warwick came. I asked him why he had not been to see me, as I had repeatedly sent letters and telegrams (dictated) asking him to come to me. He said he "had not received but the one, which he had been glad to have, and came on as soon as he received it."

Father Warwick went to Dr. Edmunds and remonstrated with him for keeping him away from the bedside of a sick member of the Catholic Church. Dr. Edmunds admitted the fact that telegrams and letters were suppressed. Father Warwick's statement in an affidavit for the trial of the action Beatty *v.* Cullingworth was : "I found Miss Beatty in great distress and excitement ;" and he states, "I thought she was dying." Yet I could get neither telegram nor letter sent to friends. Father Warwick came to see me daily and stayed with me long times. Oh! the relief. But for him, in my opinion, now and then, I should have been killed outright in the locked room of the Nursing Home of St. Thomas' Hospital, while I was being made to pay for my own imprisonment.

Dr. Cullingworth had threatened me with the lunatic asylum four days after the operation if I persisted in the threat to test his authority in doing as he had wantonly done. When he had gone for his holidays I thought I was safe, but when I realised that I was locked in a small ward, that no one was allowed to come to me, that friends—and I had many who would gladly travel long distances to be with me, and who would, to relieve my tension of suffering, have read to me, talked of other subjects than illness and death ; anything would have been a relief to break the terrible ordeal of lying absolutely alone, in solitary confinement, thinking of a life, if lived, ruined by a repugnant operation, performed against my strong objections, results of which I could never remedy ; my prospects in life ended. I became fully conscious that I was a prisoner at the dictation of the man who had so blasted my existence, and was thus acting, seeking for his own credit to cover his work to prevent publicity at any cost. My suffering was nothing to him. I determined to escape from my prison.

My sister had become ill with grief and continual fretting, and I was told she was laid up in bed in the hospital. I did not believe it, but knew not what had become of her. It was useless for me to ask for her or for news of anyone or for anything. I seldom received an answer from the

nurse who occasionally came into the room. I was being punished for daring to resent the work of Dr. Cullingworth. My sister came to see me unexpectedly one day. She had some flowers and a basket of fruit in her hand. She looked very ill.

"Who has sent these?" I asked of her. "Your friends in Liverpool—fruit and flowers, letters and telegrams have been sent almost daily from them; but these have been sent from Hastings by Mrs. Stone. She wants to know how you are, and about your illness."

"Have you told her," I asked, "that I am practically here as a prisoner? Dr. Cullingworth may soon be staying there, at the house. I will not accept the flowers or fruit from her. She will be sorry to have sent them when she knows how bitterly I resent her friend's work. (Mrs. Stone was the wife of a former governor of St. Thomas' Hospital; my sister had nursed her during an illness, and remained very friendly with her.) When does Dr. Cullingworth return?" I asked.

"I do not know," she replied.

"You must know," I said. "Why are you afraid of this man? Why forsake your own sister for him? I do not understand; but you left me in his cruel hands before—the result of which you say is killing us both. I mean to leave here before he returns. I will not see him again. I cannot trust you to save me from him."

"Oh, Alice, how my heart aches for you! It is terrible!" And she knelt by my bedside sobbing.

Dr. Edmunds came into the ward and ordered her away. I did not see her again in hospital. Possibly she may have telegraphed to my brother. He came to see me the same afternoon. I had not been conscious on his previous visits, he said, as I had no remembrance of having seen him before during the illness.

"Will you order an ambulance and remove me on Saturday? Dr. Cullingworth's fortnight's holiday is up on Monday. I will not see him nor be attended by him," I at once said to him.

"Your sick-room is ready for you at my house. I would remove you; but the doctors here, with whom I have just had a consultation, say they will refuse a death certificate if you die in the removal; they will not consent to your removal in any manner or on any consideration."

"I shall go," I said to him.

It was again the fear of publicity. An inquest might have been awkward for them; but a certificate would not have been refused; it would have been very readily given, as the best way out of an awkward situation. My brother

left me. Father Warwick came to me on the Friday afternoon; he knew my dread of meeting Dr. Cullingworth again and my determination to get away before Monday. Father Warwick tried to dissuade me from the attempt; but life held nothing for me. What mattered it to me if I lost my life in escaping from torture?

Many women patients, after these terrible mutilations performed upon them for surgeons to gain dexterity and students to learn how to mutilate, had lost their reason. I knew I came of a healthy parentage; but I knew not how much I could stand. My vow to test the question was in front of me—the only reason for which I lived. Father Warwick finally agreed to help me in my determination to escape to avoid meeting Dr. Cullingworth.

On the Saturday morning I told Dr. Edmunds I would take my discharge from the hospital. He refused to allow it. "Dr. Cullingworth is returning on Monday. He must operate again, as his surgery has broken down. You are not in a fit state to go to solicitors' offices," he said.

"I have no intention at present to go to solicitors' offices; but I will not meet him. I admit I am between the Devil and the deep sea, but I prefer the deep sea. You cannot keep me a prisoner like this," I made reply.

Father Warwick had ordered me a cab for 3 p.m. No nurse would help me to dress, so, bandaged up as I was, dressed as best I could manage, looking, no doubt, bulky (I refer to the bulkiness to explain a later suspicion). I made my way to the steward's office, got half-way down the passage and fainted. Reviving, I found myself on a settee with a nurse by my side, and heard the question, "How is Dr. Cullingworth's patient?" "Here she is," and they both laughed—to them a joke—to me what suffering!! I left them and their laughter, and got to the steward's office, and made complaint against the whole of the hospital treatment I had received, and requested that some enquiry should be made by the hospital authorities; but, of course, it has all been done "under medical advice." The steward had not failed to collect the three guineas weekly on Monday mornings.

I again fainted in the steward's office, and apparently it was feared I might succumb there. He ordered the wheeled chair, which had been so deliberately refused me to get to the office, to take me to my bed as I neared the ward. Dr. Edmunds, with an exhibition of temper, lifted me and carried me to bed, saying, "You shall wait for Dr. Cullingworth on Monday."

"I will not do so, whatever you may say, do, or think." I rested for a time, and got up and walked out of the hospital gates!

CHAPTER III.

Freedom! So engrossed was I with it, although feeling faint, I got to Westminster Bridge, that I did not at first see the cab nor Father Warwick. I began to totter. Seeing a policeman, I made towards him. "Will you call that cab? I am very ill—have just left St. Thomas' Hospital. I have money with me. Tell the driver to drive me to the first convent or clergy house—anywhere but to a hospital," I said. He hailed the cab, and I got in (followed, as my sister told me afterwards, by four officials from the hospital, in Dr. Cullingworth's interest). The cabman drove me to the convent in Vincent Square. A sister admitted me. I sat down in the hall—ill, but free and away from my first imprisonment. Someone brought me a cup of tea. I asked if I could, for payment, have a bed in the convent. I was a Catholic. Sister Clare, I believe she was addressed as, said, "the convent did not receive patients, but the nuns in Brompton Square did." She gave me a card, and I got back into the cab and drove to Brompton Square. Of the nun who answered the door I made the same request for a bed, saying, "I can pay for it." She agreed to let me have a room, to pay three guineas a week, as at St. Thomas' I asked if I should pay in advance. She took me to a bedroom, and I threw myself on the bed, thinking, as I so well remembered, that at least I could rest in peace and get as well as I ever should be, or die, away from torment; but it was not to be. The nun left me, as she said, to get a glass of milk, but she seems to have been stopped on her way for the milk to answer the front door. She was away some time, but returned with the milk.

She sat by my bedside for a few minutes, and then said, "You cannot stop here."

"Why?" I asked. "I will pay you the money now," as I opened my purse and offered her the money.

"It is not that," she replied; "but we have been taken in so often. You look as though you were going to have a child."

"I am not in that condition," I answered with surprise.

"Will you send a telegram to Father Warwick, of Southwark Cathedral? He will come at once and explain, if you will let me wait until then."

"No," she answered.

"Will you send for the nearest doctor? I am at present holding a position in the largest Catholic hospital in Dublin, and only on holiday."

But my pleading, with all the earnestness of the plight in which I was, was of no avail. "No, we cannot let you remain here."

I could not understand it at the time; but I heard from my sister that the officials from the hospital had followed me. At their instigation I was again to suffer. My death would have been welcomed, so long as there would be no publicity.

The nun helped me off the bed, helped me to the door. As I walked everything began to turn to blackness; she was shutting the door, and said, "There is a nurses' home across the road." She shut the door behind me. I staggered to the railings. How long it took me to cross that square I cannot say, but it seemed to me a long, long time. I groped my way across, conscious that I was in for internal hæmorrhage. I threw myself at the door, pressing the electric bell, of 27, Brompton Square, the nursing home kept by the Misses Walker. A nurse opened the door. I saw the badge of the Royal British Nurses' Association—a brooch which I myself was wearing.

"For God's sake, give me a bed, nurse. I am dying." I seemed to scream.

I heard from them later I had fallen in the hall unconscious. I was carried upstairs to bed, and left dressed all night as I had left St. Thomas' Hospital, probably in case of an inquest. Rallying some time next day I found myself surrounded by three nurses in uniform and a doctor, whom I afterwards knew as Dr. Cotterell, of 5, Halkin Street, W. The electric light was full blaze.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Never mind who I am. Those nuns across the road insulted me."

The last thought on my losing consciousness was the first to return on regaining it.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked.

"Yes. Will you send for Father Warwick, Southwark Cathedral?"

"You are very ill," he said.

"Yes, I know."

My sister appeared at my bedside.

"What are you doing here? How did you know?"

But I was too ill to press for an answer.

Evidently she had told Dr. Cotterell part of the facts. I was undressed, and after a medical examination Dr. Cotterell said, "I am afraid we must perform an operation at once. You have internal hæmorrhage going on."

"I will have no operation," I answered.

"You do not trust me?"

"I will trust no one in England. I have done it once, and this is the result."

Father Garnet, from the Brompton Oratory, came into the room. A telegram had been sent to Father Warwick and an emergency request for a priest was sent to Brompton Oratory. My sister, the doctor, and nurses left, leaving Father Garnet with me. Father Garnet, in his official position as priest and confessor, came to me. "You are very ill, the doctor informs me. You may probably be before your Maker in an hour's time. Are you going to make your peace with God?" (meaning was I going to make my confession).

I told him I had received all the rites of the Church, including Extreme Unction (the last rite of the Church for the dying). "And this is the same illness," I said.

"But you have left the hospital and come here, and you have a quarrel with a doctor."

"Yes," I said, "but I bear him no malice."

"You intend to take an action at law against him, do you not?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You must promise me not to do this, or I shall refuse you absolution."

"Father," I interrupted, "there is no sin in my taking such action. The question is outside faith and morals."

"What will you say to your Maker if you die so shortly as the doctor says you probably will?"

"If I die, I will say to my Maker, as I say to you, 'The man has done wrong'; and if I live, I abide by my vow to test Dr. Cullingworth's right to mutilate my body against my instructions. I leave myself in His hands."

"Unless you give me this promise, I refuse you absolution."

"I cannot promise."

Without a word of sympathy, Father Garnet removed his stole and left the room.

My sister, the nurses, and Dr. Cotterell came in. Looking at me, he said, "You are very ill. We shall have to give you an anæsthetic and stop the hæmorrhage. It is the only chance for your life."

"I will take no anæsthetic, neither will I submit to any operation."

"I know about your trouble with Dr. Cullingworth," he said. "If you are afraid to trust me, is there no one you will trust?"

"No, no one but the doctors who know me in Ireland—who would not have done to me what Dr. Cullingworth has done. But no one in Ireland knows I am ill."

"Father Warwick is here," said Dr. Cotterell.

"Let me see him," I exclaimed, as I felt I had someone near me whom I could trust. Father Warwick came to me.

"You poor child," he said, "what suffering you are going through."

"Father Garnet has been here," I said; "refused me absolution because I would not promise not to take the action against Dr. Cullingworth. You have never said I was wrong in standing by my vow. And I am not. And the nuns across the road insulted me. They thought it was something else the matter with me. Go over and tell them."

"I will," said the good man.

My physical sufferings had been of little concern to me then or since.

Father Warwick, turning to Dr. Cotterell, entered into conversation with him. "It is a cruel wrong," said Father Warwick, "done to a woman like her. I have been with her a good deal, and she is right in her determination to do what she contemplates, if she lives." To me he said, "I will go at once to the nuns and explain; and I will give you absolution; but as you are out of my district now, and have been refused absolution by the parish priest here, I shall have to ask for 'faculties.' I will go to the Oratory."

Meanwhile Dr. Cotterell or my sister had telegraphed to Dublin to Dr. More Madden. I did not know this then, nor that a telegram had been sent to Dr. Cullingworth previously, and that the latter was in the house when I was being pressed to take an anæsthetic, and to his presence there was due the knowledge gained by the priest who had tried, at such a time and by such means, the coercion of the confessional to enforce from me a promise not to take action at law against Dr. Cullingworth, under the terrors of Hell. I believed then in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, in "whose sins ye retain, they are retained; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted," with the consequences following the ministrations of the priest; of purgatory, with Heaven in the future, or eternal damnation. I lived in Hell for hours mentally—from the refusal of absolution. I knew my life and death were in the balance; but this very waiting for Father Warwick to return with permission to allow him to hear confession and give absolution in another parish, as against the parish priest's refusal, acted as a strong stimulant and kept me in a state of resistance. It was well known to my sister and others who knew me that, had the attempt to extract from me the wished for promise been successful, that had I retracted the vow under the ban of the confessional, I should have held my life and conduct bound by the retraction; but I stood firm.

From Miss Walker I later learned that all preparations were made for an operation, in the event of my again becoming unconscious; but the stimulus of the refusal of absolution did its saving work. Father Warwick returned from the convent, bringing with him a letter of apology and sympathy from the nuns. "They would pray for me and offer Mass for me in the morning." Expecting God Almighty to find someone else to help and succour where they had refused! The good Father Warwick added that he had been in communication with Canon Johnson, at the Archbishop's home at Westminster for "faculties." He practically spent the day between visiting me and returning to the Oratory, anxious for the return of Cardinal Vaughan, to receive the "faculties," but the Cardinal was out. Other of my friends and relatives were, it seems, in the home waiting for what might happen. I did not see them.

Dr. Cotterell begged me to consent to an operation. I refused.

"If you attempt force, I will resist to my death," I again and again told him.

The doctor said Dr. More Madden had telegraphed "he was travelling from Dublin all night, and would be with me early in the morning."

I asked to see the telegram. I had been so deceived that I doubted most, and thought even this was but a ruse to get me under an anæsthetic. I saw the telegram, and felt I must hold on again until a friend came.

At 9 p.m. Father Warwick came, saying, no "faculties" had been communicated to him. He had to return to Southwark Cathedral at 10 p.m. Cardinal Vaughan had not returned to Westminster. Evidently he was "dining out," and I, a Catholic, apparently dying, was left without absolution; my salvation from Hell practically can be said to have rested upon the Cardinal's good or bad dinner and company, if it rested anywhere at all! Had the Cardinal returned in time, "faculties" would have been granted, but he did not. Absolution would have been given by Father Warwick, but it was not; and my faith in the whole fabrication of the Church altered.

Dr. More Madden, gynæcologist at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, came early and, with a nurse, was at my bedside at once. "What!" he exclaimed, "Is this our superintendent whom we were so proud of? Why did you not consult us?"

"There was so little the matter with me," I said, "that I had no thought of doing so. You never saw me ill, did you? I have practically been murdered in England!" I cried.

He buried his head in his hands. A nurse came and

informed him that Dr. Cotterell had arrived. Dr. More Madden left me, but presently the two doctors came into my room together. Dr. More Madden sat by me and discussed the necessity of an operation. "Will you let me do it?"

"If I were back in Dublin, yes; but you could not stay to see me through it, and I should be so helpless again—at whose mercy? Better death."

Dr. More Madden said, "The alternative is, as you know, you must be kept still, by being placed under opiates."

"I will take the opiates if Dr. Cotterell and Miss Walker will give me their promise that nothing shall be done to me while I am under them, and that Dr. Cullingworth shall not be admitted to my room when I am under narcotics. At least, under them I shall forget the outrage to which I have been submitted."

"I will give directions about you and keep in correspondence with Dr. Cotterell."

To Dr. Cotterell he said, "She was a favourite with us all. The nurses, patients, and doctors are all upset over her illness. We have done little or nothing in the hospital for three days through it since we heard of it."

I was kept under narcotics; opium, brandy, and Valentine's meat juice were my diet. I had entered 27, Brompton Square on Saturday, the day I left St. Thomas' Home; and in these days of unconsciousness and semi-consciousness I remained until Thursday.

Whether a dream, an imagination, or a reality I did not know, but when I awoke I wakened startled. I saw plainly Dr. Cullingworth standing by my bedside. I tried to rouse myself to speak, but could not. I saw him go behind the screen at the foot of my bed before I could move. My sister was standing alone by my bed. I trembled and tried to get up. "Was that Dr. Cullingworth gone behind the screen?" I asked my sister.

"Don't move, Alice," she said.

"Tell me," I said, "was that that man?"

No answer.

"Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes," was my sister's reply; "he only came to look at you. I did not know until he came in that he was here. He shall not touch you again I promise."

"I cannot trust you. You seem powerless where this man is concerned. I will not stay here, where he has access to me, nor take narcotics for him to come and gloat over his cruel work. Help me to dress. No persuasion nor promise will have any effect with me."

Miss Walker came to me as I rang the electric bell, the end of which lay on my bed, as usual.

"Miss Walker," I said, "you promised me, as you said, faithfully, when I agreed to remain in your home to stay quiet and allow myself to be placed under narcotics, that you would not allow on any account Dr. Cullingworth to come near me, or see me. He has just left my bedside; he is not my medical man but my enemy. He would kill me if he could. I will not remain here."

Dr. Cotterell came and tried to force an injection of morphia into my arm, but I resisted. "I care not if I die in the attempt to save myself from this man," I said. But I was no match in strength, and Dr. Cotterell had his way and injected the morphia. I must have fainted or slept from the narcotic, but woke or regained consciousness by the attempt being made to bandage me to the bed. I at once struggled for my freedom, and insisted upon being released.

"I am a free agent in sickness and in health and will not remain," I said.

My sister at once undid the bandages and I got up. "You may struggle with me, you may force my death, but alive I will remain nowhere quietly where that man can get to me; why does he not let me be?"

The door was locked and a nurse stood against it; it was hoped I should become unconscious, when I should be at their mercy, an operation would have been performed while under the anæsthetic, and I should not have been allowed to come to. I held out, and at 9 p.m. I left 27, Bromp ton Square in a cab for 92, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, a nurses' club.

What a night of agony! I dared not sleep. Early next morning I heard outside my bedroom door a man's familiar voice—my sister was called outside and another nurse remained with me. Who has called to see my sister, I asked. Who is it? "Dr. Edmunds," she answered. My sister came back. "What has Dr. Edmunds come for?" "He has called to see how you are. Will you see him?" "I will not—he has not come in sympathy with me, but to shield Cullingworth." I realised my position—that I must leave my sister to hide my whereabouts, and get better if possible, away from those who would communicate with Dr. Cullingworth. I asked the nurse to send a telegram for me—my sister had gone to Dr. Edmunds again, outside the bedroom.

I decided to send for Miss Kate Smith, a Catholic governess friend, whom I had rendered service to in a time of trouble previously, and when my sister returned I told her my decision to get away from these men who seemed bent on performing a second operation upon me against my will and consent, who, when I was under chloroform, would

allow Dr. Cullingworth again to use his knife according to his own pleasure. He never shall, I said, if I can prevent it. Miss Smith came and I asked her to find me a room somewhere, where no one would know me, and I should have the right to refuse admittance to people whom I did not wish to see. It was arranged we should take a cab to Notting Hill where she lived, and she finally secured me a room at 21, Portland Road, in this locality. Miss Smith had taken me to her own rooms while she made arrangements at Portland Road, taking me to the last address at dusk. She had told Mrs. White, the landlady, "she is not well," but had not said how ill. I sat in a large easy chair to rest. Miss Smith had taken my purse with her to get necessities for me with. Mrs. White came upstairs to see me; evidently my condition startled her.

"You look very ill," she said, "Have you a doctor attending you?"

"I will get one," I said.

"You had better pay for your apartments in advance."

"I will do so when Miss Smith returns, she has my purse with her."

Mrs. White helped me to bed. Happy, once more in the fact, as I thought, I am safe, and that no one knows my whereabouts, and I could rest. So I mused in my ignorance, rested in it, for three days in peace. I had sent for no local doctor. On the fourth day Dr. Cotterell appeared on the scene, announced by Mrs. White. I had been followed from Brompton Square as from St. Thomas' Hospital to the Club, and from the Club to Notting Hill. Mrs. White, as she afterwards informed me, had called Dr. Cotterell aside as he was leaving, after seeing me, and asked him what was the matter with me. He told her, and she naturally asked who would be responsible for her charges in the event of my dying in her house; or if not my illness would, she said, necessitate a good deal of attention. "She is more to be pitied than blamed," said Dr. Cotterell, "If she cannot pay, you may rely on her relatives and friends to meet your bills—let her have every thing she needs and wishes for, and if she seems worse send for me by telegram at once." With this assurance, of which I knew nothing then, Mrs. White was very kind to me. She had a quietening effect upon me, and for the first time since the operation I was not in the terrible fear and dread of those surrounding me, the terror of becoming unconscious and being again submitted to surgery—to wake, if at all to find myself mutilated to a fuller extend as a punishment for my protest. Although Dr. Cotterell was known to Dr. Cullingworth I realised I could forbid the latter's entrance to my own room. I yet had to learn that

the secrets of the sick room were no secrets when professionalism is to be served and screened.

Mrs. White was an avowed religious Protestant with animus against Catholics, but she was kind hearted; she had asked into my room the Rev. Dr. Thornton, of St. John's Church, Notting Hill, to see me. He was at the time visiting another patient in her house, a paralytic patient, who had been a resident with her for some years. The reverend gentleman, too, was very kind to me, and chatted on other subjects than surgery, operations, and the prospects of my death. He was sitting by my bedside one afternoon, Mrs. White had brought me some tea. I remember offering him a drink out of the feeding cup, and we laughed over it. How strange the emotion seemed to me—the first time I had joked throughout these terrible weeks. Mrs. White brought up a cup of tea for Dr. Thornton and he drank it to please me. Suddenly in the midst of this pleasant change Father Tasker, of St. Francis' Roman Catholic Church, appeared at the door, who Mrs. White announced with a stern face. "A priest to see you, Miss Beatty." Seeing Dr. Thornton present Father Tasker asked: "Is Dr. Thornton here by your wish, Miss Beatty?" "Yes," I said, "he has been very kind in coming to see me." The religious differences between the two did not dawn upon me, and I did not know if Mrs. White knew I was a Catholic. I was only sensible of physical relief from the turmoil through which I had passed.

I had one day previously been dressed and, assisted by Miss Smith, driven to Mr. Stead's office, editor of the "Review of Reviews," then at Mowbray House, Strand. I knew nothing of the ways and methods nor the difficulties of getting a wrong redressed—especially where money, influence, and power could be used to stifle. I knew nothing of courts, judges, barristers or solicitors; I had had nothing to do with either in their own professional work.

I thought that Mr. Stead had, as the editor of a journal. I often read, and as the author of the "Maiden's Tribute" (the nurse and Dr. Heywood Smith, concerned in this affair, I well knew formerly), that he (Mr. Stead) had only to hear of the tragedy in which I was concerned and he would befriend me, help me, and assist me in the determined fight in which, if I lived, I intended to engage in. Mr. Stead received me. He was apparently shocked as I entered his sanctum, the name by which his office was known to his assistants at the office. He led me to an easy chair. I told him the facts of the operation performed so cruelly against my instructions, and my intention to test by some means the legitimacy of the operator's claim to do what he had done because he wished to do it. Mr. Stead was in

sympathy with me. Sir George Lewis being Mr. Stead's solicitor, he sent to Ely Place to see if Sir George Lewis was in his office, the messenger returned saying, "Sir George Lewis is out of town." Mr. Stead then communicated with Mr. Hood Barrs, solicitor to the Personal Rights Association, who legally undertook the case for me. It was arranged that Mr. Barrs should come down to see me the following Monday to save me getting about. I had a glass of milk with an egg beaten up in it in the sanctum, and drove back to Portland Road to bed.

In the evening my brother's wife came unexpectedly to me. "Where did you get my address from?" I asked.

"From the priests at Notting Hill," she replied.

I had asked Miss Smith on the first day she had come to me to keep everything concerning me secret; to let no one have my address.

Miss Smith went to Mass daily at St. Francis' Church, Notting Hill, and she had told me that one morning Father James White, in residence there with Father Tasker, had called her into the presbytery, and telling her that as I was very ill, and my life yet uncertain, and I had had absolution refused me by the Church, it was her duty as a Catholic to let them (the priests of the parish) know where I was staying. Miss Smith on these scruples had given him my address. I excused her; she was a strict Catholic. But she had also asked him (Father White), she said, to let no one else know my whereabouts. They had given the address to my sister-in-law. "Will you come back with me, Alice? Esther is still ill with fretting; she does nothing but cry; it is a terrible business. Your brother has sent me. Everything is ready for you."

"No, I do not wish to come. If he is so afraid of the doctors I am safer here."

"Are you taking a law suit?" she suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"Your brother says he will not let you."

"Does he? I am in no way indebted to my brother, in spite of the fact that our parents died when I was only 5 years old, and he was 20. I have never cost him a penny in my lifetime, and the only favour I have ever asked of him, was to take me out of St. Thomas' Hospital, to harbour me from Dr. Cullingworth. He refused then, under the coercion of the doctor interested, and to screen him; he may act again in this interest. I refuse to come; tell him so."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning Mrs. White, with a very cross face, opened the bedroom door, and announced "Mother Veronica to see you, Miss Beatty." "What!" I exclaimed, to Mother Veronica, as she entered, and whom I had known years previously as Mrs. Isabel Smith, to me one of the most unlikely of ever becoming one of the "holy women."

"You in a nun's dress?" and I laughed at the incongruity.

"Don't laugh at my nun's dress," she said.

"Well! what have you come for? Only to see me? Where did you get the address from?"

"From Father Tasker. I wanted to see you. I heard you were very ill. I have come to ask you to come and stay with me at the convent. Will you? You have had a lot of expense, and it must be some time yet before you are well enough to go back to Ireland."

(I was still holding the appointment as Lady Superintendent of Nurses at the Catholic Hospital in Dublin which was being kept open for me by a deputy.)

"Would you let me do as I liked about my private affairs?" I asked. "I know," she volunteered, "that you are contemplating a law suit." "And you will not interfere or try to stop me in that?" "We shall not, all we are concerned with is getting you well again. You will be free to go and do as you like." Miss Smith was in the room. I called to her. "Mr. Hood Barrs, the solicitor, is coming here to see me on Monday afternoon at 2 p.m.; will you write and ask him to come to St. Veronica's Convent on Monday at the same time instead of here? Let my sister know if it will save her fretting to see me. Ask her to come to me at 4 p.m.; and will you come with her?" Dr. Cullingworth cannot get into a convent surely, I said. Miss Smith undertook my commissions, and to Mother Veronica I questioned: "You will raise no objection to a solicitor coming to see me at any time he needs to?" "No, certainly not." I will come with you then. I was carried downstairs. The journey the day before to Mr. Stead had brought on the return of sickness, and in my nightdress, dressing gown, and a nursing cloak to cover, and bedroom slippers, with Mother Veronica I got into the closed trap—which is still to be seen travelling almost daily between the

Chiswick Convent and Nazareth House, Hammersmith Road—and was driven by Mother Veronica to St. Veronica Convent, Chiswick Mall. When I arrived there I was placed on a sofa, presumably until a bed was got ready. I heard afterwards the time was spent in communicating with others. I was again trapped by misplaced confidence, but I did not know it. In about an hour's time I was taken up stairs to a good sized room, helped to bed by a nun and Mother Veronica. There was another bed in the room occupied by a lady—Mrs. Dale. The room was large with a door at each end. The windows were heavily barred to the top. At one end of the room was a small room used, as I found, for a nun's cell. In the afternoon Mother Veronica brought the convent chaplain to me—Father Summer—I think.

"You have, I know, been refused absolution. You had better go to confession while the priest is here," and going over to the occupant of the other bed Mother Veronica threw the clothes over her head, which action the patient naturally resented.

"Well," I said, "I suppose Confession is a matter for the individual to decide for herself." I chatted with the priest on other subjects than Confession. I was afraid the same coercive measure would be adopted to extract the promise from me, not to take any action against Dr. Cullingworth. I resented the use being made of my religion as a Catholic, and the Confessional under that, for this purpose. I was in the right in the matter and knew it. A Catholic medical man—Dr. Barrett—was called in; he gave evidence in court later that I was at this time extremely ill with constant vomiting, etc. Father Tasker came to see me on Sunday—the next day.

I remained quiet and rested as best I could for Monday afternoon and my expected visitors.

Monday afternoon. I had no watch with me and there was no clock in the room, so I did not know the time of day. I waited expectantly. Margaret, one of the maids about the convent, on bringing me a cup of tea I asked: "What is the time?"

"It is about half-past four," she answered.

"If you see Mother Veronica will you ask her to come in to see me before half-past five?"

"Yes I will give her your message."

The nun who occupied the smaller room was a brusque masculine woman, and it did not appeal to me in any way to court intimacy with her as she went in and out of her cell; but as she passed me now I said: "Sister, will you ask Mother Veronica to come to me?"

"Wait until she comes. I am not going to disturb her," was the sharp reply.

"Will you have a telegram sent out for me?" With no reply she left the room, locking the door after her. I began to be suspicious of my position. Mother Veronica came to me as the 6 p.m. Angelus was ringing. She stood by my bedside and repeated the Angelus, probably for my benefit. When she had finished I said to her: "Has Mr. Hood Barrs sent any message why he has not been?"

"Here is a letter from your sister who is at Leamington. I have opened the letter. I may as well tell you, Alice, that I wrote to Mr. Hood Barrs and to Miss Smith to tell them not to come to see you. You are much too ill to see anyone —(I was not too ill to see her)—and you are not going to see anyone as visitors for three months. Neither are you going away from here until you go to confession, and promise not to take the action against Dr. Cullingworth. We shall keep you here for three months." And she bounded out of the room.

Again I was a prisoner—face to face with a fight for freedom. My life or my death was, as I say, nothing to me. My vow that "if ever I get off this bed of sickness I will test your claim to a right to do as you have done, Dr. Cullingworth" was always uppermost in my mind. If I died in the attempt to keep the vow I was but released.

I had to plan and to think out a plan. I realised that I was as tight a prisoner as at St. Thomas' Hospital. The doors were locked, the windows barred, and an unsympathetic nun stationed in her cell in the room as my wardress. Again, I had no chance of communicating with the outside world by letter or telegram. I am, as Mr. Justice Grantham once remarked, "an individual who evidently makes many personal friends," and at that time before my life was ruined, and I had had no trouble to darken my existence, I had many friends, Protestant as well as Catholic, I realised that some at least would question the circumstances, if I died alone in a convent. There might be an inquest and an inquiry. I determined to act on this fear. Margaret brought me some milk. I told her to take it away and tell Mother Veronica I wanted a cab sent for as I would go back to 21 Portland Road; or would Mother Veronica send a telegram to Father Warwick for me? She could hardly object to a priest coming. Mother Veronica very shortly appeared with a feeding cup in her hand, attempted to force me to take the milk. "Look here, Isabel," I said, I had known her as Mrs. Isabel Smith, "I am determined to do what my conscience tells me I am right and justified in doing—testing Charles Cullingworth's work by placing the matter in the hands of a solicitor. You have written to Mr. Hood Barrs that 'he is not to see me for three months,' during which time you say I am to remain here as your prisoner—to see

no one—to get no letters or telegrams outside. I am to be detained here against my will, not in my own interests but in that of Dr. Cullingworth; to shield him from publicity, and you, like Father Garnet, think to trade upon my adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, and to coerce me by the Confessional. I will not stay, and so I have resolved to refuse all food, all medicines, and any other attention from any one here. Put milk on the door step outside and I will drink it before you outside the door, but this side of the door I will touch nothing."

"We shall feed you with the stomach pump," she made answer.

"You dare not. I should die in the attempt for I should resist to the bitter end. No doctor shall attend me here."

Tuesday afternoon: I had been without food for some 24 hours. A nurse in uniform dress came in and sat by my bed. The forcible feeding by the stomach pump at the sight of the nurse's uniform at once presented itself to my tortured brain. "Where were you trained, nurse?" I asked. "Have you come from St. Thomas' Hospital?" She had on the uniform of this institution.

"I have come from a case at Clapham," she answered.

"What case?" I asked.

"A fever case," she replied.

The nun who had opened the doors on my entrance to the convent with the usual bunches of keys hanging from her waist, as convent portress, came to the nurse and kissed her. I gathered from their conversation they were sisters, and made the question, which was answered in the affirmative. I knew I could not confide in Miss Clayton, as I subsequently found her name to be. Dr. Barrett soon followed the nurse, but as the latter admitted I was very ill and constantly vomiting he realised that to attempt the "stomach pump" was worse than useless. I could not have retained any injected food even if they had overcome me, and might possibly die in the efforts, which would have been made to resist the degrading and disgusting operation to my death. I asked for some hot water to relieve the terrible thirst, and if possible to stop the sickness. Tuesday night was a time of almost unendurable suffering, physically and mentally. I doubted if I could hold out physically—the pangs of hunger were terrible. I do not wonder at individuals stealing to satisfy themselves; only those who have endured such agony can realise the suffering from this experience. I have since spent my energy and money in relieving this suffering in stray, starving animals, and the out-of-work humanity by supplying food.

I had a sharp lecture from my neighbour, the nun, at her bed time, anything but saintly, as she brushed her long hair standing before the fire.

Next day it was evidently a Feast or Fast day. I was left alone with the exception of the paralytic patient. In the early morning the door by my bed was closed, but the nun probably had not the key with her. I noticed she did not lock the door. I determined to make a dash for my liberty. With my life in my hands I snatched my cloak from the chair by my bedside and rushed downstairs to the garden where I knew there was a side gate. I had visited the same house years before. I believe it to have been at one time Becky Sharp's old school of Thackeray fame.

I had also played tennis there, and had used this gate entrance. I stood in front of the gate, but to my dismay it was locked. I stood looking at it. I could not in my condition climb it. Suddenly arms behind me lifted me up bodily and I was carried back to bed by Mother Veronica. "I will not stay here, Mother Veronica, send for Father Warwick. Send for a cab, and I will drive to my former lodgings," I said. She left me and Margaret came to me. Evidently Father Tasker or Father White had been saying Mass in the Convent Chapel. I sent Margaret down with the message that I insisted upon leaving. She returned with: "The priests say you may go, Miss Beatty." "Get me my clothes, Margaret," which were in a travelling case, and had been sent on by Miss Smith. I went with Margaret to the front door and waited there for my clothes. The door was of course locked and bolted. I waited some little time. Margaret returned with the door key but no clothes. "You cannot go out like that, Miss," she said, sympathetically. It is like this it seems or not at all. "Open the door," I said, and she opened it. I was free once again.

I do not know how long it took me to get to Chiswick Churchyard, nor whom I met. I found myself sitting on a flat tombstone, and a butcher's boy stood with his wooden tray on his shoulder in front of me. I can picture him now as I write. With his mouth agape, staring and wondering at the sight in front of him. "Is there a Protestant clergy house anywhere near?" I asked him. "Yes, across there," pointing with his finger. I rushed down the path, pushed open the first door I came to, and a nurse, whom I afterwards found was also a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, was standing with her back towards the door. She did not turn as I exclaimed "Nurse, give me something to eat; I am starving." She was in a nurse's uniform. She did not turn either as she answered mechanically: "Next door." I rushed to the next door, again everything was becoming blackness to me as at Brompton Square; it was a rush of life from death and for freedom, and I remember nothing as to what happened. It was said in evidence at a subsequent law court action that I was found

in the hall of the Chiswick Rectory, lying unconscious How long after I do not know, I found myself on a couch by a fire in a breakfast room; the breakfast table was still laid, and two young ladies were bending over me and a clergyman stood by. One of the ladies had evidently been giving me some brandy, as a glass with that stimulant was in her hand. "Finish this," she said, "and then tell me who you are, and how you came to be in this condition." I drank the offered stimulant.

"I have escaped by starvation from St. Veronica's Convent," I said. "I have had nothing to eat since Monday, only water to drink. I could get out no other way than this." "Don't talk," said the elder girl. "Mr. Fleet, this gentleman, will go round to the Convent and make inquiry; lie still here till he comes back."

"You won't send me back there, will you?"

"Not if you do not wish it. Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Would you like me to send for a priest?"

"No, do not. I have money in my cloak pocket. Send for a cab and I will go back to 21, Portland Road, Notting Hill, where I came from."

"But where are your clothes?"

"In the convent. Mother Veronica would not send them to me to dress."

Mr. Fleet, the curate, returned, and told the ladies my statements were true.

"They (at the convent) wanted to tell me a long story, but I said that is not what I want to know," said the curate. "Had you any right to detain the lady against her wish to leave?" "No, was the answer." "Has she had no food since Monday?" "No," was the answer, "she refused to take it." "Because she wanted to leave the convent?" "Yes."

Miss Dale (to me): "Would you eat anything? You are very ill. What would you like?"

"Could you give me a cup of tea and a piece of that dry toast on the table. I am very hungry," I said, and she gave it to me and I ate it.

A brougham was sent for; with hot bottles, and wrapped in rugs, with the nurse and the elder Miss Dale (the two ladies were two of the daughters of the Rector of Chiswick) we arrived at 21, Portland Road. I saw Miss Dale in conversation with Mrs. White while I waited in the brougham. It was at this time that I learned that Mrs. White was a strong anti-Catholic. On my being removed from her house without her knowledge, she had gone to the Rev. Dr. Thornton very indignantly saying "there is some tragedy going on. I do not wish to be drawn into it." She did not wish

her boarding house mixed up in it, but she was sorry for the lady, and asked his advice with reference to communicating with the police. At this stage Miss Dale had brought me back again to her house, at my request. At first she had refused to receive me, but when Miss Dale explained the circumstances she readily received me, saying: "No Catholic shall see her again in my house, unless I am present with her." Between them I was carried to bed. I was but a mere skeleton. She had communicated with Dr. Cotterell as to my going away from her, as she said, "mysteriously," and she seems to have wired to him on my return. He and the Rev. Dr. Thornton came to see me at the same time, almost at once. "I am very indignant," said Dr. Cotterell, "you would not have gone with my consent. Had you died there would have been trouble. Prosecute them instead of Dr. Cullingworth, and I am with you." "No," I replied, "I can get over this, but Dr. Cullingworth's assault, never; even if I live." But I had to pay dearly for my struggle and fight again for my personal freedom and liberty. Days and nights of illness for weeks; sometimes conscious, sometimes not. I have a letter disclosed in the action of Beatty v. Cullingworth by Dr. Cullingworth himself—written to him by Dr. Cotterell at this time. In spite of the fact he had led me to think he was attending me in the strictest confidence, and not communicating with Dr. Cullingworth about me, in which letter he wrote: "I fear your patient will do no good; she is extremely ill, and is still very bitter against you, and says if she gets well she will shoot you." This is typical of professional etiquette where the interest of the medical trade union is in question. Dr. Cotterell's first duty was to me as a patient. I never remember saying I would shoot Cullingworth.

Mrs. White was good to me. I felt I could trust her. Dr. Cotterell informed her that as my life was still uncertain one of my relatives should be with me. My sister and relatives were sent for again by Dr. Cotterell. My sister came from Leamington on a wire from Dr. Cotterell, and remained with me. She could not nurse me as she said "it was too painful for her to see me suffering from what she might have saved me from." Another trained nurse appeared on the scene to be with me at night. I was again under morphia probably to drown the horror of my escape from the convent, which was uppermost in my mind then. I knew not when or where I was to be allowed to rest. I awoke one night as I thought, probably from a waking dream of illness and of the convent, startled, but recognising my surroundings asked: "Are you there, Esther, my sister?" A loud voice answered "Yes, I am here." And in the dim light I saw a woman brushing her hair by the fire as I had seen the

nun at St. Veronica Convent. I was terrified. I screamed. I was in a state of tension. Mrs. White heard me and came to me. "Stay with me, I am frightened Mother Veronica will come; the nun is here." Mrs. White stayed, sleeping by my side, and pacified me. I had asked during the day, with a trained nurse's curiosity—professionally, of the nurse when she arrived as to where she was trained, and from where she had come. She told me she "was trained in the provinces, and had just come from Baker Street Institute for Nurses." I remarked, you wear the same uniform—the red leather belt—as the nurses did at Miss Walker's Nursing Home in Brompton Square. "Do you know it?"

"No," was her answer.

Dr. Cotterell was in attendance two and three times daily. When he next came to see me I said to him: "Dr. Cotterell, where does nurse come from?" "From Miss Walker's, she has been with you before, so I sent her." "Why did she tell me such a lie? I will not have her. Why send me one from there?" My sister discharged the nurse. For days and days my life was in question, and I heard later that as there was to be an evening party in the house at the end of the week it had been arranged to bury me early in the week in the event of my death taking place at an opportune time. So Mrs. White, with whom I subsequently stayed for two years, told me.

But I rallied with the quiet and the feeding at 21, Portland Road. Friends hearing of my illness were bountiful in gifts of money, fruit, wines, flowers, and all the luxuries of a patient. I had been a very popular nurse in Liverpool among the wealthiest people residing there. A bulletin was posted outside the door of one of my former patient's private house, and a constant correspondence was kept up between this patient and Mrs. White. I needed nothing but the undoing of Dr. Cullingworth's wicked work.

CHAPTER V.

The operation had been performed on August 15th. I had struggled on to November, the end. I still fretted and pined over the affair.

Dr. Cotterell on his visit one morning at this time brought with him a letter which he had received from Dublin, asking him for information as to my whereabouts, "if he were still in attendance upon me. Would he say if I were well enough to travel to Dublin—they would be only too pleased to nurse me strong again?" My sister was still with me, and present with Dr. Cotterell. "I have had to reply to the letter," Dr. Cotterell said, "that it will be months before you are fit for duty or to cross to Ireland. If you are at all inclined to seasickness it would most likely set up internal hæmorrhage again." "Then my appointment is gone, too?" I replied. "How much more ruin is this man's work going to bring upon me?" I was fond and proud of my Dublin appointment. I should have returned on October 1st, but in my struggle for freedom and liberty I had had no idea of dates or times.

It was suggested that I should be got to Brighton to try to remove the terrible constant dwelling upon the operation.

I was a member of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, entitled to sick pay. I had placed myself on the sick list. When this National Pension Fund for Nurses was first started I was one of the "first thousand" nurses to join for pension and sick pay. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were keenly interested in the scheme. It was a movement set on foot on condition that if a thousand nurses joined in the first twelve months, Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, Mr. Hambro, and Mr. Anthony Gibbs, with Lord Rothschild, would contribute £5,000 to be used as a benefit fund to this "first thousand." It was taken up by Queen Alexandra, and an invitation was given to the "first thousand nurses" to Marlborough House. At the last day or so before the reception it was suggested that these nurses should collect purses to be presented to the Princess at the reception as forming the nucleus of a Benevolent Fund for those nurses who fell on bad days, to pay premiums, etc. I came from Liverpool to attend the function at Marlborough House, collected funds for the Benevolent scheme, and stood close by King Edward as he read an address to the nurses, saying "That the 'first thousand nurses' had under every circumstance

secured themselves against want in sickness and old age by being a member of the first 1,000 nurses to take up the scheme."

My sister and Dr. Cotterell discussed my means of remaining at Brighton for at least six months, and with reference to the letter from the Dublin Hospital, suggested my sister should write and ask the Pension Fund Committee to increase my sick pay for a time. He would write also as a doctor, as to the medical necessity, in a day or so. On November 14 my sister received a letter in reply to hers to the Pension Fund, saying: "That as I 'had lost the respect of my superiors' my sick pay would cease." I was very angry at this libellous statement, but I was helpless and too ill to resent. I had no "superiors" but the Medical Committee at the Mater Hospital. The Secretary, Sir Arthur Chance, had said and wrote, that I was "held in esteem by every member of the Board." My appointment had been held over for three months in event of my being able to resume so important a post as that of Superintendent of Nurses. Whose respect had I lost? None but that of Cullingworth's, and that, he said, concerning me as a patient, not as a nurse.

I went to Brighton. I was too ill to go to the Nurses' Home of Rest there, as then I was still confined to bed. When Dr. Cullingworth had struggled with me in the small ward of St. Thomas' Hospital, the whole of his surgery had broken down and I had a large open suppurating abdominal wound. My sister and I went to a deaconess' home. For three days I was satisfied. When as my sister was sitting on my bed one afternoon a letter was brought to her.

"Who is it from?" I naturally asked. She laid the letter down and burst out crying. I took up the letter, it was from Dr. Cullingworth. I read: "I have placed the case before the Gynæcological Society. Nothing can be done. Your sister will not get better in the way she wishes. Burn this in case she sees it."

My sister snatched the letter.

"What is this man to you? What influence has he over you?" I said. "I will go back to London; I am not safe here with you alone. He shall not make me a subject of lectures, I will stop him." I returned to London again to the Nurses' Club, telling my sister to leave me as she was in communication with Dr. Cullingworth.

"Will you let him see to the wound, Alice? You cannot be left in this condition, and no one else will see to it," she said.

"Never," I answered; "he shall never touch me again."

I stayed some time at the club, but was not gaining ground. I got up one morning and went to see Dr. Sharkey.

"Where is your sister?"

"I don't know."

"And your brother?"

"I don't know. I am left alone—it is better so."

"You are still too ill to be about. Will you come into one of my beds at St. Thomas'? No one shall know who you are but the sister of the ward. You can have screens round your bed."

It was Monday. I had no money to go on with; too ill to communicate with friends—I could not write a letter. I went to the hospital—driven there by force of poverty— in the public ward, and was placed in 28 bed, close by the sisters' sitting room. The groans and illnesses of the patients affected me in a totally different manner, as a patient, to what they had done as a strong healthy nurse. I could not have slept from the noise even had I not been in constant dread of Dr. Cullingworth finding me there, although I trusted Dr. Sharkey. Tuesday I had a sleeping draught. In the next bed to me was a very nice patient ; poor thing, I have often wondered if she ever left the hospital alive. She was "an interesting case for lectures." I had made friends with her on arrival, and had asked her to let me know if any doctor other than Dr. Sharkey came behind the screens, as I was entirely his patient, outside even of that of the House Physician and students' attention. On Wednesday morning the patient informed me "two other doctors had come behind the screens and stood for some time by me while I was asleep." Was the draught given for this purpose? Probably. By the description given by the patient of the men who had stood by my bed I knew one of the two was Dr. Cullingworth—especially as the patient called him "the women's doctor." I was not safe. I would leave.

During my three days here again in St. Thomas' Hospital the Rev. Dr. Thornton, of Notting Hill, had called to see me, and Mrs. Percy Bunting, who had heard, she said, about me from Mr. Stead. She said she had been trying to find me. She offered me a home with her, and if I left St. Thomas' suddenly on account of Dr. Cullingworth to go on to her at any time. Sister Charity (Ward sister) begged me to stay till morning. "I may fall asleep and again be visited by Dr. Cullingworth," I said. She had admitted that the latter had been one of the two men who had stood by my bed. "You have no money?" "Very little," I replied. "I was asked to give you this," she said, as she offered me an envelope which evidently contained money. "Who is it from?" I asked. She replied "I was not to say." She again offered it, and it fell to the ground. "Take it back from whence it came," and I kicked it away

from me. (I learnt afterwards it came from Dr. Cullingworth, and was but a legal trick. Had I accepted it from this source it was to have been said, that I had taken it from him in compensation, and I could not legally take the case into court !)

Mrs. Percy Bunting had left me her address, 11, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, and had told me to take a cab and she would pay for it. I did not like to go to Endsleigh Gardens at so late an hour as it was, when I eventually was able to leave the hospital, so again I went to a policeman to ask him to find me somewhere to sleep. He took me to a small boarding house. A nurse had followed but I did not know. One of the fears of the Cullingworth side, was that publicity might ensue through the police. The policeman must have reported the incident of having to find a lady a lodging, as he called to see me the next morning. I had some breakfast at the house, ordered a cab and drove to 11, Endsleigh Gardens. I stayed with Mrs. Percy Bunting for about a week, meeting there Mr. Stead, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, and others.

The affair of my quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth was becoming known and discussed. A stranger to me, whom I have never met, a Miss Brown, wrote offering to pay 10s. a week to an Antivivisection, Vegetarian Convalescent Home if I would care to go there for three months. I need be under no necessity to see a medical man if I did not wish. I consented to go to the Home. I was still unable to write letters or deal with any business. I had left the legal action against Dr. Cullingworth in the hands of Mr. Hood Barrs ; he had written to me at one time saying he " was proceeding with it."

My sick pay had been stopped since November, so I went to the Convalescent Home at Finchley, the 10s. being paid by Miss Brown. The inmates there knew nothing of the cruel incident which had blackened my life. I discussed nothing of it with them. There was a bright intelligent youth there, Frank, about 17 years old, he made friends with me at once; his recitations from Dickens' works were an antidote to my anguish. His brightness softened my gloom. We still correspond. He is married now, and is, in his spare time in much request for selections from Dickens' Works and personation of Dickens' characters.

I had never been naturally of a gloomy disposition. Dr. More Madden the week before my crossing to London for my holiday had said : " I don't believe you have ever had a trouble in your life time." " I don't think I have, and if I had I should run away from it," I answered. *But I did not see the future—nor the cruel fate so near me.*

Frank was brightness itself. We strolled out after breakfast, rested in the afternoon, and I watched the billiard playing in the evening, from my physical condition I could not play myself, although I knew the game well.

CHAPTER VI.

The first letter I had been able to write since the operation in August was written at the end of January to Mr. Henry Burdett re the Pension Fund, asking him for an explanation of the statement that I "had lost the respect of my superiors," he replied that "he knew nothing about the letter, he would have enquiries made." In a few days I got a second letter from him asking me if I could call at the office of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, in King Street, City, with my sister. I answered the letter that I did not know where my sister was, and I was not well enough to travel through the City by myself. He wrote asking for a medical certificate. I answered that I had no medical attendant. His next letter was to the effect: Would I have any objection to seeing both the President of the Royal College of Physicians and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons on the question of sick pay.

I had not yet gained the knowledge that the subject of my quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth was the main topic of gossip of Harley Street, and had never realised the strength of the medical group. I agreed to see both of the presidents: I was still in such an apparent state of ill health and needed surgical attention, that it was not possible for them not to have to admit my condition of physical suffering, and they admitted it, and the sick pay was resumed.

Another wealthy patient heard of my illness. I had nursed a member of her family through typhoid fever; in her letter she sent me a cheque, so that I was not without money. What I was concerned about was, why such a statement had been made by the Secretary of the Pension Fund and the renewal of sick pay did not satisfy me on this. I asked to see the Committee. A sub-Committee was formed of four of St. Thomas' nurses, and met at Lady Rothschild's house in Piccadilly. Lady Rothschild, as President of the Benevolent Fund, with Sir Henry Burdett, were also present. I was invited to attend. "This is not the Committee of the Pension Fund," I said, as I recognised the four former nurses of St. Thomas' Hospital.

Lady Rothschild was in the chair. I sat by her.

"What is the question which you want an answer to, Miss Beatty," she asked.

"In what way have I lost the respect of my superiors,

and who are they? And why the Secretary of the Fund should write such a statement and stop my sick pay because of it?"

"Sir Henry Burdett is here," Lady Rothschild answered, "he has the books with him and he says there is nothing against you in the books. Would you like to see the books yourself?"

My name was turned up, but there was nothing detrimental to me there.

"Where is the Secretary?" I asked. "If Mr. Burdett knows nothing about the letter, he (the Secretary) should have been here. You say, Mr. Burdett, you keep a 'black book' at the office. Is it here?"

"I did not think to bring that. Your name is not in it. Will you take my word for that?"

"But why the statement?" I reiterated.

Lady Rothschild tried to convince me that it was some mistake. Miss Vincent, who was the matron of an institution to which I was appointed one of the nurses and remained there for some years, was present. I appealed to her.

"There is not of course anything against you," she said.

I was not satisfied. I knew that the statement referred to my quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth, that the sub-Committee was purposely composed of St. Thomas' Hospital nurses, so that none other should know. Dr. Cullingworth had been making his tale good in his own interest as against mine while I had been fighting so desperately for personal freedom, handicapped by illness produced by him. *The statement has never yet been explained,* and I am still boycotted by the Royal National Pension Fund for nurses who refuse me membership, and hold the bonus to which I am entitled, as one of the first thousand nurses. Across the Testimonial which was presented to me at Marlborough House, which hangs on the wall in front of me, I have written—a Royal lie through the spite of others, and a punishment for alleging my body is my own."

I had heard nothing of Mr. Hood Barrs, my solicitor, since November. I knew by letter from him he had issued "the writ." "I have interviewed Dr. Leonard Bidwale, taking down his statement, which fully bears out yours, but the case will not come on for six months," he wrote me. Mr. Hood Barrs had written to Dr. Cotterell late in the year as to whether he should try to get "the case" on earlier, on account of my condition. Dr. Cotterell had replied "Miss Beatty is somewhat better, her life is not now in immediate danger, but I cannot say what might happen if she does not drop this law suit, go to her friends and remain quiet."

On February 12: I still remained in bed for breakfast. My letters were brought up to me as usual when this morn-

ing amongst them was an ominous one from Mr. Hood Barrs saying : " I have decided not to go on with the case." This was a shock to me. The writ had been issued on October 2nd, about six weeks after the operation, and it was now four months old. The six months were nearing to the end. I had expected in my worldly legal ignorance, that the case would be coming on, and there would be an end of it all. I was alone in my room, and could give vent to tears as a relief to the disappointment. I should be leaving the Convalescent Home in March. I decided to say nothing and do nothing until I was entirely away from nurses and doctors, although the latter visited the Home, I had refused to have any attention from them, and the two principal ones attending the Home knew nothing of my condition physically.

I wrote for an appointment to Mr. Stead and told him what I had heard from Mr. Hood Barrs. Mr. Stead wrote " he had meant to ask me to call." As I entered his office once again he shook hands with me, and at once said, " Dr. Heywood Smith has been writing to me about you." " How did he know I had been to see you," I asked. " I suppose from Sir George Lewis," said Mr. Stead. " He would like to see you." I knew Dr. Heywood Smith when I first entered the nursing profession at Soho Hospital. " He would do anything he could for you," said Mr. Stead. " I will call and see him one morning," I answered.

I had not even yet, in spite of my late experiences, learnt my lesson of disappointment in medical honour, and that professionalism ranked higher than any honour amongst the fraternity.

The weather was bright and frosty, there was at the Home a governess struggling to get well (her health was her bank). She went to see a doctor twice a week in Harley Street, W. A private omnibus was then running daily between Barnet and Argyle Street, Piccadilly. I arranged to travel with the governess and to call on Dr. Heywood Smith. The omnibus, a private one, was driven and conducted by a father and son. The two were sympathetic with us, and offered to stop at the gate of the Home for us. I continued this arrangement and went the twice weekly drive, which accustomed me again to the street traffic. I benefitted much by these outings. The 'bus picked us up at 11 a.m., and it was due to return from Argyle Street at 6 p.m. The driver would reserve our seats. He was a merry man of the old chaffing sort of drivers, passing jokes with his comrades as he went along the road. We, the governess and myself, were often the only two passengers after Swiss Cottage Station was passed, and he would beguile the time with singing the comic songs of the day. He had a good voice. But for the alway present torture of my position I should have been happy.

I called one morning on Dr. Heywood Smith, Harley Street. He was not surprised to see me. I was in ignorance of the betrayal of my confidence as a patient by Dr. Cotterell, and still held the delusion that matters disclosed to nurse and doctor were as sacred as the Confessional was to me at that time. With such ideas held by me it was an easy matter to gain my confidence in a consulting room. As a nurse in private nursing one unavoidably must hear and learn matters sacred to the family being in such close contact with the members of it ; indeed it is not easy to avoid becoming acquainted with them; but to have discussed elsewhere or disclosed knowledge so acquired, would to me have been an act of the basest character. Although I have at times even been visited by solicitors dealing with certain incidents, it being known that I was at one time a nurse in a particular family, I at once pleaded professional secrecy, and refused to say a single word, one way or the other, and I had assumed my own conduct was the rule with the Nursing Profession, accentuated in the Consulting Room of the Medical man; but alas! My ideals of honour where both are concerned are as shattered as in those of the Catholic Church.

I bound Dr. Heywood Smith as I did Dr. Cotterell. "You will not tell Dr. Cullingworth anything about me, nor that I have come here. I have no medical attendant." As usual the promised secrecy was given. I saw him often at his request, on my trips to town by 'bus, discussed my plans, my health, and physical condition. He took notes of my "case" in his book—page 41 or 141. I mention this detail as he afterwards denied my statements made in Court in the case of Mr. Harness, in which I gave evidence on the latter's behalf.

I still fretted over my physical condition and the blasting of my existence which had previously been so bright. Dr. Heywood Smith told me, as I well knew—but would not accept the fact that nothing would remedy the effects of Dr. Cullingworth's wanton and cruel operation.

"No," I had answered, "if there were anything on earth that could do *that* it would be done by myself and friends, who are most of them very indignant about the affair."

"You have tried everything," said Dr. Heywood Smith. "The only thing left is to try and get you out of this morbid condition by massage and electricity. Why not go into hospital and try that?"

"I will not go to hospital again; I have got, so far, better away from where Dr. Cullingworth would have ready access. I have not much faith in electricity. I am a masseuse, and would try massage, but I am leaving the Home at Finchley. It is an expensive treatment I am afraid —too expensive for me." (I had been away from London for a long time—in Liverpool and Ireland. I knew little of

new London institutions.) Dr. Heywood Smith wrote on a slip of paper, "52, Oxford Street, Harness' establishment Try there," he said. I went to the address the same day. I saw a masseuse—a Miss Maud Diggins, who subsequently attended me. There was little need to say I was ill, I looked it. I was very anæmic. She left and returned with a doctor—Dr. Blair. I told him I was recovering from a serious illness, that I had been sent to them by Dr. Heywood Smith. "What do you charge," I asked, "for a course of massage? I have not much faith in the electrical treatment. I must do something; I cannot remain in this cruel state of invalidism." The fees were £25 for a course of massage and electricity for three months. "I cannot afford that. I have had a long and expensive illness," I said. I had told Miss Diggins I was a trained nurse. Evidently Dr. Blair consulted Mr. Harness. It was arranged that I should, being a nurse, pay £5, and if I received any benefit from the treatment give a testimonial as a nurse and patient in the testimonial book. This I agreed to do, and visited the establishment as often as I could during my stay at Finchley. In a week or two I was decidedly improved in health. Dr. Heywood Smith watched the improvement and took notes of it during the whole time of my visits to 52, Oxford Street.

At the end of the agreed time I wrote a studied grateful testimonial in the official book, recording the unexpected results of the treatment which I gratefully owed to the authorities of Harness' establishment for massage and electrical treatment. I thanked them for their kindness and courtesy, and acknowledged the fact of the improved health, which, I said, I had failed to obtain from "Harley Street" specialists licensed to deal with disease—I had secured it at 52, Oxford Street.

I shall always be grateful to Mr. Harness and his helpers. The small repayment I could make I willingly made; and when from medical intrigue and jealousy he was written down in the Press, and finally prosecuted for fraud, I came forward and gave evidence on his behalf at Marlborough Street Police Court. The opposing counsel saying to Mr. Horace Avory, Counsel for Mr. Harness, "Don't put words into Miss Beatty's mouth." "There is no need to," rejoined Mr. Avory. "Miss Beatty is an expert, a willing and grateful patient." I thanked Mr. Harness as he sat in the dock—a place he should never have occupied—it should have been occupied by another who had brought the illness on from which I suffered. After my evidence, the Magistrate remarked that "no jury would convict after such evidence from a trained nurse, who was also a patient," and dismissed the charge against Mr. Harness and others.

CHAPTER VII.

I was leaving the Convalescent Home at the end of March. I wrote to Mrs. White, 21, Portland Road, Notting Hill, asking her if she could let me have a room, the least expensive one she had. I meant to try and find an easy appointment in the nursing profession. She replied, enthusiastically, that she had a room at 4s., and that "she and all the residents there who had known me would be delighted to see 'the mysterious lady,'" as they had termed me during my previous residence there. "You have been so often talked of, we had given you up as dead, months ago, little thinking to ever hear of you again." I went to her house. The same boarders were there, and they decided to give me a welcome as I entered the hall. One gentleman, who was very musical and had often played his instrument (a violin) outside my door, at my request, during my former stay, brought the violin and played me up the steps. It was the first time he had seen me.

I was now free from medical or nursing espionage—free to go and come without being questioned as to my movements. I decided not to go out of town on account of carrying out my vow.

I answered advertisements for work.

I called at once on Mr. Hood Barrs.

"Why are you not going on with the case?" I asked him.

"Sir George Lewis has been here."

"He has been here before, you told me so last time, in November. Why did you not let me know before February? You had issued 'the writ' in October."

"To keep you quiet," he said.

"Then *you* were deceiving me in the interest of Dr. Cullingworth? What are your charges against me?" I asked

"They have been paid."

"By whom?" I asked.

"I shall not tell you."

"May I have the writ?" and he gave it to me with the statement of Mr. Leonard Bidwell. "The operation you object to has not been performed."

With surprise, I said "Who told you *that?*"

"Mr. Lewis, Dr. Cullingworth's solicitor."

"Will Dr. Cullingworth say so? Will he write it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Barrs. "Ask Mr. Lewis."

I left with the "writ" and the statement of Dr. Leonard

Bidwell. With Mr. Hood Barr's assertion, I was soon at Mr. Stead's office. I told him what Mr. Hood Barrs had said in reference to the operation. "Mr. George Lewis has been here, too, to see me with the same tale, and I have had a long correspondence with Dr. Heywood Smith about you," and he read me several of the letters, but one marked "private and confidential," I noticed, he did not read.

(This letter finally came into my hands. It was read and extracts copied from it by my solicitor, Mr. G. H. Radford.)

"You need not have given up your prospects in life nor your intention of getting married."

"Will Dr. Cullingworth write me this statement?" I said. "George Lewis is a friend of yours, Mr. Stead. Will you ask him to get Dr. Cullingworth to write it? and I will see Dr. Heywood Smith to-morrow morning. He told me "he was sorry for me, and was seeing me in the strictest confidence; but why does he not write to you?"

Next morning I went to 18, Harley Street, and I saw Dr. Heywood Smith.

"You have been in communication with Mr. Stead on questions and details of my health," I at once accosted him with. "You have not been seeing or writing to Dr. Cullingworth about me, have you, as Mr. Hood Barrs and Mr. Stead, through Mr. George Lewis, from Dr. Cullingworth, mentioned details of my condition which no one but you know of?"

He tried to avoid answering, but as I was angry and persistent he finally told me Dr. Cullingworth had repeatedly called on him in the evening of the day of my morning visits, and he had given him copy notes of my health." No wonder he fixed my times to see him!

"Where is your professional honour, and where the boasted secrecy as between patient and doctor in the consulting room? Mr. Hood Barrs and Sir George Lewis say the operation which Dr. Cullingworth told me he had performed upon me against my instructions he has not done. As you are so interested in saving Cullingworth, will you, with him, sign a paper to this effect?"

"You can renew your intention to get married," he said.

"That is not the question in dispute, and you know it." *The assertion was not signed, it was a trick.*

I left him realising the hollowness of the claim to professional honour in the medical trades union.

I was without legal advice, without the means or the knowledge to prosecute, and without an appointment. I had over and over again on applying for nursing work, been asked if the quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth was at an end, and on replying "No," I was refused work. *I was boycotted.* In

spite of the fact I had never had any difficulty in securing good appointments previous to my quarrel with this man. At first I did not realise the boycott out against me, but a letter appeared in the *Nursing Record,* a journal then largely the organ in which the Royal British Nurses' Association news were published, a nurse "Martha Beatty," no relation to me, and totally unknown to me, but a member of the Association, wrote a pitiful letter to the journal, saying she was boycotted professionally, and could not obtain work because she bore the name of "Beatty."

I was resting one afternoon when Mrs. White came into the room with a lady's card in her hand. (I had asked that no one should be shown up to my room.) I had Lewis and Lewis against me! "I do not know the lady," I said, but the lady, Mrs. Dallas, was in the doorway.

"I have come from Miss Hays, in Liverpool, and have spent nearly a week in trying to find you," she said.

"Where did you get my address from?"

"From the priests at Notting Hill."

"Then they know I am here again?"

"Yes."

"But how white and thin you are," she exclaimed. Miss Hays has only just heard of your illness, and commissioned me to give you this," as she handed me a present of money, "and I am to order you some wine."

She questioned me as to my illness, and I told her.

Mrs. Dallas gave the details of the affair to Miss Hays, who wrote me strongly "prosecute the man." "Anything I can do to help you in the struggle I will. What a favourite you were with us" she ended her letter with.

In my struggle and search for work I called one morning at the office of the Royal British Nurses' Association, although a member I knew none of the officials; it was my first visit to the office. I asked to enter my name as a member seeking an appointment. Miss Daisy Robbins made a note of it—in those days I used my own name, the name informed her of my identity and the associated quarrel. "But you are not well enough to work, Miss Beatty. You ought to go to the sea-side. Why not go to Brighton?"

"I cannot afford to. I must get something to do."

"We will pay for you at Brighton; you are entitled to the benefits of the Association. Will you go to the Nurses' Home of Rest for three months?"

"Yes, perhaps I should not look so delicate afterwards."

I simply said I had been ill, entering into no particulars, and did not know my illness was so widely known.

"You will have to see Dr. Bedford Fenwick to be medically passed."

" I have no objection," I said.

It was arranged for me to see Dr. B. Fenwick on the morrow. I called at 20, Upper Wimpole Street. I knew Dr. Fenwick when as Nurse Victor at the London Hospital he was the resident gynæcologist.

" You have had a rough time of it," I was met with.

" Yes, I have been ill."

" Well, we will send you to Brighton."

I was leaving his consulting room when he called me back. " Haven't you a quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth over your illness? "

" Yes; how did you know? "

" Why," he replied, " it has been the talk of Harley Street for the past six months. Let me see what I can do to settle it. It will be a medical scandal. Let me go to Dr. Cullingworth on your behalf? "

I replied : " As Mr. Hood Barrs, who had agreed to take the legal action for me, the solicitor who issued the writ against Dr. Cullingworth, Mr. Stead and Dr. Cullingworth's solicitors (Messrs. Lewis and Lewis), say that Dr. Cullingworth has not really performed the repulsive operation upon me which he at first told me he had, I will let you go to him for the purpose of asking him to certify that he has not performed the operation. For my sister's sake I will consent to let you go and do this."

" I will see Dr. Cullingworth," Dr. Fenwick said.

I had a wire from Dr. Bedford Fenwick to call on him. I answered the telegram in person on Sunday afternoon. " Well, I have seen Dr. Cullingworth. He says he has other cards to play if you persist in taking an action against him. Your sister does not wish you to do this."

" Naturally," I interposed, " she brought the man to me."

" He has a letter from your brother, saying you shall not do it," he continued.

" Does he? He, my brother, threatened to shoot me if I dragged my name—his name into the law courts. My brother is not my keeper," I said. " I am under no obligation to him. *My body is my own, and no one has a right over it unless I consent to give it.*"

" But Dr. Cullingworth laughs over the whole business. He won't say what he has done," said the doctor.

" He laughs at the blighting of my life, does he? He thinks I have no right to object to his dastardly work. Take back a woman's answer. *I* will make him say what he has done, and that he did what he told me he had done against my instructions. He and I will quarrel to the bitter end."

I left 20, Upper Wimpole Street. Needless to say I heard no more of going to Brighton, and did not go. It was

again but a ruse of the medicine men belonging to a Nurses' Association.

A day later Dr. Guy Elkington sent up his card. I refused to see him as a doctor. I was lying down, upset by the previous incident; but he sent up a message saying his wife was dying, and having heard from Mrs. Dallas about me insisted upon her husband coming to fetch me to be with her.

"I will have no other nurse but Miss Beatty," she had said.

"I am not very well," I said to Dr. Elkington when I went down to see him.

"Never mind, it will pacify my wife if you will come."

I went and stayed with her a week until her death. She died holding my hand. "I would help you if I could . I would do the same as you are doing. I would not be cut about to save my life" she often said to me. I stayed for another week at the house after the funeral; her daughter, 25 years of age, being there also. The most wicked untruths were invented and circulated, and were spread about broadcast as to my stay here. So much so that when later Mrs. Mona Caird was interesting herself in the law case I was, by her, asked to give Mrs. Dallas' address and to secure an interview between the two ladies. Mrs. Dallas was rightly indignant, saying, "she knew of Miss Beatty from Miss Hays, who knew Miss Beatty's career in Liverpool." Mrs. Mona Caird was ever satisfied afterwards. I was but a stranger to her. She said such rumours were being made use of to blacken my character. It was from Dr. Guy Elkington's residence that I went to the Court to give evidence on behalf of Mr. Harness.

I think I must have made application for work to every Nursing Institution in London. At some, on giving my name I was met with a flat refusal; at others, as at the Nurses' Co-operative Association, 8, New Cavendish Street, I was asked the now usual question: "Is the quarrel between you and Dr. Cullingworth settled?" If I had answered "yes" an appointment was certain. (I am a nurse, masseuse, and midwife.)

I had had a similar experience of refusal on this ground of the quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth early in the day. I decided to go to Dr. Cullingworth, 48, Brook Street, challenge him with the professional boycott out against me by him and for him. There was now no disguising the fact, I was cruelly, wickedly boycotted.

I wrote to Mr. George Lewis on the subject, who replied: "You will probably not get an appointment or work in London, go back to Ireland where you are well known and wanted."

I retorted by letter "While I was lying ill from your client's surgery, he has been discussing me to a disadvan-

tage wherever he could, making it impossible for me to earn a livelihood if I recovered from his work; but what did he care? It was but a trick of the trades union, medical and legal."

"Every professional door was shut in my face," as Mr. Lawson Walton termed it in court.

Coming from the second refusal of work, I hailed a passing hansom, and told the driver to drive to 48, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. At the door I handed my card to the maid who came in answer to my knock. On the card I had written, "the patient, not the nurse." I did not wish Dr. Cullingworth to think it was my sister who had called.

"Ask Dr. Cullingworth if he will see me," I said.

"Will you come in?"

"No, bring his message back first."

"Yes. Dr. Cullingworth says he will see you," said the maid.

I was shown into the dining room. Dr. Cullingworth was there and came to me and held out his hand. I shuddered. I could not. I would not touch the hand which had done me such a fatal injury.

"What have you come to see me for if not in terms of peace?" as he noted the refusal.

"I have not in any way molested you, Charles Cullingworth, nor done you any wrong, neither had any intention of doing you any; but while I have been lying ill from your dastardly work you have been making your tale good in the medical and nursing centres to such an extent that I find I am boycotted. You have had nine months in which to do this in. Wherever I apply for work I am met with your name. Let me work and earn my livelihood to forget if possible your work."

"Is this all you have come to say? Are you going on with this action?"

"Yes; but I do not interfere with you in your work, and you shall not stop me in getting my livelihood, which I have always done before I fell into your hands. I lost my appointment in Ireland through you. You will not starve me into foregoing the action. You will never do that. You only make me more bitter against you—this is the second time you have been appealed to. You say you have not performed the repulsive operation, yet you will not write it. You dare not. Never again will I appeal to you. Whatever bitterness you cause me I will fight you in it."

"You said you would shoot me," he said.

"I have no recollection of saying any such thing," I answered; "but you deserve it, and if I were a man I should probably have done it as did the American gentleman who

found he had been similarly experimented upon by such another as you, and this, too, without his consent. But for my mother's sake and memory I refrain from such an act."

"I will have you certified as a lunatic."

"You will?" I exclaimed, "lunatic from your work—your mania for mutilation of women. So you threatened me at St. Thomas' Home; had there been a taint or weakness of this kind in the family from which I come I must have gone mad with what I have gone through, through you and yours. I am well aware this is a strong weapon in the hands of the medical profession for removing inconvenient people, which you use so freely for those with money and influence who can serve you after . Certify me now if you can and dare. Test my sanity if you wish to, as I intend to test your right to mutilate me against my wishes. No one knows I am here. Send for your specialist; you as a doctor have a duty to the public. Either I am mad or not; if not apologise for your second time threat—one or the other you shall do. I will wait while you send for your specialist."

I sat down, took up the British Journal of Nursing, lying on the table, and read.

Dr. Freeman, Dr. Cullingworth's brother-in-law, came and sat down by me.

"Why do you object so much to what Dr. Cullingworth has done?"

"That has nothing to do with you; the fact is I do object, and he well knew my objections and views upon the wicked, erroneous mutilation of women, beforehand."

"Dr. Cullingworth has sent for Dr. Savage," said Dr. Freeman.

"Yes; I am waiting for him or some other specialist, as he has threatened me for the second time."

Dr. Freeman left for luncheon so I was alone for some time. Dr. Cullingworth came in with Dr. Freeman, leaving Mr. Bernard Pitts of St. Thomas' Hospital, in the hall.

"Where is your specialist, Charles Cullingworth? Won't either of them do your dirty work for you? Do it yourself, if you dare."

"Go out of my house," he exclaimed, coming up to me.

"You must not let a 'lunatic' go out of your house at large. There are three of you here. Certify if you dare, or withdraw your threats," I said.

"I will send for a policeman and give you in charge."

"Carry out your second threat. A policeman ought not to be far off from such as you," I taunted.

Dr. Cullingworth left, returning with a uniformed policeman.

"What are you doing here?"

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"Ask the man who fetched you," I replied.

"Has she stolen any of your property?" asked the Police Constable.

"No," he answered.

"I would neither touch his property, his hand, nor anything belonging to him with a pair of tongs," I said.

"Will you give me your card, Madam?"

I handed him one. He made the same request of Dr. Cullingworth. I waited.

"Will you leave my house?"

"Carry out your threat or withdraw it as to my sanity," I answered. He was livid with temper. I had the upper hand in keeping cool.

"You admitted the lady to your house?" queried the bewildered policeman.

"Yes."

"I can do nothing; if she were outside and caused a disturbance I could act, but not inside your house."

The policeman having given the hint left and stood outside the door in the street. Mr. Bernard Pitts, with another man, came in, and the four threw me out on to the steps, with such force that Mrs. Cullingworth or another woman called out "Don't hurt her." The policeman stood there, and I waited, determined to do nothing and to say nothing. Some one had given me an abdominal blow, which made me feel quite faint.

"Are you going to charge her?" asked the police official.

"Yes," said Cullingworth, "take her to the police station."

To me, said the official, "You will have to come with me to Marlborough Street Police Station."

"I cannot walk with you through the streets, send for a cab."

"Are you prepared to pay for it?"

"Yes." He hailed a passing hansom. To Dr. Cullingworth, he said: "You must come, too, Sir, and charge her."

Three hansom cabs drove up to Marlborough Street Police Station. Myself with the constable, Charles Cullingworth, Mr. Bernard Pitts, Dr. Freeman, and another man whose name I did not know. I sat down as soon as I got inside the station—my first visit to any such place as a prisoner, brought there to be charged by Charles Cullingworth.

An official in uniform stood in front of a desk with open book. The constable who had brought me to the station stood by his side. Both looked somewhat taken aback by my coolness.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"You have no right to ask me. I have never done anything wrong. If you want to know anything about me ask the man Cullingworth, who had me brought in here—a criminal who has escaped your hands so far," I said.

The officer turned to Charles Cullingworth, asking him the questions, to which he replied.

"You charge her?" asked the official.

"Yes," answered Charles Cullingworth.

"Then you must sign the charge sheet," he said, after he had taken the particulars from him.

I was placed in the cage, and in solemn tone said the officer: "You are charged by Dr. Cullingworth with refusing to leave his house."

I left the circular rail. "Give me a glass of water," I said. A tin can was brought with an apology by the official: "This is no place for you, come and sit here." I was in those days still well dressed, and I sat on the steps of the court yard between two constables. I witnessed the policemen receiving their instructions for next duty. I was faint and sick not from fear or fright, but from the struggle at 48, Brook Street, and from the blow which one of the men engaged by Dr. Cullingworth, had given me in the abdomen.

"What will they do with me?" I asked.

"Hang you on that tree," said one of the two constables, jokingly.

"Well, let me send two telegrams beforehand."

"There is no need for that, there is no necessity; there is no such charge known to us as refusing to leave a private house into which you were invited. You will be home as soon as the telegram could arrive."

While we were discussing the telegram my name rang through the place, and with the two constables I was taken into the court and placed in the criminals' dock. My innocent and ignorant audacity must have surprised officialdom and those present.

"I want a chair to sit down," I said, as soon as I entered the rails, evidently only meant for standing for respect to officialdom. The Court was quiet; no one moved to get me a chair. The magistrate sat looking at me.

"Give the lady a seat," he said. "What is she doing here? Who brought her? She is evidently ill. Who charges her?"

Still no one moved, except that a stool was placed for me to sit down.

"*Who charges the lady?*" said the Magistrate, angrily, and Charles Cullingworth went round to the box.

"I charge the prisoner."

"Stay," said the Magistrate, "the lady is not a prisoner. Who are you, a publican?"

"No, a doctor."

"I suppose she has a grievance against you?"

"Yes," I interjected, "and a bitter one."

"Yes."

The Magistrate: "Did she ring your bell or cause you any disturbance?"

"No."

"Yet you, a doctor, send for a police officer and give a nurse, and evidently one who is ill, into his charge, and bring her here to a police court; here, to me, for punishment." The magistrate looked at me and spoke kindly as he said to me: "Seek legal advice; don't go to his house again, he may get you into trouble; help the lady down."

I turned to Charles Cullingworth as he left the witness box, having failed in the attempt by which he thought to get me into prison—having failed into the asylum: "This is not the end of it, Charles Cullingworth. I will fight you with the same malice you have shown to me. I ask nothing of you; no mercy from the boycott and I will show you none."

I left the Court, crossed the street to Linscott's Restaurant and had some tea, then took the 'bus down the Bayswater Road to 21, Portland Road. Mrs. White had been laid up in bed for a week or so. I went to her room: "Where do you think I have been?" I said "guess!"

She mentioned several innocent places.

"I have been to the Police Court. Charles Cullingworth wanted to get me into prison." I told her what had happened.

Mrs. White had some dispute with the Charing Cross Bank and was being advised by Mr. Percy Robinson—Mrs. White was very indignant about my being taken to the Police Court—and asked me to go with her next day to see Mr. Robinson and ask him what he thought about it. Mr. Robinson consulted Mr. Candy and finally these two legal gentlemen brought an action for malicious prosecution, false imprisonment, and illegal arrest, against Cullingworth.

The case came before Mr. Justice Grantham and a common jury, the verdict being in my favour. Charles Cullingworth had paid 30/- into Court for any damage which might have been done me by being seen in the custody of a Police Constable. He was in the witness-box under oath. In reply to questions put to him by Mr. Candy, K.C. he deliberately swore "he did not give me in charge, that the policeman took me in charge, that he signed the charge sheet by mistake and charged me before the magistrate by error. Such error! when he had held the position of police surgeon

at Manchester and was a lecturer at one time on medical jurisprudence.

The police constable under oath, said he did not take me in charge except at the request of Dr. Cullingworth. "The lady had done nothing in which he could have acted; there was no disturbance by her outside Dr. Cullingworth's house. Dr. Cullingworth had given her in charge, signed the charge-sheet, and charged her before the magistrate."

Mr. Justice Grantham, addressing the jury, said: "He hoped the defendant would do his part in checking the professional boycott, which the plaintiff evidently found was out against her through the quarrel between them, and that he (the defendant) would do his part in seeing the plaintiff restored to the position in the nursing world in which she was before she met him." There were loud cheers in court, which the Press reported "were not stopped by the Judge."

On leaving the court, Mr. Candy asked the defendant if he intended acting on the Judge's suggestion.

"No, let her be boycotted to starvation if she chooses to go on with the action of the operation."

Here the "St. James Gazette" and "Evening Standard" took up the championship of the defendant, but on hearing the facts, apologised to me, and the defendant, Dr. Cullingworth, wrote: "I have never said a word against the plaintiff during this quarrel," to which I at once replied: "It is not because you would not, but because you could not, but you acted instead." Dr. Cullingworth had had nine months in which to pave the way for my boycotting while I was lying ill.

CHAPTER VIII.

Between the time of the charge at Marlborough Street and the hearing of the action for damages at the High Court I had uninterruptedly tried for an appointment or work. I could not give another name because my certificates are in the name of "Beatty" and would have been asked for. Miss Hartley, a daughter of a former patient (her mother), whom I had nursed five or six times—the patient would not have any other nurse—opportunely wrote asking me to go to her and help with a bazaar; she "would pay my usual nursing fees." I was not well again nor had been since the blow struck at 48, Brook Street, but I went to her and stayed until Mr. Robinson sent me a telegram referring to the Marlborough Street incident: "The case may come on before Easter or may just be left until after the vacation; you had better come to London." I arrived in London to find the action was postponed until after the vacation.

I took a room in Hereford Road, Bayswater, where I had nursed Mrs. Guy Elkington, Mrs. White's house being more than full.

I called, probably the morning after my arrival, on Dr. Sharkey with reference to my health, he advised me to get into hospital, and suggested the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road. It was suggested my seeing Mrs. Garrett Anderson. I made my way the next morning to the address of the latter, but I met with a worse reception than I had done from even the male doctors.

"I cannot attend you. I am a personal friend of Dr. Cullingworth; if your friends won't keep you while you are ill go to the workhouse."

"Driven there by your friend Cullingworth. Never. I would die on the streets or in the gutter first. Tell him so Thank you."

I left her and passed the Samaritan Hospital for Women, and tried it. I was seen as an out-patient. It was diagnosed that I was again in for a serious illness—pelvic inflammation, probably from the abdominal blow given by Dr. Cullingworth or his friends, purposely there.

It was said that I ought to lie up for three months.

"Will you give me a bed?" "No, try Dr. Cullingworth's ward," I was taunted with.

I had in my early nursing days been staff nurse at the

Soho Hospital for Women to which Dr. Bedford Fenwick is attached. I called there. Nurse Fowler had known me and had always been kind to me as a young nurse at this hospital. She was there many years. On recognising me she received me with scant ceremony. "You will get no doctor to attend you *here*. There is no use your waiting." I saw the Secretary and left.

With Mr. Robinson's advice and Dr. Sharkey's knowledge of the circumstances I decided I would adopt an assumed name; to take the name of "Court"—a place into which I was soon to drift—and to try King's College Hospital where I was, as I thought, not known, and so be near my solicitor, Mr. Robinson. On St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, I attended the out-patients' department; it was Saturday afternoon. Dr. John Phillips was in attendannce, I did not know him. There was no doubt but that I was ill. I was called in to see him. After a medical examination he came to me in the room saying: "You ought not to be on your feet, you had better come into the hospital at once." He asked an official if there were any vacant beds in Playfair's Ward. (I squirmed at the name known to me as that of a personal friend of Cullingworth.) And Dr. John Phillips being answered in the affirmative, said to me "You had better come into the hospital to-night; be here by 6 o'clock."

"Cannot I wait until Monday?" I wanted to make arrangements before entering.

"No, you are in a serious condition."

I could not afford drugs or surgical dressing, and I was in intense pain. I was not with Mrs. White to nurse me. I decided to accept the bed in Dr. Playfair's Ward, wondering for how long? I had given my occupation as a governess (which I had been previous to becoming a nurse) to further hide my identity. I went in, as suggested by Dr. John Phillips at 6 p.m.. I was treated as a patient acutely ill, but my rest was not for long. I said nothing about myself to nurses or patients. Tuesday afternoon Dr. Playfair bounded into the ward with his group of students and the House Physician—the latter whether he knew or did not know who I was was kind and attentive to me. As Dr. Playfair came to my bedside the House Physician gave the medical details of my then illness.

Dr. Playfair looked at me. "Are you not Dr. Cullingworth's patient?"

"No," I replied.

"But you were?" "Yes."

He turned to the House Physician: "Send round to St. Thomas' Hospital and make inquiries."

"Dr. Playfair," I said "why make any inquiries? I am ill; let me rest."

"I am a personal friend of Dr. Cullingworth," said Dr. Playfair.

"Yes, I know."

"I cannot attend you if he objects," he answered.

In about half an hour the sister of the ward came to me saying: "I am very sorry, Miss Beatty, but Dr. Playfair says you must go out, he must not attend you. I have been to the warden and I have told him the circumstances, and as you are not really well enough to go out, will you wire to your friends to fetch you in the morning?"

"No," I replied. I wired to 8, New Cavendish Street, the Nurses Co-operative Society, for my sister's address. I had not seen her for months. The address was sent. She was in Devonshire. It was too late, probably, to get a telegram through to the country. I resolved to wait until morning, and to send an early telegram. *I was ill.*

At 6.30 a.m. I was turned out of bed by the night nurses for the bed to be re-made for another patient. There were other vacant beds in the ward. I made request of the staff nurse to be allowed to go out to send the telegram saying I would return.

"Yes, but arrange with the gate porter, and return in time for sister to make out the discharge notices."

I went downstairs to the gate-porter, who was in the office in the hall.

"Are you Miss Beatty, the patient turned out?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked, as I had been entered in the name of "Court."

"The students were talking about you yesterday in the cloakroom" (which is close by the office) "'It is a dastardly shame they were saying; the affair has nothing to do with this hospital; they should let her remain and do what they can for her.' "Are you leaving now?" he queried.

"I want to go and send a telegram to my sister," I told him. "Which is the nearest telegraph office?"

"Covent Garden," he replied. "Come back and see the Warden."

I got as far as Covent Garden, but came over sick and faint. I sat down on an empty barrel. I could not send the telegram, and hesitated to pass the rushing crowd of busy men, so made my way back to the hospital. Someone brought me a glass of hot milk in the hall of the hospital, and I waited for the Warden, who is a clergyman!

I saw the Rev. official, he said he knew the circumstances —admitting the fact that although I was in urgent need of medical attendance, the doctors at King's College Hospital

refused to attend me and even to allow me to remain there.

"Can I wait until my sister can come up from Devonshire?"

"If you will write out the telegram I will send it out for you, but you cannot wait here until your sister comes, nor wait for her reply to the telegram."

I wrote out the telegram: "Turned out of hospital for Cullingworth's sake." The Warden took the telegram. A porter came to me from somewhere saying, "I am told to say take out Dr. Cullingworth's name and we will pay for the telegram."

"I will not alter it; I gave you the money to pay for it myself. My sister will understand by it what has happened."

"You have not signed it."

"I have done so," I said.

"Will you come this way?"

The Warden came and I was led to the steps of the hospital. The Warden standing by. A police constable was sent for. When he arrived the Warden said to him "This lady is too ill to go home by herself and we do not want her here."

The constable coloured at the inhumanity of the statement.

"Has she done anything wrong?" asked the constable.

"No," answered the clergyman.

"I cannot do anything but take her to the station. I am on duty" was the officer's reply.

The second time in my life I found myself being escorted to a police station by a police constable. The man was kind. I was taken to an inspector at Bow Street, who was not only kind and sympathetic, but officially indignant.

"Send for Dr. Hammerton," said the Inspector.

I was taken to an ante room, where I was allowed to lie down on a form with a policeman's coat for a pillow.

Dr. Hammerton came in. "You must get to bed somewhere," he said. "Would you like to be taken to the infirmary?"

"No, send a telegram to the landlady of the boarding-house where I have a room." The telegram was sent: "Miss Beatty is at Bow Street Police Station suffering from an abscess and weakness. Will you attend and fetch her?"

The telegram was sent officially by the police, and the notes were entered in the official books at Bow Street Police Station. The prepaid answer arrived from my landlady: "Yes, at 3 p.m." (The luncheons would be on at that time at the boarding-house, hence the wait.) The Inspector decided it would be better to get me to my rooms as soon as he could, so I was taken to Bayswater by a police officer. A telegram was sent to my sister anonymously, no name

was used. I had not sent one to her, but she arrived from Devonshire and came to me. The boarding-house was very different from that at 21, Portland Road. It would have been impossible to get much attention there, and if I could have secured it my means were very much less than when at 21, Portland Road. I could not have paid the bills for the needed attention.

"Will you go to a paying hospital again, Alice? the family will pay" said my sister. "Have you seen Dr. Cotterell lately?"

"No," I replied. I told her of the Marlborough Street incident, and of my refusals at the various hospitals. Poor thing, how she cried, and I too.

We tried Fitzroy House, but evidently my name was known there. As Mr. Henry Burdett was well known and he was interested in the Institution there was no chance for me. My sister sent for the papers of St. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street, and she took these papers to Dr. Cotterell asking him to fill them in. He came to see me again. On the £1 a week being guaranteed I was admitted there.

In a cab, with my sister, I drove to Osnaburgh Street Hospital, and was received by Nurse Smith, in charge of the ward to which I was booked. There was no residential medical officer, and the nurse finding my temperature was high seems to have at once sent to inform Dr. Herbert Spencer, the gynæcologist attending the Hospital, as such He arrived shortly afterwards in evening dress. I had given my own name—it was useless attempting to hide my identity. As soon as Dr. Herbert Spencer came to my bedside, the first words he uttered were, "You are Dr. Cullingworth's patient. *I* am not going to attend you," and left the ward.

Mr. Brinckman (the Chaplain), and the Superioress saw me in the morning; both were sympathetic, and but for their kindness I should have by Dr. Herbert Spencer's wishes been turned out at once; but the £1 was asked for in advance, and had been paid.

I was left without medical attendance and entirely in Nurse Smith's hands, this I did not object to. She was goodness itself. Dr. Herbert Spencer on his visits to other patients in the ward would, when he felt inclined come over to me to jeer at me and talk in Dr. Cullingworth's interest. Several times after he left me Nurse Smith would come to me saying "I am so sorry, Miss Beatty; it is cruel." But the abuse made her study my comfort to the fullest extent.

Nurse Smith seems to have informed the Superioress and the Chaplain that a doctor ought to see me. I was too ill to be left without one. The two religious officials spoke to Dr. Herbert Spencer, who came one morning when I had

been there some ten days. "I am a friend of Dr. Cullingworth's. *I am not going to attend you; neither do I want you in my ward,* but I have asked Dr. Goodsall to meet me in consultation about you."

I was tired of his tirades, and answered nothing, but it was not just to Nurse Smith for me to be without some medical man.

The consultation took place on Wednesday afternoon. After it Dr. Goodsall came to me. "You know you are suffering from an abdominal abscess. We will give you an anæsthetic on Friday at 2 p.m. and operate.

"You will do nothing of the sort," I replied. "You have neither asked my consent, nor have I given it. There are other means of cure than operation."

"You will go out of here then," said Herbert Spencer, who was standing by.

"Why, what difference can it make, whether I occupy the bed, or another patient, you can but get one guinea per week?"

Mr. Brunckman came to see me apparently direct from the discussion of the two medical men. "They say they will not attend you here, and will not let you remain. I will," he said, "have a talk with Mr. Goodsall" (a near relative of the Mother Superior).

Next morning Mr. Goodsall came to me on his visit to the hospital.

"I will attend you if you will come to my hospital, the Metropolitan; it will save you expense."

"Can I have a private room there," I asked.

"There are none," said Dr. Goodsall. "You are not to stay here. If you do not say you will go to the Metropolitan Hospital you must go out at once."

I was in a corner.

CHAPTER IX.

I drove in a cab to Kingsland Road Metropolitan Hospital, feeling wretchedly ill, tortured in mind and body, as only a hounded down human being or a vivisected animal could feel. So the latter must feel who has just managed to escape with its life, but with all the agony of its injected torture in its system to be lived out. Like it I could not escape from the agony, mental and physical, caused by the Cullingworth assaulted surgery.

I arrived at the Metropolitan Hospital on a Tuesday afternoon. I presume the telephone or telegraph had been at work as I was admitted straight away and shown up to Dr. Goodsall's ward. I had no admission ticket nor card. Glad I was to lay my suffering body anywhere. In the morning Dr. Goodsall came to my bedside.

"We will give you chloroform to-morrow and operate," were his greeting words.

"I will not have knives again used," I said.

"We will hold another consultation then, and locate the abscess," he answered.

The consultation was held, and it was diagnosed that I "was suffering from pelvic abscesses—abscesses which would probably suppurate and set up peritonitis." "Even so," I said, "I will not consent to an operation."

"Why not?"

"Do you think I should ever be allowed to come to, even from the anæsthetic?" I replied. "Have not the medical profession shown the keenest bitterness towards me, and my death would be so easily certified and welcomed—'Died from shock.' No, Dr. Goodsall, I will take my chance of death from peritonitis."

My sister was apparently being kept informed by someone. I had not seen her at St. Saviour's Hospital but she came to the Metropolitan Hospital on Wednesday, the day of the consultation. She had seen the House Surgeon who repeated to her the diagnosis.

"You will not consent to the operation, Alice?"

"No, on no condition; what is more, will they trick me by giving me drugs, as they did at St. Thomas' Home?"

"Come out of the hospital if you are afraid. Get Mr. Miles to sign your discharge, and I will come and fetch you, nurse you, and then with Mary (her nurse friend) we will go

to Brighton together," she said, seeing how determined I was.

It was being arranged by friends (?)—*the doctors' advice was so plausible*—that I should take a sea voyage to Australia, and an offer had been made, also, for a winter in the South of France; another that a yacht trip would be beneficial. Anything, however expensive, would be paid for, to get me once out of the country. From the anæsthetic and operation under it, I should never have been allowed to recover consciousness again. Once out of the country I should never have been allowed to return!!

When Mr. Miles came his evening round I told him my decision, that I would not consent to any operation. "I am going away with my sister; will you sign my discharge, so as to be ready when my sister comes?"

"No," he replied, "we have had enough of this Cullingworth business; you are not going out. You said you would commit suicide."

"What a lie," I retorted quickly. "You would be very pleased if I did commit suicide. I have no such intention of obliging you in this direction." He left the ward, and shortly afterwards a porter came and sat by my bedside. "What are you here for, porter?" I asked.

"Mr. Miles sent for me," he said, "and told me to sit by your bedside and watch you."

"Did he? Well, I shall object to his orders." I put on my dressing gown and went to the bathroom and lavatory, where I supposed the man could hardly be sent. He seems to have had orders to go off this duty, and the night nurse came to the bathroom.

To her, I said: "Nurse, it is not yet late; tell Mr. Miles I will go away this evening." She sent the message and Mr. Miles came up.

"You are not well enough to go out, and what is more you are not going."

"You cannot keep me," I said.

"We will see," he retorted.

"To put a man by my bedside is certainly not medical treatment, and what is more, as I object to your treatment I shall remain here in the bath room until I go out of the hospital or you remove the supervision, which is but done in the medical interest of Cullingworth."

"I shall not take off the supervision," said Dr. Miles.

"Very well, I shall take my own course of objecting to it and remain here."

Dr. Miles departed, and nurse brought two chairs and there I remained. Of the two places—the ward and the bathroom—the latter was preferable. In the ward, in the

bed next to my bed was a business girl dying from shock from burns; her dress had caught alight in a drapery fire In the bed on the other side of my bed was a patient who had attempted to cut her throat over a matrimonial quarrel, and opposite to me was a child noisily delirious with cerebral mischief. The child and the girl I heard afterwards died, one during the night and the other the next day. I was well out of the ward. The bathroom was well warmed; and if sitting there in a chair was less comfortable than being in bed, it was quieter and a relief from the groans of poor suffering humanity. The nurse made tea, which I gladly shared. By morning I was far from well, owing to my night's vigil. The day staff nurse arrived on the scene in the morning. She came in to see me.

"Miss Beatty, whatever is the matter?" she asked.

I told her.

"Did you say you would commit suicide?"

"No," I answered.

"What a shame. I have heard nothing of this. I never heard you say it or even hint at it."

"I have never thought of such a way out of trouble, and certainly should not do it now to oblige anyone," I answered.

"Come to bed, Miss Beatty. You are cold and white. Come and I will get you some breakfast," she said.

"Go and ask Miles to remove this supervision which is only done out of medical spite and malice and for annoyance. I should be glad to go to bed. I am tired."

She left and returned quickly with Mr. Miles. He had not reckoned with the determination of a strong-willed woman acting under resentment. The medical faculty have come to assume that the members of it have only to give orders, and they must be carried out; no one must dissent from them.

Dr. Miles had been in bed all night; and as he entered the bathroom with the day nurse, who had been to him, he exclaimed, with all the air of ignorance: "I'll soon manage her and make her go to bed."

He came to me prepared to use his brute force to coerce me into obeying his commands, but to my satisfaction the door closed behind him and I stood against it. "Struggle with me, if you dare. If you can't operate you think to kill me by other means."

The day nurse watched the situation. "Mr. Miles, I am on duty. I have heard nothing of this threat. Miss Beatty is all right; take off the supervision; I will be responsible for her."

"Will you go to bed," said Miles, "if I remove the special watchers?"

"You were told that last night," I said.

"Send them off, nurse," and the medical man departed.

Nurse got me some breakfast. I went to bed with hot bottles, and between the blankets in a bed close by the bathroom. The extraordinary tactics adopted were a source of amusement to me at the time. Here was I accused of threatening to commit suicide. Was not the wish father to the thought, and probably in my delicate condition of health thrown out as a suggestion? Screens were placed round my bed, and in the opening on one side between the screens and the bathroom door was a table, the size of a small kitchen one, crowded with gallon bottles filled with the ward lotions. Carbolic 1-5, lead and opium, and other poisons. I might have committed suicide several times over—no one could see me. I slept for some time, but I had written out a telegram to be sent to my sister, telling her on no account to come to the hospital except by a request in my handwriting and my name signed by me in the way she would recognise. About noon Mr. Miles came his round. On coming behind the screens he asked, sneeringly: "Are you going out this morning?"

"Yes."

"But why have you telegraphed for your sister not to come to the hospital?"

"I do not wish her to," I answered.

"You can dress. I will see you downstairs."

I expected some trickery, and was by this time getting somewhat used to the tussle for my right to freedom of action under medical regime and tyranny, but I was hardly prepared for the sudden onslaught made on me by Mr. Miles. As I neared the bottom of the staircase leading to the main entrance door the house physician, whose name I never heard, and only knew as he passed through the ward, was there to help Mr. Miles. I was dragged by the two men, struggling, to an underground cellar with no bed in it and no fire. The house physician left leaving me alone with Miles. Never have I been near a man in such a temper as he displayed. He took hold of my arms at the back.

"I will show you how we manage lunatics," twisting me backwards and forwards, and finally raised his foot and kicked me. What did he want to do? Nothing but to vent his temper. I was in the cellar; he could get me no lower. In all my experience as a nurse never have I seen a person so bruised as I was from his assault. My shoulders to the elbow, as far as I could see myself, were covered with bruises, showing the venom with which he had handled me. When he released me, I said: "Have you finished? I am alone with you down here; there is evidently no one about. Give me some telegraph forms."

"You shall not have any," he replied. The house physician entered the room. Mr. Miles had probably heard the

footsteps of some one, and only then had left go of me.

"You are more dangerous, Miles, as a homicidal lunatic than I am as a suicidal," I retorted.

"The lunatic wants some telegram forms," said Miles.

The house physician said in an aside, "You had better give them to her."

They were brought and I wrote out three telegrams, one to my then solicitor, Mr. Willett, of Arundel Street, Strand (who was acting for me in the matter of the National Pension Fund for Nurses), one to Mr. Candy, K.C., who so sympathetically took action on my behalf in the Marlborough Street incident against Dr. Cullingworth, and who had followed since, the incidents in my struggles with the trade union of medicine, and the other one to the landlady of the house in which I still had a room, and to whose house the telegram had been sent from Bow Street after I was turned out of King's College Hospital. It was Saturday afternoon. Legal men had left their offices and my telegrams had only reached empty chambers, but my landlady and her sister came at once on receiving the notice. Mr. Miles had, like the officials of St. Thomas' Hospital, given the order "that any visitors for Miss Beatty should be taken to him first"; it is an assumed policy to have the first say in a dispute.

The two sisters came into the underground cellar with very long faces. I smiled and shook hands with them, thanking them for their ready response to my telegram. "I suppose you have seen the House Surgeon?"

"Yes, we were not allowed to get to you until we had seen him."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said you had gone dotty. You were going to commit suicide."

"I said," said the younger sister, "it was not like you to do that. You seem all right, and as we have always known you. Come home with us; they will kill you yet."

"I daresay," I said, "but I have a battle to fight, and intend to take the risks of war. If I committed suicide the ending would be the greatest pleasure to Dr. Cullingworth, his supporters, and underlings who would be well commended for their services in bringing about such an ending. I have no intention of obliging him or them, and never thought or breathed such a suggestion as suicide. You go to Mr. Miles, ask him to sign a certificate to the effect that I never threatened to commit suicide while a patient in this hospital. If he will sign such I will come back with you now."

"I will go," said the elder sister.

I was well aware that as Dr. Cullingworth had failed to blacken my reputation by making me a criminal the more

would he try to make my word, in the witness box, against him in court, the evidence of a "lunatic"; and I was determined once for all to stand the test of sanity, if driven to it.

The elder woman returned with a slip of paper, signed by Mr. Miles with the usual flourish of letters of the alphabet. "I hereby certify that Miss Beatty has not *attempted* to commit suicide while a patient in this hospital."

I took the slip of paper from her. "This is not sufficient. Mr. Miles badly wanted me to come out with you, didn't he?" I said.

"Yes, he is quite anxious you should."

"Take the paper back, ask him to alter the word '*attempted*' into '*threatened*' and I will gratify his wishes. If he does not do it I will go as far as he dares. It would suit their purposes just as well for Miles to go into the witness box for Cullingworth, and say 'Miss Beatty was handed by him to friends as an irresponsible person.' I am in the nursing profession and know what tricks can be played by members of the medical profession."

The landlady took the paper and again returned, saying "The House Surgeon says, he cannot alter the word '*attempted*' into '*threatened,*' as he has already notified the magistrate, but he is very anxious for you to come with us."

"I have no doubt. Leave the paper with me; keep my room ready. I will come on later."

After some conversation the two sisters kissed me and left. A bed was put into the room, but no nurse seemed anywhere about. *I had free scope given me to commit suicide.* I was lying down on the bed dressed when Mr. Miles came in in the evening, alone.

"Why would you not go away with your friends?" he queried.

"You refused to sign the proper slip. You, an underling, choose to help to do Cullingworth's dirty work, and get in conflict with a patient for him, I am not going to make it easy for you."

"Have you had any food?"

"No, you apparently have not ordered me any. I seem to be solely in your charge."

With nothing more he left. Shortly after he had gone Nurse Collins, a nurse sent from St. John Nursing Home in the Strand to the hospital, who had been on duty in the ward where I had been previously, came in.

"Would you like some tea, Miss Beatty?"

I had had nothing since the day nurse, on coming on duty, had made me some breakfast of tea, bread and butter and an egg.

"I should like some bread and milk," I answered.

"Mr. Miles says you can have some wine if you like."

" I do not want his generosity; possibly he thinks I need some stimulant after his vicious attack upon me."

I had the bread and milk. Nurse helped to undress me—I was too stiff and sore to do it myself—and I got to bed. A nurse looked in very occasionally during the night leaving me plenty of time to commit suicide. If I had so wished I could have done it a dozen times over.

I was still in bed the next morning. I had had no breakfast; evidently it was no nurse's duty to attend to the cellarage. I felt someone touch me on my shoulder. My face was turned from the door, and I heard a man's voice say " Good morning ! " I turned and saw a man standing by the bed. I assumed he was one of the staff of the hospital at first, but his questions gave me the knowledge of his appointment and office and business.

" You are ill ! "

" Yes, I am a patient here; at present against my will in a sense."

" How old are you? Where do you live? Who is your nearest relative? Have you a banking account? Have you ever had fits? "

" No."

" Any insanity in the family? "

" No."

" Have you ever been in an asylum? "

" No."

" And no one belonging to the family? "

" No."

" Have you ever threatened to commit suicide? "

" No."

He turned and looked round the cellar.

" Why are you down in this cold place? "

" The house surgeon, Miles, dragged me down here."

As he was leaving I said, " Perhaps you will ask a nurse to let me have a cup of tea."

" Where is she? "

" I am afraid you will have to find one," I said.

" Haven't you had any breakfast? "

" No."

He was the relieving officer under the Hackney Guardians —the district in which the Metropolitan Hospital is situated

A nurse brought me some breakfast and a probationer followed her, carrying a basin of surgical instruments.

" What are you going to do with them? " I asked, as she placed the large basin on the floor, there was no table in the place.

" They are the instruments that were used in the night operations. I am going to clean them."

" Here? "

"Yes," she replied; "nurse told me to."

"You will do nothing of the sort. I will at least have the benefit of being a suicidal patient," I said to her. "Take them out of here." (I had had my life wrecked by similar instruments, and some other unfortunate human being might waken from the stupor of an anæsthetic given during the night to find him or herself suffering from a remedy worse than the disease, or it may be that another person had fallen down in a fit ouside the hospital gates to be punished as a malingerer as the man who had during my stay in this hospital so found himself on regaining consciousness. His head enveloped in bandages, having been trephined, and on his protest at the operation had similarly been sent as a lunatic to the Hackney Infirmary, where I learnt on inquiry, when I got there myself, that he had been discharged as 'sane.') The probationer went out, probably to consult a nurse, but she left her basin of instruments behind her in the room. Nurse Collins came in and the girl fetched her instruments to clean them elsewhere.

I said to Nurse Collins "I will dress to be in readiness for the next move."

"They will hardly go any farther," said Nurse Collins, realising what I meant.

A fire was lighted for the first time since I came down—more for the comfort of the nurse than for that of the patient. The place was like an ice vault. I should think the sun had never reached it, certainly it had never warmed it. I rested on the bed, dressed. I know the Lunacy Laws well, and the proceedings. I have during my professional work made it a point of reading up any questions and laws affecting the work of nursing and nurses, and this knowledge saved me.

About 3 p.m. a nurse in outdoor uniform entered the cellar. As soon as she saw me she recognised me; she had been at one time a fellow nurse with me. She had married the Removing Officer of the Hackney Infirmary.

"What, you nurse?" she exclaimed with surprise. "You are the last individual to go dotty. Whatever is the matter? How you have altered. Have you been ill long? You are thin."

She spoke hurriedly in her surprise at seeing me.

"They have signed you to the Strong Room."

"They are bad enough to do anything," I remarked.

"But come with us, you would be better there than here. My husband is outside in the ambulance. What a terrible place to put you in," she said.

"I have not the slightest objection to coming with you," I smilingly replied.

She kissed me, saying "You are ill, you poor thing."

I went with her. Mr. Page was in the ambulance. I shook hands with him as his wife asked if he "remembered Miss Beatty."

"Of course I do," he answered.

I saw and read the papers which he held for my removal, but not the Magistrate's order. I arrived at Hackney Infirmary, ushered into the office of Dr. Gordon, who also remembered me. He too was surprised to see me in such a predicament.

"You don't look well enough to be a very formidable patient, but they have signed you to the Strong Room.

"So I hear," I replied.

"May I wear my own linen, Dr. Gordon? There is a portmanteau with a change of linen at the hospital if I may send a post card for it to be sent on here?"

"Yes," he answered. "You had better go to bed at once. I will come and see you."

"I am terribly bruised, Dr. Gordon. I thought I had better tell you before going into the Room."

"I will see them when you are in bed."

I walked into the Strong Room, there were seven patients in it. The only bed vacant was one placed between two padded rooms in both of which were very delirious patients. Fortunately for me there was one patient in the Room who had recovered from a drinking bout, and was sane and sober. She was waiting her husband's instructions as to her discharge, and she proved herself a friend. Dr. Gordon was not long before he came to see me; he sat by the bed and had a long conversation with me. I told him the main facts of my quarrel with Dr. Cullingworth and the refusals of the hospitals to attend me; of the conduct of Mr. Miles. Dr. Gordon knew me and knew somewhat of my nursing career. I had worked with him. I showed him the condition Cullingworth had left me in, and I told him it was wanted to perform another operation for pelvic abscess. On his medical examination of me he said "Who has bruised you like this?"

"Mr. Miles, the House Surgeon at the Metropolitan Hospital. After he had dragged me to where he wished to get me he twisted my arms at the back and then kicked me."

Dr. Gordon wrote on the bed card "Much bruised, said to be done by the House Surgeon at the Metropolitan Hospital." Dr. Gordon stood looking at me with the card in his hand.

"Do your friends know where you are?"

"No, no one," I answered.

He threw the card on the bed. "The man ought to be ashamed of himself, but make the best of a bad job."

In spite of the raving sufferings of others I slept from sheer exhaustion.

This sort of transaction of getting *inconvenient* people out of the way, either to prison or asylum are usually put into the working on Saturday after 2 p.m. to gain time by the perpetrators in which to mature their plans. Solicitors' offices are closed and Courts of Law are not sitting. The non-criminal individual and the sane person have the first experience of "no liberty" for twenty-four hours, to the satisfaction of others to whom they may have shown the offence of being inconvenient.

The next morning (Sunday) a telegram from my sister, reply prepaid, was handed to me by the nurse. It had been sent to the Metropolitan Hospital, and from there reached me at the Hackney Infirmary—opened.

"Wire how you are.—Esther."

I filled in the reply:

"Detained as a pauper lunatic, Hackney Infirmary.—Alice."

Dr. Gordon, on his round, ordered my meals to be supplied from the nurses' table.

In the afternoon my sister arrived. She demanded my release. There was a heart-rending scene as my sister knelt again at my bedside, begging Dr. Gordon to let her take me away.

"But, Esther, your name was used on the form filled in," I said to her.

"Who dared to use my name for such a purpose?" she exclaimed.

Dr. Gordon said, if my release rested on his authority I could go at once, but I was, he said, detained there under a Magistrate's order, and he dared not let me go.

Here was I detained in a Strong Room in such a precarious state of physical health, against the wishes of my friends and my own, at the dictation of a man whom I had never seen (a magistrate), who had never seen me. A man hidden away probably in some obscure office, signing away my liberty at the dictates of a medical man viciously using such a weapon for a purpose of a trade union. A man, a magistrate, practically irresponsible for the stroke of his own pen. Yet we boast of "the liberty of the subject" and "the publicity of the law" and its "immaculate working"!!

My sister went out of the Infirmary and returned with fruit and flowers. She had asked to be allowed to augment my dietary, but Dr. Gordon had already said I could have what I fancied.

"If I had only stayed in the room and not left at Dr. Cullingworth's request, this would not have happened," sobbed my sister.

"I can understand one side of your weakness," I said to her, "but I shall never be able to understand how you could

have given me such an assurance to stay by me and not leave me during the operation and break your word, at the request of Cullingworth. Leave me now to battle alone. All I ask of you is not to come near me when sent for by others—only when you see my own written signature."

On the Saturday morning at the Metropolitan Hospital my telegram had been sent to my sister before Mr. Miles knew of it. On learning that it had been sent he at once dispatched a porter to my sister, so she informed me. She was at an operation which was being performed by Mr. Victor Horsley, when the message was given to her. She went out to see the porter, who told her "that I had gone 'off it' that I had said 'the doctors at the hospital were giving the patients prussic acid.'"

"My sister is not mad. Let her go if she wishes to, and she won't then see the doctors giving the patients prussic acid," she said to him.

"Will you come and see the House Surgeon?"

"No, my sister does not wish me to. Ask my sister to send me a note."

No message was given, hence her telegram.

On re-entering the operation room Mr. Victor Horsley had asked what was the matter.

"My sister is very ill again."

"Would you like to go?"

"No," she replied, "my sister does not want me to. I wish they would let her do as she likes and not worry her so."

In spite of this her name was used by Goodsall and Miles.

Dr. Gordon, the Matron, and nurses were very kind to me at the Infirmary. I had meals well served: I was supplied with daily papers and the current pictorials.

Monday morning, while Dr. Gordon was in the "Strong Room" my Saturday afternoon telegram to Mr. Willett, solicitor, acting *re* the National Pension Fund for Nurses, was answered by his head clerk; answer prepaid. "Wire when we can see you; Willett out of town." I showed the telegram to Dr. Gordon.

"There is no need to incur the expense of having your solicitor down, Miss Beatty," he said, "there are no *signs of insanity;* wait until Wednesday morning, the magistrate will set you free."

I wired to Mr. Willett: "No insanity; no need to come in."

Tuesday—more patients came in—consigned to the Strong Room. The noise was deafening, the sane patient recovering from her attack of drink was very good in shielding me. I should have been helpless to defend myself. I shared my more liberal diet with her. Dr. Gordon coming in in the din of delirium, said:

"The noise is a bit too much for you, Miss Beatty. Would you care to go to the general ward? This is not the best sick room for you."

"I should like to go, Dr. Gordon."

"You can have screens round your bed."

I went to the general ward. It was soon noised through the building that a lady had "been put away" by her friends—(by her enemies ! !)—and she was not insane. I was well dressed, and sympathy on all sides was shown to me. But it was an experience never to be forgotten, that strong room for sick humanity. I have since then taken out three patients from asylums, two who should never have been put in, and one who had been in for twenty years—sane but waiting for someone to take her out. She was a valuable servant inmate to the Institution, hence no discharge. Where were the medical superintendents, and the magistrate appointed for the protection of individual personal freedom?

Wednesday morning : I had gone into the garden; sitting on one of the seats waiting the summons to the magistrate. I was beckoned in through a window by Dr. Gordon, and a nurse from the Strong Room accompanied me into the doctor's office; there were four or five men in the room. Dr. Gordon, Mr. Page, the Relieving Officer, who had interviewed me at the Metropolitan Hospital, and two others. I had a long examination—catechized, criticized.

"Did you say you would commit suicide?"

"No. Where is Mr. Miles; he should be here. Surely he should be here to be questioned?" I said to the group of men.

"We wrote your sister, whose name is given, but she has not arrived."

"I told her not to come," I said.

"Well," said the magistrate, "Dr. Gordon says he has had conversations with you; he tells me he can find no trace of insanity, or signs of delusion, and I certainly cannot. Do you remember me?"

"Yes," I answered, "you are Mr. Fenton Jones, who was Chairman of the Board of Guardians when I was elected staff nurse at this Infirmary. Were you the magistrate who signed the order for my detention for Mr. Miles?"

"No; but I am Mr. Fenton Jones, and I am Chairman of the Board of Guardians. You are discharged."

He shook hands with me, and Dr. Gordon followed me outside.

"You are ill, Miss Beatty, would you like to rest till your friends arrive?"

"No, Dr. Gordon, I will walk out of here as I should have been allowed to walk out of the Metropolitan Hospital,

entirely at my own free will. I thank you, Dr. Gordon, for your kindness to me."

I went to the Strong Room and took off a small gold brooch which I was wearing; putting it on the first bed I said: "Here is a remembrance present for kindness, nurse. I will take my portmanteau if you will bring it to the gate for me. I am free."

I expected my landlandy or my sister would be outside waiting for me. The landlady was there.

"Call a cab," I said to the porter. When it arrived I gave the order to drive to the Metropolitan Hospital. Mr. Goodsall was just going up the steps of the institution; he turned as the cab stopped; his face blanched as he saw me.

"How much per year do you make by signing away the liberty of inconvenient people if you cannot put them under the ground signing their death certificate," I asked him. "'Death from shock from operation; no inquest required.' Give me the paper you had handed to you to sign, Mr. Goodsall, for my trip to Australia."

He took the paper out of his coat pocket and promptly handed it to me, in sheer astonishment that the medical plans had been again so frustrated. "Surely we have ended the Cullingworth case by these means this time" they thought. I had no intention of going to Australia. I realised it was but a ruse to get me out of London, to make it difficult for me to go on with the action against Dr. Cullingworth. Whatever was suggested by doctors meant "get her away somehow."

I went to the office of the Secretary of the Hospital, and made a request that I might be allowed to see the Hospital Committee when it next met. (I was not aware at that time that a 'minute' had been placed—as Mr. Gilbert, secretary of the West London Hospital is reported to have stated—on the books of the twelve Metropolitan Hospitals "that Miss Beatty is on no account to receive medical relief at these institutions.") I was to see the Hospital Committee in a fortnight's time.

I went with my landlady to her house and to bed. I wrote for copies, orders, and documents upon which my liberty had been signed and taken away. The Secretary of the Lunacy Commissioners is the official State servant to supply these. He wrote saying they had never been sent to him. I wrote the Guardians of the Hackney Infirmary for copies of the papers. The Clerk of the Guardians wrote he had no authority legally to hand over the papers, but he parted with them to Stone, Morris, and Stone, a firm of solicitors who had no business with me, who have refused to allow me to see them, although these papers have been shown to others.

Every individual who considers he, and I suppose she, has

unjustly been deprived of liberty under the Lunacy Laws is legally entitled to the evidence under which the Lunacy Law is set in motion, but in the medical interest, the papers seem never to have reached the Lunacy Commissioners, whose secretary, by law, is the proper and only person to whom to apply for the informatory papers. This official says he "had not had them."

From the Clerk to the Guardians of Hackney I managed to get a copy of the principal form of the certificate. The only thing questioned on it, which Messrs. Goodsall and Miles dared to query, was one :— "suicidal?". On this *query mark* in the state of physical ill health, which they themselves had diagnosed so seriously necessitating an immediate operation for an abdominal abscess, they had consigned me to a Strong Room. In my interest? Certainly not. The boasted humanity of the medicine man paraded so blandly before the British Public is but skin deep. It is they who stand by gloating over the misery of the tortured animal; they who mutilate the poor; they who falsely parade their service to the sick as *free services,* which they are not; men with irresponsible power, and men above the law, bound only by "unprofessional conduct" to be defined by their own members of their own trade union. Cruelty is not defined by such as unprofessional conduct. Into such hands had I fallen, to be sentenced to imprisonment in either gaol or asylum, if not banished out of the country, so as to hide the wrong-doings of a man, who was afraid to appear before a public tribunal to defend his own actions.

Two days before the meeting of the Committee of the Metropolitan Hospital I made my way to St. John's Nurses' Home, in Norfolk Street, Strand.

"Can I see Nurse Collins?" I asked of the maid who answered the door.

I knew Nurse Collins had left the hospital in this short interval, and guessed for what reason.

"She is not in," replied the maid. "She has gone to a case; she went two days ago."

"Will you give me her address? I want to see her particularly," I said. (I was in nurse's uniform.)

"I will get her address," said the maid.

She left and returned almost immediately with it.

"It is a case of diphtheria," she said, as she handed an envelope with the address written on it.

The next evening I went to Streatham Common, and to the address given. The lady of the house opened the door in answer to my knock. I asked to see Nurse Collins. The lady said she would ask Nurse to come down. "I will stay with the patient," she said.

"Will you be at the Committee meeting to-morrow, Nurse?" I asked her as soon as she appeared in the hall.

"No," she answered. She seemed well aware of what Committee Meeting as she said:

"Mr. Goodsall has written me not to attend, and not to see you, and I ought not to see you."

"But you were in the ward with me, and were the nurse with whom I had most to do," I remarked.

She was extremely nervous about the visit.

"Did you ever hear me say I would commit suicide?"

"No, and I never said you did."

"Were you asked?"

"Yes."

"What did you say when asked."

"I don't know. I had to write a report at Mr. Miles' request."

"What did you write?" I asked.

"That you had said on Sunday afternoon, while I was sitting on your bed, 'that if some of the patients knew what would be done to them under the plausible idea of being cured by operation they would rather take a dose of prussic acid than consent to take an anæsthetic.'"

"Did you write, Nurse, that you entirely agreed with me on that point, and that you described to me the operating theatre at the Soho Hospital for Women during your time there?"

"No, I did not. I did not know what they wanted the report and the statement for. I am very sorry about it all."

"Who sent you to this case?"

"I was sent off out of my turn, to be out of the way."

"So I thought," I said. "Is it a practice of yours to sell your patients' statements? I have always thought my patients' statements were professional secrets. I am going to see the lady."

The lady came down as Nurse Collins went back. I told the former my mission, asking if she would allow Nurse Collins to attend the Committee Meeting, and I would pay the expense of a substitute.

"Certainly, I should be glad to do anything to help you."

I wrote to the Committee asking them to have Nurse Collins and Mr. Miles present at the Meeting, and made all arrangements.

At 3 p.m. the Committee met, about five men were present. Mr. Fry was in the chair at the top end of the table; these formed the Committee. Mr. Goodsall was already there when I entered the room.

I gave the facts to the Committee. "That is my side of the affair," I said at the finish. "What I want to know is who made the statement that I had threatened to commit

suicide whilst a patient in this hospital? Nurse Collins was the first nurse under the Charge Nurse, and had most to do for me. Will you call her? "

The Chairman looked at Mr. Goodsall. The latter said:

"I wired to Nurse Collins to be here, but she is away on holiday."

"Where is the statement she wrote?" I asked.

"I do not know," said Goodsall, in astonishment.

"You are a deliberate liar, Mr. Goodsall; there is no other expression which can be used to you. I saw Nurse Collins last evening," I said. "Nurse Collins was sent away two days ago at your instigation. You had written her not to see me, and from her I got the information that she had written out a statement of what conversation she had had with me on the Sunday previous to your action, and denies putting in any such information that I had said I would commit suicide. You dare not produce her written statement because no such threat by me is in it."

To the Chairman I turned. "Will you send for Mr. Miles?"

"No," said Goodsall. "Mr. Miles refuses to attend."

"Does he? He does not refuse to state lies in the interest of Cullingworth, or is he ashamed of his bruising of me when alone with him, of which I still bear the marks, and his want of control when he gets a woman patient alone in an underground cellar? He is but a cat's paw for you and you for Cullingworth."

To the Chairman again: "Let the other three nurses who had anything to do with me come here."

They came to the Committee, but neither nurse had any complaint to make against me—had never heard me say anything about suicide.

When this ended, Mr. Goodsall said:

"We were not going to keep you as a pauper lunatic; we were going to keep you at Bethlehem Hospital for twelve months until your fit of revenge against Dr. Cullingworth was over."

"Were you? Why did you not put 'homicidal' on the paper? You were afraid it might raise the point of my motive of revenge against Cullingworth. You may have the medical cunning, but I have a woman's instinct and wit. You meant to get me into Bethlehem Hospital—a place in the hands and sole control of the medical fraternity—where you could, under the Lunacy Law, hold me, strap me down, without my consent, without anyone's consent, send for Cullingworth and perform any operation you and he wished to do. I have outwitted you, and when you next want to keep me for twelve months I shall want to choose the hotel. You have only made me more bitter against Cullingworth.

To hate is as natural as to love, and I hate him the more for what you have done. I intend to and will take the action."

I went to the seaside. I still had the gaping wound left by the Cullingworth surgery, and it was only by my professional knowledge that I was able to get about.

CHAPTER X.

I decided to try again for an appointment. I came to town and put up at one of the Young Women's Christian Association Homes. I had not seen my sister since the Hackney Infirmary incident. I got all the nursing appointment journals, and answered likely and unlikely advertisements, but the quarrel was no secret. I was, however, selected as District Nurse at the New Forest District, and was asked to go down to see the Committee of ladies. I agreed to go down. I was also selected for the post of Night Superintendent at Shoreditch Infirmary. It was going to the New Forest for health reasons or to Shoreditch Infirmary for the facilities of the purpose for which I was struggling. The New Forest interview was fixed for two days before the Guardians of Shoreditch met for their final appointment of a Night Superintendent. I had not the fare to the New Forest. I happened to pass one of the offices of the Charity Organisation Society. I asked for the Secretary, and told him I wanted my fare to the New Forest. Would he advance it, and I would refund it on my first payment of salary? There happened to be someone in the office who knew me or of me, and the sovereign was at once lent. I mentioned that if I did not accept this appointment in Hampshire I might get the Shoreditch one. I was asked for my sister's address, as a guarantee, I suppose. I gave it. I went next day to the New Forest Committee. I was engaged, there was no doctor to oppose my appointment, but on hearing that there had been a keen dispute between the district nurses and the local medical men I was somewhat dubious. I was in the same catastrophe myself. I told the Committee I would write them on Friday as to my acceptance or not of the appointment. I would have taken it if I failed at Shoreditch. I attended at the Guardians' Meeting. There were already six nurses selected to come up for the appointment; one from Sheffield. I was later than the others in attendance, and when I arrived and heard that the Guardians had seen the nurses earlier than announced I thought my chance was at an end. I had had so many disappointments; but as no nurse had been definitely appointed I sat down with the other applicants. The porter, however, on seeing me came up to me.

"Are you Miss Beatty?"

"Yes," I replied.

" The Guardians are waiting for you. I will let them know you are here."

I was asked into the Board Room at once. Some ten or twelve guardians were there. I sat and listened to my qualifications being read, and answered the various questions put to me.

" Would I take the appointment if I were elected? "

How my heart thumped as I answered cooly, " Yes."

" Will you step outside, Miss Beatty? "

I had barely let go of the handle of the door as I closed it behind me when I was recalled by the Board. I sat in a chair facing the scrutiny of the twelve men's eyes. I must have blanched with inward fear as the Chairman said :

" You have the vote of each Guardian, and you are elected Night Superintendent here. It only remains for you to consent to undertake the duties. Will you? "

" Yes " I replied.

" We should be glad if you could enter on them at once as at present a nurse is acting as deputy night sister."

One of the Guardians remarked " I looked delicate," but Dr. Forbes, the Medical Superintendent said :

I was probably tired, and he would manage until Monday so as to enable me to have a rest.

I smiled, accepted his consideration and agreed to enter on my duties on Monday, November 2nd.

After over two years' illness from a worthless operation unnecessarily performed and against my wishes, I had obtained employment.

What is prayer? I had been trying for months for an appointment. I had been so near the top often as the selected candidate, when I had been met with the malice of the medical interest. I had applied for the appointment previously of Inspector under the Infantile Death Rate Act, and was one of the special selected candidates, and I do not hesitate to say I should have succeeded in obtaining it but for the medical bias coming from Spring Gardens. Coming from Spring Gardens I passed dejectedly down the Strand Outside the Y.M.C. Association Hall there was a notice board of a prayer meeting. I had considered myself, and so I was, helpless against the Cullingworth force. On impulse, with the Shoreditch appointment in view I went into the Hall and asked to speak to the Secretary. I told my position, and I said :—" Will you let me send in a request for prayer that I may get this appointment of Night Superintendent at Shoreditch Infirmary? I have failed all along, but God is stronger than my enemies." The Secretary sent in to the prayer meeting my request.

" I will let you know the result " I said to him on leaving, " I am powerless against the medical boycott and

their determination to keep me out of work in London."

The appointment was to be made the next day, and I was appointed. I wrote the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and told him of my success, thanking them.

I made up my mind to say nothing about my private and personal affairs at Shoreditch. I was to be paid for nursing duties. I would carry them out in the strictest sense when I got to my rooms on the first day there. I questioned myself "Shall I side with the officials or with the patients? With the patients, at all costs," I decided. "They shall have all the devotion I am capable of; to them will I offer my terrible experience as a patient. If I can give one hour's relief to any one of them or make their time of sickness one bit easier during my time on duty it shall be done."

I went my first round with Dr. Forbes, the medical superintendent. I found the nursing at the Infirmary anything but perfect; I was in for reform, as will be gathered.

There was no provision for the night for beef-tea, milk, or any such necessity for the large number of patients in my charge. The nurses were, by their rule books, to report the temperature of their ward; to book it by the thermometer on the ward wall; but it was the practise with each nurse to record the temperature as near the required rule without ever looking at the thermometer. The night books recorded 58 deg., 59 deg., and 60 deg., almost regularly for years past.

On going round, my first visit for the night soon after my appointment, with Dr. Percy Probyn, now of the Army Medical Service, we entered the children's ward. The ward struck me as being very cold. The nurse came to meet me as was usual, to give me her reports of the patients. The day reports it was my duty to read, and sign with my name as showing I had read them. I looked at the reported temperature of the ward.

"What is the temperature now?" I asked of Nurse Thomas, while Dr. Probyn stood by listening.

"Fifty-eight degrees," she replied.

"This ward is not 58 deg. Bring the thermometer here."

She brought it and it registered 48 deg. I ordered the ward fires to be made up. As the doctor and I left the ward Dr. Probyn said to me:

"Sister, I am glad you are going to do your duty. Dr. Stevenson and I have known of this neglect of duty and complained, but no notice has been taken of us. We have watched you and wondered how long it would be before you came to see it and if you would make complaint. The last Night Sister seemed afraid to do anything, she was always quarrelling with the Matron."

"And you," I answered, "with the Medical Superintendent."

"Yes," he said.

"I am going to do neither," I said, "but my duty is to report and that I shall do, whoever does not like it, there my duty ends."

I watched the registered temperature of the wards for a week and found the practice general of jotting down without looking, so I had the thermometers brought to me on each of my visits to the wards. It was impossible to get the wards up to required temperature. It was one part of my official duty to see this done. I reported the fact morning after morning in my night report. I had further to decide at the beginning of my appointment whether I would fall into the lax performance of duty by the night nurses, allow the nurses to have a sleep on duty—which I found was also general, for on paying a surprise visit to the wards I found chairs had been taken outside into the corridor in which many of the nurses made themselves comfortable and slept—or whether I should insist upon seeing that the patients were properly looked after during my hours of duty of supervision by nurses who were receiving salaries for conscientious service to the sick. I knew only too well the weariness of pain, the torture of sleepless nights, and in spite of my own boycotted professional position and the physical condition I was in, I determined, sink or swim, to do my duty. My first request was to have milk and other requirements left for the patients for night use. After some red tape demur this was granted. The two medical assistants, each recently appointed, had attempted to alter and improve matters; they had failed, but they lent me a ready hand, and were interested in watching my attempts at reform, and my attitude in bringing it about. Influenza was rampant that winter everywhere, Dr. Forbes saying "in his twenty-seven years as Medical Superintendent the ward had never been so full of acute cases." The nurses were ill, one after the other. I had to send off duty no less than nine one evening, all down with influenza. Extra nurses had to be engaged from outside. I had been in the appointment just a month. On Sunday evening I was down with it myself, with a temperature of 103 degrees. At twelve o'clock at night both Dr. Forbes and Dr. Probyn were at my bedside, and one of the day nurses volunteered to stay up with me. On Wednesday Dr. Forbes came to me muffled up.

"You are in for it, doctor," I said.

"Yes, I am afraid I must go to bed, but the wards are in a state of chaos." (The Matron was not a trained nurse.)

"I am over the worst of it, doctor, I will go on duty and do what I can," I said.

"It will be a relief to me if you could. Wrap yourself up," he said. "Don't kill yourself, but manage the nurses and wards somehow. Come and see me in the morning."

Several of the staff nurses were still off duty, and the temporary nurses were strangers to the place. I went on duty. Dr. Forbes was always grateful to me for my assistance at this time and showed it.

I stayed at the Infirmary for thirteen months. I spent hardly a penny of my salary, but I returned the sovereign from my first quarter's salary, borrowed from the Charity Organisation Society.

On the 19th of November I sent in my resignation as Night Superintendent. Dr. Forbes asked me to withdraw it. I applied for Assistant Matron's post at Lambeth Infirmary. I was well spoken of by Dr. Forbes and Dr. Probyn. I was selected to attend the Board of Guardians, Dr. Forbes giving me the time off duty to attend, telling me he had already spoken to the Medical Superintendent, a friend of his, about me, and I should most likely get the appointment, although he was sorry to lose me.

I had no intention of going up for the appointment and did not do so. I had proved my capability again, but my mission and motive of life was my vow. I had kept my intention strictly of saying nothing about my action with Dr. Cullingworth. A friendly solicitor had been keeping watch over it in the Courts. I had only just Court time to re-open the action. I knew it would be useless to fight the medicine man without proof of my sanity, it was for this reason I determined to retain the appointment for this length of time—thirteen months—and secure my testimonial. I had done it. In taking charge of 450 patients I had gained the reputation of being a sympathetic although a strict disciplinarian Night Sister, of working in harmony with three medical men who knew nothing of the quarrel and controlling again a staff of nurses during the thirteen months. I secured my Official Testimonial. Dr. Probyn, the second Medical Officer, wrote :

SHOREDITCH INFIRMARY.

204, Hoxton Street,N.,

September 12th, 1895.

"It is with much pleasure that I add my testimony in favour of Miss Alice J. Beatty, Superintendent of Night Nurses at this Infirmary.

"For nearly 12 months Sister Beatty has taken charge of the Night Staff, fulfilling her duties in a perfectly conscientious manner, showing great tact in administering

those under her charge, as well as considerable ability in the Nursing of Patients.

"I believe her to be a person possessing a thorough knowledge of her work, and hence is well qualified to take charge of any body of Nurses, and I, with much confidence, recommend her for the post of Assistant Matron at Lambeth Infirmary."

(Signed) PERCY J. PROBYN, A.M.S.,
Acting Medical Superintendent.

I met Dr. Gordon at the Shoreditch Infirmary as an intimate friend of Dr. Forbes, both being typical Scotchmen. Dr. Gordon recognised me on the New Year's Eve, when visiting Dr. Forbes. I had been in office then about two months. I had previously held appointments under the Local Government Board; my appointment had been confirmed by them at Whitehall. I had proved to myself that my will power was under my own control, and I meant now to perform my vow to test the claim of Dr. Cullingworth to perform a revolting operation upon me against my instructions.

I left the Infirmary as I had practically refused the Lambeth appointment. (News soon spreads, in public institutions especially, on the matters affecting appointments of nurses leaving—it was rumoured I was leaving to get married.)

I left Shoreditch on December 19th.

CHAPTER XI.

On December 21st I went to the High Courts of Justice and re-opened the proceedings for the trial of the action of the dispute between myself and Dr. Cullingworth by giving the "notice to continue." I served the official paper upon Dr. Cullingworth on the steps of St. Thomas' Hospital, saying to him: "What right had you to blast my existence at your sole whim and pleasure. None."

I was informed by one of the officials in the Associates' Office in the Law Courts that the defendant had himself gone to the office the same evening as I served the notice on him to know if I had really managed in spite of his statement to me "You shall never drag me into Court over this question"—to reach so far in my intention—he well knew of my vow, and remembered it.

On the old adage "Let sleeping dogs lie" it had been thought a good policy to leave me alone, and only to keep an eye upon me. Sir George Lewis' clerk Mr. Andrews remarked, as we stood together before the Master in Chambers, "We thought Miss Beatty had decided by her silence to forego."

"Or in other words," I added, "you thought you had tortured me into silence, and by a system of professional boycott starved me into a nerveless slave of your client, afraid to resent his degrading and repulsive work upon my own body."

Mr. Hood Barrs, of the Personal Rights Association, had deceived me in leading me to assume he was dealing with the action, thinking, as he said, "To keep me quiet." The papers which he had given me bore the name of Charles Cullingworth's solicitors, "Lewis and Lewis," the head of the firm, Sir George Lewis, lived in the midst of the medical fraternity in Portland Place. Eldon Banks was frequently used also on the papers. I knew I should have to pay heavily for legal honesty, as evidenced by Hood Barrs. I could not do this, I had only a woman's instincts and determination sharpened, it is true, by the terrible experiences I had passed through to guide me, but I determined to battle with the Courts myself. I still held the delusive idea that "English justice was immaculate," that the right only had to be known and justice would be obtained, and that each individual had the right of Court. I learnt very shortly after, the power of money, the power of influence behind

legal lies and intrigues so openly told and barefacedly done to stifle truth and justice that at first I was numbed, but I was plainly told unblushingly "that they were the tricks of the trade, and the rules of the game." Such in the very place, the High Court of Justice, where at least one would expect justice to stand by truth; there is no ideal in one or the other, both are myths.

By sheer persistency I set the case down for hearing. Master Johnson, the Master in Chambers, before whom all applications in "Beatty v. Cullingworth" were made in the action, had on the first day of my appearance received me with scant courtesy; he had lumbago, "he could not be bothered with me," as I meekly asked him a question.

"Get legal advice," he roughly exclaimed.

"I am not going to," I said. "One solicitor sold me, tricked and deceived me. I will not chance it again. You will have to deal with me as a member of the public.

"Well, come and see me after 4 p.m.," he said.

I went and had a long talk with him. "I am going to take my own case," I said. "I shall not, if you are civil to me, give you any more trouble than the bewigged gentlemen—the barristers; but if you jump down my throat I shall jump down yours," at which he laughed. "I am one of the public and you are a public servant to serve me. You have to help me."

Master Johnson was evidently amused at my unusual plain speaking, but it cleared the air, and Master Johnson was civility and kindness itself afterwards from his decisions in my favour. Appeal after appeal was made to the Judges in Chambers. I was so successful a pleader in a straightforward way that even Lewis and Lewis' managing clerk could make no headway in stopping the case, his ground being "to dismiss the case for want of prosecution." Then Mr. Eldon Banks, now Judge Eldon Banks, appeared on the scene to try his legal power.

"Are you Miss Beatty?" he asked, as we drew up before the Judges' table in Chambers.

"Yes, and you?" I queried.

"Oh, that does not matter."

"One usually asks the name of a fighting companion or opponent" I retorted.

Mr. Justice Cave knew the case, he had dealt with it before.

"What! you again in this case, Mr. Banks?" said Mr. Justice Cave.

"I have not been in it before," replied Mr. Banks.

"What a story! If you are Mr. Banks; why your name is frequently on my papers."

"So I thought," said Mr. Justice Cave, sharply.

Mr. Banks wanted some clause struck out of the pleading

"It will so confuse me at the trial," said Mr. Banks.

"You do not mind confusing the lady," said the Judge. "I think the lady is in the right if she chooses to put it in. The decision is against you, Mr. Banks."

We were supposed to have finished the argument. I was leaving the Judges' room, and on opening the door I turned and saw Mr. Banks in front of the Judge, still pleading his point. I went up to the table and listened.

When Mr. Banks had finished speaking I began. "It is not fair that you wait until you think I am gone to get a decision altered because you are a barrister, but I have learnt this sort of thing goes on, and is but the rules of the game." Mr. Justice Cave would not alter the decision.

The dispute between me and Cullingworth was, I had been informed, the talk of Harley Street for months. It was being discussed also in Manchester. At a large Liberal meeting in that town a medical man had sought an interview with Mrs. Jacob Bright, who was on the platform at the meeting, the object of his interview was to ask her not to interest herself "in the case on behalf of Miss Beatty."

"I do not know anything about the affair," Mrs. Bright informed the interviewer, "But if it comes before me I cannot promise not to listen to it and judge for myself; I shall not seek it."

On leaving the Infirmary appointment I had gone to reside with Miss Morant, now Mrs. Helen Meredith (sister to Sir Robert Morant) at Clovelly Mansions, Gray's Inn Road, to be near the Court. Miss Morant interested herself in the case, and she sought an interview with Mrs. Jacob Bright—both were interested in matters affecting women. Miss Morant gave Mrs. Bright the main details of the action. Mrs. Bright sent me her card, asking me if I would call and see her at her house in St. James Street, W. I did. I told Mrs. Bright in conversational questions more than Miss Morant could do. Mrs. Bright was indignant over the matter. She sent to see if Mr. Labouchere of "Truth" fame were in. He was not at home. I heard later that Mr. Labouchere (never a woman's defender), a personal friend and co-religionist of Sir George Lewis, would not deal with the case, as against a client of Sir George Lewis. Both Sir George Lewis and Mr. Labouchere had powerful personal friends at the National Liberal Club, but Mrs. Jacob Bright, so well known in the Liberal Women's Federation, did interest herself very strongly in the question of the right of a woman to her own body under a surgeon's dictum and the knife. Other prominent women—strangers to me—also became interested in my struggle for a decision upon the right.

I would accept no legal aid before the case was entered for hearing in the High Court. This much I was determined; no one should slip in and stop it; but this being done, as I was fighting for other women and all patients, after many requests I gave way in taking the whole case through solely by myself, in the same way in which I had fought for my personal liberty and freedom of action in the various incidents following the operation. Means were offered and subscribed freely if I would, in the interest of other sufferers, accept the best legal advisers which could be had, to be chosen or accepted by me; to this arrangement I consented. The case was down for hearing—this could not be stopped except by a jury—this latter I could not reckon with.

CHAPTER XII.

When I agreed to accept the legal aid, by the request and in the interest of women, Miss Morant took me and introduced me to Mr. G. H. Radford, of Radford and Frankland, of Chancery Lane. She had communicated to him some of the details, and an appointment was made for me to call next morning when Mr. Radford would decide if he would accept service on my behalf or not. Mr. Radford decided to act as my solicitor. It was at this time that the most atrocious statements were widely circulated against me—manufactured by the friends of the enemy. It was also at this time that Mrs. Mona Caird, who was actively interesting herself, received the lettter making statements of the most wicked kind. Mrs. Caird sent for me for an explanation, asking me if the statements were true. I referred her to Cullingworth himself, to Mr. Radford, to Mrs. Dallas (the friend of the patient, Mrs. Guy Elkington), whom I was nursing at the time stated. I was watched, followed, worried by detectives, personated as a nurse nursing in Hammersmith, who gave details of a case exactly similar to those of my own action.

I saw the lady in whose house the nurse had stayed with a patient there at the time my law suit was coming on and she gave me the particulars.

I had asked a midwife with whom I sometimes visited maternity patients if she knew of a lady wanting a servant. I had taken the woman who had been in the asylum 20 years out of it, and was seeking a situation for her. A friend of the midwife accepted the services of the woman, and it was in this lady's house in Hammersmith the nurse had stayed with a patient. On Sarah F.'s first afternoon out she had said she was going to see Miss Beatty.

"I wonder if that is the Miss Beatty who had rooms with a patient here?"

"I will ask her," said Sarah F.

When the latter told me I went back with her with a friend and saw the lady, who said:

"She was very fair like you, but it certainly was not you. She had a law suit coming on over an operation which broke off her engagement to be married, etc., etc."

I had never nursed a case of sickness in a private house in Hammersmith then.

The first act of Mr. Radford, the solicitor, was to engage

Mr. Spokes as counsel. I was at Mr. Radford's office morning after morning. He took a keen interest in the case and in the question in dispute. Knowing the force of the medical fraternity he verified my statements on all points.

After the operation, and when lying so ill and distressed in the small ward of St. Thomas' Home, I objected as strongly as my condition would allow to Dr. Cullingworth's standing by my bedside watching and recording my sufferings with a smile on his face, gloating as it struck me then, and with a vivisector's interest taking notes of an interesting experiment on a conscious, living, sentient being. I placed myself on the line of the vivisected animal at the time, and have always so looked upon myself as such and I am.

When Mr. Radford asked in the course of the legal proceedings for a disclosure of documents in the hands of Dr. Cullingworth, bearing on the operation and my illness and subsequent quarrel with him over it, I instructed Mr. Radford to include these notes to be disclosed. Some documents were of course disclosed, some of little importance. The letter accompanying these was typical of legal omission and of medical commissions, and in the affadavit of Dr. Cullingworth he swore he "had no notes—had taken none—he had not a case book—he had no record of Miss Beatty's case—he had no letter from Mr. Leonard Bidwell, giving him Miss Beatty's consent to the operation."

Again and again I swore on affadavit for these notes, which were written by my bedside. I could have identified the very paper on which they were written until Master Johnson began to question as to whether, seeing the notes written, as I swore, was not a whim of my illness, but I persisted. Again and again were the notes and note-book ordered to be produced. After the first affadavit had been sent to Mr. Radford denying any further documents in his hands he produced a letter from Dr. Cotterell when my life was said to be ending, in which the latter had said, "She threatens to shoot you." It was only then I knew from whence Dr. Cullingworth had got hold of this. I had no remembrance of it. Finally the notes were produced—a large book written up to date—the record of my illness, with red notes at the side margin, was in it.

Master Johnson was indignant, and an order was made for Dr. Cullingworth to pay £10, which ever way the case terminated. The plea was put forward that Dr. Cullingworth's note-book had escaped his memory. Master Johnson remarked as I had done: That it was impossible for a man in the defendant's position, as he had stated in the affidavit, not to have had a note-book, since he published notes of cases in medical journals, and in St. Thomas' Hospital particular journal, "Notes of cases," and boasted of

his number of drastic operations. Before the notes and books were produced, even Mr. Radford, who had so verified my statements and found them all correct, asked me if it were not possible in the state of my extreme illness to have made a mistake.

"No," I replied, "every word, every movement of the man made an indelible impression on me, which not even time could obliterate."

Had I so sworn in an affidavit should I not have been prosecuted for perjury either by Sir George Lewis or by the Director of Public Prosecutions? Without a shadow of doubt I should have been, and should have deserved my punishment.

Mr. Radford and I attended at 10, Ely Place to inspect the "note-book" (on its production), by the order of Master Johnson, in the presence of Mr. George Lewis.

As soon as I read the notes I said: "Such notes are a concoction, and have no more reference to my bodily ailment, except being written under my name, than the pen with which Charles Cullingworth has written them." I said so then and I say so now, as a nurse, as a midwife, and as a patient.

Mr. Lawson Walton stated in the Court at the trial "Miss Beatty's knowledge of anatomy, a subject on which she had lectured in hospital, entitled her to be able to discuss with the defendant the whole matter and questions in dispute between them."

Dr. Cullingworth at first said "the notes were correct," but when pressed he added "they were incomplete. The parts removed," he added, "were at once destroyed."

Another lie!—they are at present in St. Thomas' Hospital. If his notes were correct it was a physical impossibility for me to have been on active duty managing the largest hospital in Dublin before I fell into his hands, a week after being on duty. I was but a subject of experimentation, and used by him for the same purpose as were the poor, mutilated victims in Whitechapel, whose murderer was allowed to go free.

Mr. Radford had tried all means and methods to find my sister. She who had brought the defendant to me; she who had left me after a solemn assurance at such a critical moment, when I was left by her at the mercy of a man with a mania for increasing the number of major operations. *She could not be found.* She was naturally an unwilling witness, and only on threatening the Matron of the Nurses' Co-operation, 8, New Cavendish Street, with a writ under the Habeas Corpus Act, was her address given to us.

The morning before the trial she arrived from Norfolk to see Mr. Radford. She begged him to persuade me to

forego the action with a promise "that I should be provided for." (By whom?) But if she had to go into the witness-box she would have to admit that the operation was performed against my instructions, and that she strongly resented not being consulted at the time of the operation, as my sister. She had refused, she said, to see anyone from Lewis and Lewis, and had given them no statement. They had obtained her address, probably from the medical men on the Committee of the Nurses' Co-operation. She had to attend the Court for them. Mr. Radford preferred to leave her to be called on the other side, saying, "Mr. Lawson Walton will have a better chance of a cross-examination and eliciting the whole facts as the defendant's witness than ours."

"Call her on my side," I pleaded, "however much she may dislike my position."

CHAPTER XIII.

The case was called. For me was Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., senior counsel. For the defendant, Mr. Edward Carson, K.C.

Directly the case was called Mr. Edward Carson asked for a few minutes consultation "with the plaintiff and her Counsel."

"Would the plaintiff agree to submit the case to a Committee composed of medical men and barristers?"

As Mr. Walton asked me I smiled.

"What chance have I with medical men for justice for a just decision they holding the view that they have a right to mutilate as they choose, with no objection to be raised by the patient? It is a question for the public to decide. Let it go to the public."

This was another move to avoid publicity and to avoid a legal decision. I was in the witness-box the whole of the day, from 10 till 4, an ordeal felt by the strongest of humanity. At one time in the afternoon everything became dim and black. I was faint, someone in Court shouted out "She is fainting." The Judge seemed to scream at me, "Sit down, Miss Beatty." I dared not move. I realised I had twenty-one medical men in front of me, supporting the atrocious work of Dr. Cullingworth in the interest of their own claim to power; any one of them might have a case of drugs in his pocket and I might get a dose, maliciously making me less clear in my answers to Mr. Edward Carson. I had and have not the slightest confidence in medical honour. I was standing waiting for the faintness to pass when I saw Mr. Eldon Banks, now a Judge in the High Court of Justice, pull hold of Mr. Carson's gown, "Ask her now," said Eldon Banks, as he noticed the faintness.

"No, you will not ask her now; you will wait until I am ready," I said.

I refused the water brought. I had mentioned to Mr. Radford, in the event of my being taken ill in Court to leave me to myself, and requested him not to ask me to do anything. I would look after myself, and refuse all and any medical attendance which might be offered by a doctor, only for appearances sake to the public, but to me what? The case was adjourned until after the long vacation. Miss Morant's letter will carry the matter further.

Writers' Club,
10, Norfolk Street, Strand.
September 17, 1896.

Dear Madam,

"As you will probably have seen from the public Press, the Trial of Miss Beatty's action against Dr Charles Cullingworth for malpractice, came on before Judge Hawkins just 3 days before the close of the Summer Sittings. At the last moment before the Judge came into Court a message was conveyed to our Counsel (Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C.) from the other side to ask whether Miss Beatty would consent to refer the matter to arbitration before an equal number of medical men and lawyers. She very properly refused, saying that it was too late for this now, arbitration having been suggested 3 years ago and Dr. Cullingworth not having seen fit to agree to it then.

"Mr. Carson, Q.C., the defendant's Counsel, rose in Court and informed the Judge that he saw no prospect of the case being over in 3 days, as his side alone intended to call 21 witnesses, and moreover, he himself could not be in Court the third day. The Judge agree to give an adjournment at the close of the second day, at whatever stage the proceedings might be. The case opened with Miss Beatty's evidence, and she was kept in the box all day until ten minutes before the Court rose, Mr. Carson quite evidently going as slowly as he possibly could, with the intention of not having his client called before the holidays. Miss Beatty gave her evidence very quietly and well, and I think made a very good impression, though Mr. Carson tried to bewilder her by putting his questions in as difficult a form as he could. Part of his cue was to try and make it appear that she had a series of imaginary grievances against a great many doctors, but on this point he absolutely made nothing of her, as she stuck to it that her claim was against Dr. Cullingworth and against him only. At the close of the afternoon our lawyers agreed to an adjournment, till October 24th, thinking that it would be most inexpedient to put in the expert medical evidence (including Sir Spencer Wells' and others) on Miss Beatty's side before the holidays, as the Judge and Jury would have forgotten its bearings by October, and we agreed that it was best under the circumstances to adjourn without going further.

"It has all along been the effort of the defendant's solicitors to postpone or delay the Trial by every conceivable method, as they know well the added difficulty to Miss Beatty, she having nothing but her earnings to depend upon, and practically no chance of getting employment as

a nurse till the case is over, since the doctors will not employ or recommend her if they know who she is, as well as the heavy increase in legal expenses occasioned by repeated delays.

"Having got our witnesses together that day at considerable difficulty and cost, and everything prepared, the adjournment was of course a heavy blow, and it means a great deal of additional expense. Moreover, Mr. Carson's announcement that he intended to call 21 witnesses shows that the case is going to be fought on the medical side in the most determined way, and it is quite evident that the costs will not be anything like covered by the amount we first set out to raise. There is a great deal more evidence that can be got between this and the 24th of October to make the case complete on our side, but of course the lawyers have to be kept in funds, and we have had to be chary of calling in much of it because of the heavy expense in travelling about the country, in legal interviews, in paying the witnesses' expenses to London, and so on.

"I hope most sincerely that those who have assisted us in bringing the case forward so far, will make a further determined effort to help us in funds to carry it successfully through. It seems more and more clear that the case is of great importance, and that surgeons everywhere recognise it for what it is, a test case as to their absolute right over the bodies of their patients. (I may say that Miss Beatty, when asked in Court the question whether it was a fact from her experience as a nurse that such unauthorised operations were frequently performed, the surgeon not explaining to the patient their nature beforehand, clearly and emphatically stated that this was so.) I feel sure that all those who have realised what surgical practice is, as at present carried on, will rally round Miss Beatty now, and enable her to fight the case fully and freely (which without adequate funds she cannot possibly do), and to raise a plain issue, clearing away all the side issues which the defendant's counsel will evidently try to bring in to obscure the real point and discredit, if they can, the action on some minor point. We must be prepared to meet them on all points.

"Quite another £100 or £150 ought to be raised within the next month; may I hope that you will send us something more towards it yourself or else assist in getting us fresh subscribers?

"Any further information which you would like on any point I shall be happy to let you have on hearing from you.

"I have not written sooner, my own time having been entirely taken up since the Trial by a lecturing tour in

the North, involving daily speaking or travelling, which has made it quite impossible for me to do anything further in Miss Beatty's matters until now when I have just returned to town.

"Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

"I am, dear Madam,

"Yours very truly,

"AMY C. MORANT."

After hearing of the adjournment Mrs. Mona Caird, who had taken so keen an interest in my fight to attempt to get a legal decision as to the rights of a patient at the point of a surgeon's knife, wrote to me.

"Dear Miss Beatty,—I assure you I am greatly worried by the awkward position that you have been put in by this adjournment, of course to give the enemy a chance of bringing an action for contempt of court, which would play into their hands entirely, and entirely take the public off the scent. They have us completely in their hands. . . I shall think of you with the deepest sympathy during your ordeal, and if wishes could give you the victory you would certainly be triumphant. I do hope your counsel will prevent the enemy from wandering from the point that you were operated on against your will, and without ever an attempt from the moment you took chloroform to obey your wishes. The only chance of the enemy is to fog the points and to make out the operation necessary and for your good as if *that* was the question—in short, to draw a red herring across the trail by means of a vast concourse of 'expert witnesses.' The British public especially those of the usual jury class, are paralysed by the awesomeness of a medical man, and 21 medical men is enough to overwhelm all the juries in England. I hope the enemy won't be allowed to wander learnedly from the point as they can do so brilliantly.

"Yours sincerely, and with all good and heartfelt wishes

"MONA CAIRD."

The day after the adjournment of the action Mrs. Jacob Bright, through Miss Morant, suggested that I should rest during the time of the Long Vacation, and sent £25 for the expenses of and for this purpose. It would have been impossible for me to obtain professional work of any sort, even had I been well enough to have undertaken it, so with this generous and practical sympathy I went to Hastings.

Either from a woman's instinct only or from the experience I had gained in this struggle against money, influence, and the covering of wrong doing, I was somewhat uneasy

at being out of town, but I had accepted the gift, and felt under the obligation to remain by the sea in readiness for the next ordeal. The enemy was not at rest, as I subsequently found, which can be seen by the extracts from a pamphlet I published when I had time again after the action was stopped, to investigate. The pamphlet was as follows :—

The case of " Beatty v. Cullingworth " being heard one day before the long vacation, and put back until after the next, it could easily be known who constituted the jury. When it was found who the foreman of the jury was (Mr. G. W. Bird), Mr. Bidwell came into Court as Charles Cullingworth's principal witness, but evidently he was not prepared to incriminate himself more than non-betrayal of Cullingworth, for he (Mr. Bidwell) had to admit *I did not give my consent to the operation to him, neither did he give it to Cullingworth.* The foreman of the jury was George William Bird, said to be a nephew of Dr. William Bird (late Chairman of the West London Hospital) who was in the chair when the " minute " refusing me medical assistance, even if dying at the door of the hospital, was placed on the books of the West London Hospital.

Mr. George William Bird was proprietor of the " University Tavern " close to the University Hospital, and to the ' 'Medical Clinique " in Gower Street, W., a rendezvous for the medical students, and where, I say, the case of " Beatty v. Cullingworth " was practically settled.

On the first day of the reopening of the case, Mr. George William Bird, as foreman of the jury, used all his influence to get the case stopped, admitting to the other jurymen that "he knew all about the affair," and he succeeded in stopping the case before my sister, Esther Beatty, was called. I interviewed each of the jurymen after the half-trial, but Mr. Bird would not see me. In stopping the case, Mr. Bird said, " the jury were of opinion that such a case ought not to be brought." Mr. Avant, one of the jury, wrote me that Mr. Bird made this statement on his own responsibility, and not at the wish of the other jurors. This statement shows that Mr. Bird was acting from interested motives, and it was on this statement as " coming from the foreman of the jury " that I was not allowed a re-trial by the Appeal Court.

Mr. Bird was, shortly after the trial, obliged to leave the University Tavern for misconduct, and was at Vine Street Police Court for drunkenness and using obscene language, giving a false address, but said his relatives lived at Hammersmith. Is this the sort of man to be *just* where bribery leads the other way?

Esther Beatty, my sister, a trained nurse at St. Thomas'

Hospital, undertook to safeguard me from this unscrupulous butchery, for one can term it nothing else. My last words to her as to the man Cullingworth, were, that I would on no account submit to such an operation, but she, instead of remaining with me, as she promised, left me as soon as I was unconscious—she said by the persuasion of Charles Cullingworth. It is she who is wanted to sign the document as to the perjury of the defendant.

In November the vacation being over the case was again called. Sir Spencer Wells, the veteran specialist for the diseases of women, was very strongly with me on the whole question in dispute; both on the non-necessity of the operation, based even on the Cullingworth notes—which I said and say were concocted and written up to make it appear that he had acted to ignore my instructions because of a necessity, which he dare not try to prove. Sir Spencer strongly supported the principle of the right of the patient to say what should or should not be done to his or her body by a surgeon. He had, when Mr. Radford, my solicitor, called on him in the first instance to ask his medical opinion on the case as a specialist, become somewhat angry with Mr. Radford. He said:

"We have heard of the case, it ought not to go to Court for settlement; it is a sad and an outrageous affair. No, I will not go to Court."

"But," said Mr. Radford, "I think my client has been badly treated."

As the old gentleman turned, he said:

"But who is your client?"

"I have come," my solicitor answered, "to ask you to give evidence on behalf of my client, the nurse."

"That is another matter. I will do what I can for her."

"What would your fee be, Sir Spencer?" Mr. Radford asked.

"I want no fee. If you would like me to give evidence, subpœna me and I will willingly come in defence of the nurse's right."

During the preliminary proceedings two of the defendant's medical witnesses elected to go abroad as did most of the people wanted. Their evidence, for what it was worth, not being in any way concerned in the matter, was taken on Commission before Mr. Pollock. Sir Spencer Wells also came before the Commission taken by Mr. Pollock, and gave evidence at his own expense coming from Wales, to serve me. There were present at this Commission: Mr. Eldon Banks, Mr. George Lewis, Dr. Cullingworth (with one of his friends), Mr. Spokes, Mr. Radford, Miss Morant, and a lady who was receiving a salary to be with me to secure my safety; the salary was paid by a personal friend

of mine. It was quite feasible that I might again be decoyed, entrapped, or otherwise put out of the way to prevent the hearing of the action. Miss Morant's presence at the Commission was strongly objected to by Mr. Eldon Banks. As the lady was then a member of the Writers' Club, it was suggested she might also be a journalist. The conspiracy of silence was the game to be played by the defendant and his supporters, and a journalist was an inconvenient individual to them to hear the details.

As Sir Spencer Wells had to return to Wales I was, perforce, obliged to give way to the objection affecting Miss Morant.

At the resumption of the hearing of the action of Beatty v. Cullingworth, Sir Spencer Wells again attended at his own expense, and gave evidence for me, strongly of the illegality of the operation.

Here Mr. Edward Carson raised the point that Dr. Cullingworth's notes on the case of the operation and the cause for it were incomplete :—notes taken from a note-book, when the writer well knew, sooner or later, they would be used in a public Court, unless he assumed that he could stifle me, as the plaintiff, by some means or the other. He had taunted me with " You shall never drag me into a witness box ! "

I repeat and endorse the notes were a concoction, and had been written to attempt to shield himself; he was not prepared for any expert knowledge against him, and few surgeons would have dared to come forward. The notes were neither logical nor possible when placed in the hands of a man like Sir Spencer Wells, who knew ailments, symptoms, and diseases of women, and who was an expert in such operations. Cullingworth was afraid of Sir Spencer Wells. Why were his notes not complete? He dared not give the true facts. I had been experimented upon by him. *I was a healthy subject.*

Dr. Bedford Fenwick, who had accepted Dr. Cullingworth's untrue statements given to him, in the interview he had had with him at the time it had been proposed by the Secretary of the Royal British Nurses' Association, that the Committee of it would be willing to pay expenses for me to have a three months' residence at the Nurses' Home of Rest at Brighton. He had taken it as a fact that Dr. Cullingworth had, as he said, a letter in which he held my written consent. He, a fellow member of the medical fraternity, was between the two disputants—Cullingworth stating that he possessed this letter; I, only a nurse, and non-paying patient—telling him that Dr. Cullingworth had not only performed the objectionable operation without my consent, but against my definite, clearly given instructions that he must not perform it.

When Mr. Radford had suggested a second expert opinion

practically on Dr. Cullingworth's notes, I at once suggested Dr. Fenwick. I was annoyed and surprised that Dr. Bedford Fenwick should take the word of Dr. Cullingworth, little known to him, as against mine, whom he had known for years, and whose word he had never doubted. I welcomed the chance of proving my statements correct to him. At Mr. Radford's request, I called on Dr. Bedford Fenwick.

"Will you give evidence as an expert witness?" I asked him.

"How can I?" he asked. "I do not believe Dr. Cullingworth did the operation against your consent, he was so emphatic that he had a letter in which he said your consent was given."

"Did he show it to you, Dr. Fenwick?"

"No."

"Would you be willing to see Mr. Radford, and if the papers in his hands convince you that it is not my word you should have doubted, but Cullingworth's; will you come for me?"

"Yes, if I have doubted you wrongly. I will do what I can for you."

Dr. Bedford Fenwick saw Mr. Radford, saw the evidence, and said he could hardly credit it, that Dr. Cullingworth could have acted as he had done.

"But I am convinced," he said, "and will give evidence accordingly."

My interview with Dr. Fenwick referring to the intended Brighton rest took place before the Marlborough Police Court incident. Dr. Fenwick had told me "that Dr. Cullingworth laughed at the whole affair of the quarrel between us."

On seeing Dr. Cullingworth I naturally mentioned the statement that he laughed at my suffering. I believe he would laugh; to him a woman's life ruined was a common occurrence. After the Police Court scene Dr. Cullingworth wrote to Dr. Fenwick:

"I have just had a visit from Miss Beatty, she says you had informed her that I laughed at the whole affair. I did nothing of the sort."

To which Dr. Fenwick replied:

"She is so upset that she might say anything, or something like it. I do not believe her."

The post card was produced in court by Mr. Carson.

"But," said Dr. Fenwick, "I could not possibly believe without overwhelming evidence that a surgeon would perform an operation as in this case against the patient's instructions."

Dr. Bedford Fenwick was as emphatic as was Sir Spencer Wells upon the illegality of the operation, and es-

pecially upon the point that no surgeon should so act upon his own and sole responsibility—the serious question to the patient should necessitate the full consent written by the patient—after consultation with other experts on the hospital staff, and that consent should be accepted by the surgeon after the full possible and probable results of the operation had been explained to the patient. That this is not the practice in hospitals was exposed in the Chelsea Hospital for Women scandals where the abuse of the knife upon women patients became so notorious that Dr. Parkes, the medical officer of health locally, Sir John Williams, and others raised their voices in defence of the poor patients and in the public interest.

I had with a woman's instinct pleaded that my sister should be placed in the witness-box after me; but I was in the hands of Mr. Radford, whom I trusted most implicitly, and was unfortunately overruled by him on this point.

"She will tell the truth," I repeatedly said.

"But she is an unwilling witness," said the solicitor.

It was a vital mistake not to have put her in the witness-box as I left it. It was round her the enemy was working.

"Do not let her get into the witness-box; keep her out of it," was the strenuous effort of Cullingworth and his solicitors.

She seems to have decided to see no one, although she had called once on Mr. George Lewis, of the firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, begging him to do me no harm. She refused, she said, to give any statement, and after this interview she had hidden herself or others had done so.

Who served her with a subpœna? I do not know. I have not seen her since, nor heard of her; our lives are parted over the Cullingworth operation: she, if alive, can no more forget than I do.

Dr. Cullingworth entered the witness-box. His evidence was to the effect that he "had my full consent to do absolutely what he chose to do with me; that the consent, and the only consent upon which he acted had been given to him from me by Mr. Leonard Bidwell in a letter which he received from him."

"At what time did you get this letter?" asked Mr. Lawson Walton of Dr. Cullingworth.

"The last post on Saturday."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "What was the letter?"

Defendant: "That the patient left herself absolutely in my hands."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew she held strong views upon these operations which you performed?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Miss Beatty had always withheld her consent to you when conversing with you, because she was afraid you as a surgeon would exceed her instructions."

The Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You never had the patient's consent personally from her to do what she so strongly resents?"

The Defendant: "No."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "The only consent you allege you had was in the letter sent you, you say, by Dr. Bidwell."

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew twenty-four hours after the operation that legal proceedings would be taken by Miss Beatty, to test your claim to a right to disregard her instructions."

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You had this Bidwell letter in your possession then?"

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "What has become of this important letter?"

Defendant: "I don't know."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew that this letter would settle the whole dispute between you and this lady. You had the letter when these proceedings were started. Where is it?"

Defendant: "I tore it up."

"It is a lie," I said, "make him produce it; he is not likely to have torn it up."

"On the Monday morning," said Mr. Lawson Walton, "the morning of the operation, you heard Miss Beatty before she consented to take chloroform still object to the operation she so much dreaded."

"Yes."

"Did you have her consent on Monday morning? She had been discussing her opinions with you for a whole week at your visits that surgeons exceeded the operation to which a patient had consented, and that she would not take an anæsthetic unless you promised her you would not go beyond her wishes. You did not have her consent?"

"No."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Your diagnosis was a very slight ailment, Dr. Cullingworth?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Did she ever leave herself entirely in your hands?"

Dr. Cullingworth: "Only in the letter written by Dr. Bidwell."

"Mr. Lawson Walton: "Which, you say, you have destroyed. My client had told you she was engaged to be married?"

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew that she had not been laid up for 10 years—working as an active nurse all this time?"

"Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Was her life in danger if the operation had not been performed?"

Defendant: "No."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "She might have lived for ten years?"

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew Miss Beatty had instructed her sister to stand by her when she was unconscious and not to give her consent if asked, to the operation?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Did you consult the sister at all?"

Defendant: "No."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You sent her out of the operating room?"

Defendant: "Yes."

I turned to Mr. Radford:

"Get Mr. Lawson Walton to ask a question referring to the lunacy dodge to get rid of me."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You were aware that she had made her sister promise to remain with her?"

Defendant: "I knew her wishes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You knew why?"

Defendant: "Yes, I knew her objection."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You heard Miss Beatty in the witness-box say that attempts had been made to put her into an asylum to get rid of this action?"

Defendant: "Yes."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "Do you think that Miss Beatty has ever lost her mental balance in this resentment against you on account of your performance of an operation against her instructions?"

Defendant: "No; I do not."

Mr. Lawson Walton: "You threatened her with this soon after the operation."

Defendant: "No."

"What a lie, Charles Cullingworth, you know you did," I said aloud in court.

Mr. Lawson Walton had, in his opening speech, spoken very strongly in reference to the Marlborough Street Police Court incident "that the defendant had dragged to the

police court dock a woman of good character, suffering so acutely from the defendant's surgical work, into a prison, into an asylum, anywhere rather than he should come to a public court to defend this action. He claims he has a right to perform the operation, and he says he had a letter in which the plaintiff was prepared to leave herself absolutely in his hands, having the letter in his possession, he says—but admits he destroyed the letter after he knew the proceedings were commenced against him as to the legality of his work.

Mr. Lawson Walton left the Court, having to appear in the Lord Chief Justice's Court in Russell v. Russell; he had three cases on on one day.

Mr. Leonard Bidwell, of 59, Upper Wimpole Street, W., deputy-resident house surgeon at St. Thomas' Home, and assistant to Dr. Cullingworth at the operation entered the witness-box. In reply to Mr. Spoke's cross-examination he admitted that he had never given any consent in any form from me to Dr. Cullingworth. He, Dr. Bidwell, knew my objections, had heard them repeatedly—he had written to Dr. Cullingworth on Saturday that she, Miss Beatty, would not leave herself unfettered in his hands. This was why the defendant thought it policy to destroy the letter, if he did destroy it. I do not think it has ever been destroyed, but is in the office of Lewis and Lewis, who dared not produce it.

Dr. Bidwell had, probably inadvertently, at the onset of the action, given Mr. Hood Barrs a statement (which I have) that he had tried to get my consent to leave myself in the hands of Dr. Cullingworth, and to withdraw my instructions to him, on the Sunday afternoon, the intervening day and the day after when Dr. Cullingworth swore he had received from Mr. Bidwell a letter giving my full consent. Mr. Bidwell admitted I had asked him if I were safe in taking an anæsthetic under the instructions I had given to Cullingworth, and he had replied :

"Yes."

At the operation, Mr. Bidwell swore, he had advised Dr. Cullingworth to consult my sister, when he realised what Cullingworth was doing.

"She is a trained nurse," said Bidwell.

"I will not," was Cullingworth's reply.

Mr. Lawson Tait was the next of the twenty-one surgeon witnesses to be called.

When months after the operation had been performed I found it widely rumoured that the operation had not been performed at all, and near friends had also heard the rumour, and suggested that my marriage could take place in the ordinary way, I was only too ready to believe it.

Miss Hayes, in Liverpool, hearing the rumour, undertook

to pay railway fare and fees if I would consult Mr. Lawson Tait as to my position, and as to what Dr. Cullingworth had done. I had no idea that the matter was being so widely discussed then. I agreed to go to Birmingham, and wired Mr. Lawson Tait: "Will you see patient? Wire time and fees.—Beatty. Prepaid reply." The answer came "Monday; fee two guineas." I arrived at Birmingham and went on to Mr. Lawson Tait's house. I was shown into the dining room and kept waiting for some time, longer than I at the time supposed usual. Evidently an arrangement had been made for Dr. Cullingworth to be present at the consultation, and he had not probably arrived until the later train, hence the waiting. I was called into the consulting room. Mr. Lawson Tait was sitting at a table with his note-book open.

On the wall close by were a number of clothes pegs, and several dressing gowns hanging on them. There were no cupboards nor hiding corners in the room of any sort.

He said "Good morning. You are Miss Beatty, are you not?" as I entered.

"Yes. I want to know," I said, "what has been done surgically in an operation on me. Could I get married? I will pay any fee you ask if you will give me your opinion in writing. Will you?"

"Yes. Who did the operation?"

"I do not want to give any details," I said. "If you will say what has been done."

I submitted to a medical examination.

"Well," he said, "you can get married; a slight operation has been performed. You are suffering from a breakdown of the surgery. Come into my private hospital and let me see to you."

"No," I answered. "I have come for your opinion as to my present condition after an operation, that is all. But" I added, "the surgeon who performed the operation informed me and my friends that he has done more than you say has been done. Will you put your opinion into writing?" I asked.

"If the operator says he has done more than I say he has, then he has," said Mr. Tait. "You are Dr. Cullingworth's patient," he added.

"I am at present no one's patient, but do you know Dr. Cullingworth? Have you been in correspondence with him? Have you told him I was coming here?"

"Yes," he answered, with a sneering laugh.

"And you want to get me into your own private hospital, and you try to deceive me into a belief, and will not give your own opinion—to serve him—as to what was done."

In a later correspondence in *The Medical Times and Circular,* Mr. Lawson Tait admitted that there was a third person present at the interview in his consulting room who had heard the whole of the conversation which passed between us.

I challenged him to verify this statement, saying if it were true, then the third person was Charles Cullingworth himself, for whose arrival I had been kept waiting in the dining room. Dr. Cullingworth could only have been hidden behind one of the dressing gowns hanging on the pegs on the walls. There were no nooks nor hiding places of any kind other than these.

The correspondence in *The Medical Journal* had been at first between Miss Morant, Mr. Lawson Tait, and myself. Miss Morant had verified for herself every detail of the struggle and quarrel and its incidents in which I was engaged.

I held a statement from Dr. Cotterell, who stated in it "that there were surgeons in England who operated upon women without the patient's knowledge or what was to be done, or the consequences following, and into one man's surgery, that of Mr. Lawson Tait, it was not safe for a woman to enter."

Mr. Lawson Tait threatened Miss Morant with a libel action unless she would consent to meet him at the Charing Cross Hotel, with reference to the correspondence over the Cullingworth operation. Naturally I objected to Miss Morant, who held my confidence, meeting Mr. Tait, with reference to me and without me; but she said she was afraid of a libel action, not on my account but on her own, and was obliged to fall in with Mr. Lawson Tait's request to meet him. Miss Morant had undertaken to give me full particulars of the interview between them. It was arranged that I should wait for her at Mr. Radford's office, where she would come on from the hotel and tell us what passed. Instead of the particulars I got a note, brought by her maid, "Mr. Lawson Tait has sealed my lips."

Miss Morant and myself parted friendship.

About a month afterwards, staying with a friend, a woman's woman, I received a letter from Miss Morant saying that although she knew the case, knew my statements to be true, one of the terms upon which Mr. Lawson Tait had consented to forego the action for libel against her was that she should write a letter to *The Medical Times and Circular,* saying she accepted Mr. Lawson Tait's word as against mine; she was loath to do it, she wrote, but could not afford to face the libel action, she had delayed doing it, but Mr. Lawson Tait had written her that she must write the letter at once.

She sent me a copy of the letter she was sending to *The Medical Journal.*

My friend and I went to the office of the medical paper and saw the Editor. He came at once to see me.

"I know what you have come about, Miss Beatty. You need not ask me not to publish the letter sent by Miss Morant. Mr. Lawson Tait has been here demanding that it should be published. My reply to him was: 'I know Miss Beatty; she has been discussed in my office for the past six months, and as everyone who has known her speaks most highly of her we accept her statement before yours, Mr. Tait.'"

The letter was not published.

I challenged Mr. Lawson Tait to take the libel action against me instead of Miss Morant, but he dared not, publicity was not wanted where I was concerned, nor the terms known upon which he had so coercively secured the letter from the writer.

What the libel action against Miss Morant was I have never been able to find out; but Miss Morant was very wistful for my personal safety, asking all who knew me to be on their guard as I might be missing. She would not say why she was nervous about me, and it was only after the death of Mr. Lawson Tait, from an operaton, that I approached Miss Morant for her secret.

Mr. Lawson Tait had, it appears, with another friend of Dr. Cullingworth, signed a lunacy certificate as a "dangerous lunatic," this time against me to be used by the police; to get me way before the trial, but when Miss Morant told him I had already stood the test of sanity, he became himself nervous, and so sealed Miss Morant's lips for fear it might get to my knowledge.

This man who knew so little of me, to whom I had said nothing of my intentions against Cullingworth, was the next witness in the box. The whole of the intrigues, the malice, the alarm in medical circles, was fear, and used to prevent a decision being given in Court, creating a precedent that a patient in hospital has a legal right over his or her body—at present there is none. I was likely to be the means of getting a decision. Of the by-play in which Mr. Lawson Tait had been engaged—and I knew nothing of it then—he said nothing in the witness-box.

"He very frequently operated on women without their consent.

"To the extent to which he subjected them, he did not tell them nor of the consequences following.

"He claimed the right so to act" were his boastful answers.

When asked by Mr. Spoke if he had not the notoriety of having mutilated more women in this way than any other man in England.

"Possibly I have, and boast of it," was Mr. Lawson Tait's evidence.

These witnesses filled the day, and there were nineteen other medical men to follow for this claim. The whole of the medical residents of Harley Street would follow if necessary—any dodge to keep my sister away, out of the box. It was a mistake on my side not to have put her in after me—my woman's instinct told me that, but Mr. Radford could not gauge the terror of the medical profession as I could. It was the old cry "Great is Diana—our trade is at stake," and the medical fraternity was fighting.

At five minutes to four the Judge said "he would adjourn the case till the morning."

Mr. Radford, who was a member of the London County Council, whispered to me "Nothing more will be done to-day, meet me at my office to-morrow morning at 10."

He left the Court.

The Court was rising when the foreman of the jury (now I know him to have been George William Bird) stood up.

"Stay, the foreman of the jury wishes to say something," said the Judge.

George William Bird, proprietor of the University Tavern —where the case had been dealt with during the Long Vacation—said: "The jury wish to stop the case; it ought never to have been brought."

(Sir Spencer Wells' exact words used in a different and opposite sense.)

"I have a right to have the points at issue in this quarrel settled here," I said "as to the right of a patient to say what shall or what shall not be done by a surgeon. This is the place to bring a dispute or you must give me power to deal with the man myself. You cannot settle a quarrel by refusing justice, and to stop the case does not settle this dispute between us."

Someone fetched Mr. Lawson Walton from the other Court; he was surprised, and asked the Judge what had taken place.

"The jury have stopped the case; they have taken the matter out of our hands," said the Judge.

Mr. Lawson Walton spoke to me.

"I strongly object. If the Court will not deal with the dispute it will not end," I said.

"Do you wish to say anything, Mr. Walton?" asked the Judge.

"It is useless if the case is stopped," said Mr. Walton.

Mr. Mercer, managing clerk to Mr. Radford, decided we had better drive on to the London County Council Offices in Spring Gardens to Mr. Radford. The latter had only just

arrived; he was on the stairs in the hall. I called after him:

"They have stopped the case, Mr. Radford!"

He blanched as he turned, almost incredulous. Little did he know that it had been planned to stop the case, that the arrangement had been made at the University Tavern where the medicals congregate from the University Hospital and also from the Medical Clinique—both close by.

So much for the jury system, in which a criminal can act as a foreman of a jury, and stop, and prevent an action for personal liberty at the instigation of powerful wrong-doers.

It was not for some time afterwards that I obtained the jury list. I saw each one of the jurymen—mostly Jews—and Lewis and Lewis, Jews, solicitors against me; George William Bird, who avoided me, I did not see. It was from Vine Street Police Court I got this man's record, where he was well known, having been several times convicted and imprisoned. From one of the jurymen I learnt that Bird had gone round at the luncheon hour to the others on the jury begging them to stop the case. "He knew all about the case," he said. From whom? The medicine men at the public-house bar—the defendant and his friends.

The jury were all tradespeople who were losing their profits in a long absence from their shops, with innumerable medical witnesses to be heard, which they could not understand. They were glad to get away to business.

Sir George Lewis subsequently said that the case should have been heard through and decided. It was a matter of public importance; this was evidenced by the crowded Court and the interested crowd waiting outside the Court. The report in the Press, leading articles in all the principal newspapers abroad, as at home, and letters to me show that the question should be decided. Sir George also said the verdict should have been, and would have been given in my favour, had the case been heard.

Naturally I determined to go to the Appeal Court.

Mr. Hopwood, K.C., wrote "that he had never seen or witnessed such a flagrant public act of injustice during the whole of his legal career. To a friend he had written: "the Judge ought not to have taken a case of evident magnitude so close to the vacation. It was in some respects conferring an advantage upon the defendant. However, I say 'courage' and all will be well. Miss Beatty has already taught the surgical profession a severe lesson. They are in a state of commotion about it. I trust she will attain complete victory and will have, in any case, protected women against outrage done under the mask of benevolence. I trust that her surgical witnesses will show moral courage and prefer

right to professional bias.—Truly Yours, Charles Hopwood, 1, Essex Court, Temple."

When from the Press Mrs. Mona Caird learned of the abrupt ending of the trial of the action she again wrote me:

"Dear Miss Beatty,—I cannot tell you how grieved and indignant I feel to see by this morning's paper that you have failed to get justice. It is really outrageous and most amazing. What evidence you had, and how clear your case really was. I have been fuming all the morning with indignation. The way they all wandered from the point in the whole case was really preposterous. The whole argument seemed to them *not* the question of your consent, but that of the surgical advisability of the operation, and this in the face of the fact that your whole action was the performance of the operation against your expressed will. The jury must have been a muddle-headed lot.

"We all have to thank you all the more for your courage and determination of fighting it out to the end. I fear it is many a long day before any other woman will be able to face what you have faced. It was most unlucky about the adjournment. People are terrified at going against a doctor.

"I fear you will be feeling terribly worn out and miserable after all you have gone through. I am so very sorry about it all. It is the grossest miscarriage of justice I have ever come in contact with, and shows what can be done with a British jury!

"It also gives an excellent idea of the barristers' art which seems to consist mainly in skilful wandering from the point. That case was decided, not on its own points, but on one which you never raised. You have fought a good fight and deserved success. The right so often seems to fail, but nevertheless, I am sure your efforts and example of courage and endurance have not been in vain.

"I am always, yours sincerely,

"MONA CAIRD."

I decided to go and went to the Court of Appeal, asking for a new trial. But the decision in the appeal was no legal decision—it was based not on law but on crime.

The decision and statement by the Judge were "It was evident that Dr. Cullingworth did not receive the plaintiff's consent to this operation in the letter he received from Dr. Bidwell as the latter had sworn that he had never been able to extract the consent from her, and in the opinion of the Courts, the defendant should not have performed any operation under the circumstances unless he were prepared to ac-

cept and abide by the instructions given, but because of the strong remarks of the foreman of the jury who had stopped the case by saying 'In the opinion of the jury the case should never have been brought. The appeal would be dismissed with costs against the plaintiff.'"

Shortly after the case was stopped, I was asked to take part in a debate at St. Martin's Town Hall on the question "Should Hospitals be Placed Under Popular Control?" At another meeting on the same subject at Poplar Town Hall, the Hon. Sydney Holland, Chairman of the London, Poplar, and Tilbury Hospitals, attacked me publicly, with:

"This woman has been proved a liar in open Court, and twelve jurymen refused to believe her oath."

I had, as I say, secured the jury list. I at once wrote to Mr. Avant (Avant and Co., House Furnishers, Auctioneers, etc., 232, Tottenham Court Road) asking if this statement of Mr. Holland were true, and received a letter from him:

> "Dear Miss Beatty,—In reply to the statement that the jury refused to believe you on oath, this is incorrect, and the remark of the foreman of the jury, that the jury thought the case ought never to have been brought, was quite unauthorised.—Yours faithfully,
>
> "JNO. AVANT."

Yet the appeal for a new trial in Beatty v. Cullingworth was dismissed by the Judge, on George William Bird's statement—entirely unauthorised by the other eleven men on the jury—and made solely by him, in whose interest? Certainly not in that of Justice, or in that spirit of duty which is supposed to be that of a juryman.

These judges were, and are, in a position to pay large fees to secure for themselves the result of the dexterity of hand acquired by mutilation of and experiment upon poor members of the public; they could save themselves from unnecessary and unjustifiable operations, and from operations against their consent and instructions, *and they were men.* After the vivisected animals, followed by the Whitechapel murders, it was necessary that younger and healthier women should be submitted to the same mutilation, and I, falling into the hands of Charles Cullingworth, was selected and so used.

When in Ireland, at the time of the East End murders, a doctor had said to me:

"What do you think now of your countrymen?"

I had replied: "Well, if the man is one of my countrymen, he is, as you admit, one of your profession; so at least we are quits."

What of the boast of English justice? Is it immaculate

where vested interest, influence, and money can turn the scales? It is not.

Is the jury system a safeguard to the administration of the law; I say it is not.

My own action at law, Beatty v. Cullingworth, is at the present time typical of the manner in which any question affecting an individual as against powerful opponents is adopted. The Judges, as highly paid public servants, are paid £8,000 and £10,000 a year to settle disputes by legal methods, so as to prevent members of the public from settling their disputes by force or other methods, should, upon such a serious question affecting the general public as "operation without consent" have had the subject thoroughly thrashed out and given their decision upon law. But because of their position, because of their large salaries from the public—probably they have sons and relatives in the allied profession (so called) of medicine, they are safe from the danger menacing others of the people.

In the lower Court, the Judge was at the time of the hearing of the case under instructions to be received into the Catholic Church by the very priest, Father Garnet, who had refused me absolution, because I would not promise not to take action against Dr. Cullingworth—was it only a coincidence?

The Court of Appeal began to tender sympathy to me before giving the decision.

"Stop," I said, "do not insult me more. I have not come to you for sympathy, but for a decision in law. I have a right to have this quarrel legally heard and settled, and for you to play any other game does not satisfy me. Make him produce this letter, in reference to which you now say he did not have my consent, or punish him for perjury; you would punish me. You punished the Duchess of Sutherland for destroying a letter, deal with this man, and let the facts come out. You dare not."

We decided to go to the House of Lords; I, in *forma pauperis*. I knew I stood little chance with the four Law Lords—one of them on the Committee of St. Thomas' Hospital—another, Lord Halsbury, with so many of his relatives in the same profession of medicine and of lunacy.

I was asking to be allowed a new trial.

"But," said Lord MacNaughton, "if you will pay into court £200 you can have one."

"And in the event of Justice being dragged in the mire once again, for and by the payment of bribes, what becomes of the £200?"

"It goes to the defendant."

"It never shall. I will find no money for his expenses, for the man who has ruined my existence. You refuse to deal

with the quarrel between us and the Courts have refused to hear it. I will never rest until I have secured a patient a right to her own body at the point and under the knife. Some day it shall be heard of."

CHAPTER XIV.

I wrote to the defendant, Cullingworth: "You have so far won by lies, intrigues, money, bribery, and influence, but the main points in the dispute are left undecided. I claimed my right to have the matter settled in Court. I have in no way, so far, interfered with you, excepting on the one occasion when I came to your house to ask you to allow me to earn a livelihood as I had done before the cursed day, 15th August, when I fell into your hands. You have managed to baulk the point. You and I have now to fight it out personally. I will adopt your methods, leaving the outcome to the One who pays debts without money—you can never be at rest—you have made yourself a legal criminal and will be constantly dreading publicity. God and man have left the vengeance to me. I will accept it, no matter what happens to me. I will punish you in the interest of other poor women who will have to suffer as I have done until a decision is legally given. You will find it difficult to stop me. Your victim, A. J. Beatty."

I stood on the steps of 14, Manchester Square, I cautioned the patients who were sent up to him by St. Thomas' men. Many patients turned away, thanking me. I compelled him to resign membership of the Midwives' Board.

"You shall never ruin another nurse's career if I can prevent it," I told him.

Dozens and dozens of postcards were sent to him daily. The Postal Authorities knew of them and knew the purport, to force him to take a libel action against me, to force the issues. I believe there are a pile of such postcards at Marlborough Street Police Court. But the postal authorities were sympathetic, so I heard, and waited for Cullingworth to take his own action. Even the police failed to act. So many were sent that Sir George Lewis finally communicated with the post office.

With the postman one morning came a detective. "I want to see Miss Beatty" he said, at the foot of the steps of the house.

"What do you want to see her for," I asked, going to the door.

"About some postcards and Dr. Cullingworth."

"Say what you have to say from him where you are, he has his remedy, let him take it. I am well aware he is send-

ing them to the police, asking them to help him. It is for him to stop the cards. The police should arrest him."

"I have come from the post office," said the official, as he took off his cap. "You know me, I think?" (as I recognised him.)

"That is another matter. Come in, what do you want?"

"I want to know if you wrote these," holding five postcards in his hands.

"Have they my name on? I write nothing anonymously," I asked, and he said "Yes, they have A. J. Beatty on."

"Let me see them. Yes, they were written by me, and sent to Charles Cullingworth. Who gave them to you?"

"Mr. George Lewis has been instructed by Dr. Cullingworth to get them stopped. Will you promise to discontinue sending them?"

"Not if I can force Charles Cullingworth's hand," I said."

"You cannot do it effectually through the post office," he said smiling. "The subject matter on the cards would probably not be read in Court. He would get you into expense or prison. Will you sign this?" as he handed me a paper.

"No, I will neither promise nor sign to discontinue sending them until I have consulted Mr. Radford."

"The post office people do not want to prosecute you Miss Beatty. Will you see Mr. Radford, and then come on to me at the post office and let me know your decision on Friday, three days hence?"

"Yes. In the event of your prosecuting me, I shall plead justification inasmuch as officialdom have refused to do anything in the quarrel between that man and me, leaving me to adopt what tactics I think best."

I saw Mr. Radford who endorsed what the official had said, that the postcards would probably not be read in open Court, and that Cullingworth would probably not appear, that I could not plead justification in breaking the postal laws. I saw the official and agreed to discontinue sending the postcards through the post, saying, "I will distribute them instead."

He offered to shake hands with me—"You won't sign?" "No."

The House of Lords' application for a new trial stood open for twelve months, as to whether I would or would not pay the £200. I was boycotted, how could I pay?

I applied at Bow Street for a criminal prosecution for perjury against Dr. Cullingworth on the letter, on the notes and book. Against me or against a poor individual, the Judge, hearing the action, would have sent a statement with the perjured evidence to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

But where there is money to bribe, there is influence to serve, and justice fails. Father Warwick appeared with me to sign the application for a warrant for perjury. The papers were formally left with the Magistrate at his request, I was to see him again in a few days.

"Get your sister to come here," he said, on my second visit with Father Warwick. But my sister had disappeared —where, I do not know. I challenged Cullingworth with her disappearance.

I was constantly the material for Press controversy. *The Daily Telegraph* had a long leading article, styling me "an ungrateful patient." "Ungrateful!"—I was more—I was indignant at the outrage. "A patient!"—I was a vivisected animal. *The Daily Telegraph* people seemed to have forgotten that I was the only trained nurse in their house, with eight of them down with Scarlet Fever, working almost day and night for a week to save their lives, until they could get a second nurse. I replied to them, "I was alive in spite of the Cullingworth surgery, not because of it. That I have a first right over my body, and had been made a case of because of healthfulness, and might as a nurse be useful to the man for interesting information."

I was written up—written down. Dr. Bell, of the Edinburgh Infirmary, published a book—"Notes on Surgery for Nurses," and added an appendix on the trained nurses attitude towards the (Almighty) Medical Profession. Evidently he had no other means to deal with my quarrel with Cullingworth or to express his view. "The trained nurse must be a lunatic to dare to take an action against the eminent surgeon because he removed parts of her precious body," he wrote.

To Dr. Bell, like many another of the profession, the trained nurse belongs to them body and soul, with no rights, no work, except in tune with them.

"The British Journal of Nursing," since Dr. Bedford Fenwick had become convinced of the truth of my statements, altered its tone towards me in the pages of the journal. At the first trial at Marlborough Street Police Court, the editor of the Journal had "tendered its sympathy to Dr. Cullingworth." On the review of Dr. Bell's book, the editor wrote: "It is a pity that Dr. Bell should go out of his way to drag this painful subject into his book." The journal was sent to me, marked, "this is evidently meant to damage you." I sent the journal to Mr. Lumley, solicitor, who with Mr. Abinger took action in the High Court on my behalf. Mr. Abinger could not bring in Dr. Cullingworth to the witness-box, so he said, or I would have had him there. Mr. Abinger had opened the proceedings when Mr. Justice Phillimore as I entered the

box asked me "Are you the nurse who brought an action against a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to sit down," asked the Judge, and, turning to the Counsel, "Are you going to put this lady through this ordeal again."

"It is not for me to offer terms," said Mr. Abinger.

The Counsel for Dr. Bell stood up. "I have received a telegram this morning from my client, Dr. Bell, saying, "go on with the case."

"Very well," said Mr. Justice Phillimore. "I shall know what to do when it comes to the jury. But, if I can be of any use in saving her, I will see you both in my room."

"Go and sit by your solicitor," he said to me, as the three bewigged men left the Court.

Mr. Abinger returned—"Would I accept an apology with £50." "Yes, if the apology is given in Court so that it reaches the public by the Press."

Mr. Justice Phillimore returned—"Do you understand the terms of settlement, Nurse?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you consent to accept the terms in preference to the action taking its usual course."

"Yes, I understand and consent. I would not do so if I could have had Dr. Cullingworth in the witness-box. I have been called a liar by Mr. Sydney Holland over the Cullingworth case, and I am not one."

Mr. Justice Phillimore addressed the jury—"through this long quarrel between the nurse and doctor, with which we have nothing to do here in this case, no one has come forward to say a word against the lady."

He was sympathetic, the apology was given in Court.

Mr. Justice Phillimore impounded the book, thus making practically the end of attacking my sanity the weapon so cruelly used by the medicine men, and the weapon in their hands solely to use.

CHAPTER XV.

About this time I had again to appeal to the Court not in defence of my sanity which, to a trained nurse is a professional asset, but to prove my veracity.

Mr. Sydney Holland had, as I said in Court, taunted me with the Cullingworth lies, and to defend my moral character I decided again to act. Mr. Joseph McCabe, once known as "Father Anthony" of the Franciscian Order, had left the Roman Catholic Church, having as he wrote, lost belief and faith in it. He was writing a series of articles in an evening paper, he made the remark in reply to questions that "he doubted the stories of escaped nuns from Convents as those who alleged their detention, seldom gave details to the public by which the circumstances could be investigated by any one. I wrote a letter to the press in reference to this statement, giving particulars of my detention in St. Veronica's Convent, to show that it is impossible for one detained in a Convent against their will to communicate with the outside public. It is not those who are not wanted in, but those who may be detained for some or any purpose who would find it impossible. It was impossible for me to get away in any other way than in the one I did—by trading on the fears of an inquest. But of others?

I gave in my press letter the names of all concerned in my detention, and the addresses of the various people concerned, including my own.

I was asked, "Would I verify my statement by giving the particulars publicly?"

"Yes, the Convents should be inspected to prevent inconvenient people like myself, from being imprisoned therein." The arrangements were made for a lecture at Nottingham. My given lecture was noted in "The Rock," "The English Churchman," and other papers. I had been so often quoted in the press that I took very little notice of reports and had practically finished with the incident when a gentleman friend visiting the Catholic Repository opposite the Brompton Oratory, looking over the Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets bought one entitled "The Truth about Convents," in which, in reading, he came across my name and sent it on to me.

I wrote to Mr. Britten, secretary to the Catholic Truth Society, requesting that the pamphlets should be withdrawn, and an apology be given to me for the way in which he had

spoken of me. If, in the event he wished to know the facts of my detention in St. Veronica's Convent I would come before his Committee and state them;—"I am not the 'myth' as you allege, but an individual whose character is her livelihood and as I am presumably as well known in the Catholic World as you may be, I object to the insinuations and objectionable remarks made concerning me."

No notice was taken of my letter. I wrote again informing him that unless he replied within a fortnight, I should hand the pamphlet over to my solicitor to deal with. Still no reply. I sent the pamphlet to Mr. Lumley. On seeing Mr. Abinger, the counsel, with Mr. Lumley, he said to me, "Mr. Britten says you are a liar."

"I say I am not" I said.

"Mr. Britten intimates you are an immoral woman."

"I say I am not," I answered.

"There is no need to write to him, Mr. Lumley, Miss Beatty has done herself what we could or should do."

The case of Beatty *v* Britten was in the list for hearing at the High Court. I had not seen nor heard of the people concerned on the Convent side until now, when Father White, one of the two priests, at whose instigation I had been decoyed and detained in the Convent, came to my house. (I had started a Nursing Home to be independent of the Medical boycott which was more acute than before the action of Beatty *v.* Cullingworth). I answered the door; "I want to see a servant girl who has been with you, Miss Beatty," he said, giving the girl's name.

"She has been gone from here some time to her father," I said.

"I have not really come to see her, I want to speak to you, Miss Beatty."

"What about Father White? I have not seen you since my imprisonment in St. Veronica's Convent and apparently the only enquiry you made as to whether I could take food, was because you feared an inquest. What do you want now?"

I was in my own house, with people in the house. I went to a friend visiting and saying, "if I ring, come at once." I asked Father White in.

"I am afraid of the lot of you, Father White."

"I would not harm you," he said. "I have come from Mr. Britten, who has been down to us about the pamphlet. He should not have written it. Will you accept an apology?"

"I cannot deal with the matter. You must go to the solicitors now. At first I offered to accept an apology from Mr. Britten, if he would also stop the publication of the pamphlet, but I received no reply to my letters."

"Mr. Britten did not tell me you had offered to accept an

apology—if that is so—he must deal with it himself. I will have nothing more to say" said Father White. "They are going to force the case through the Court," he added.

"Let them," I said. "There are several Catholic Judges to serve you. Mr. Britten can manage to get it before one of them, with the same result as the Cullingworth case in which the Judge was under instructions to be received into the Catholic Church by Father Garnet, who had refused me absolution because he could not force me under the Confessional power, to promise not to take the action against Cullingworth; you may do your worst, *I* have nothing more to say."

Father White left at this.

A day or two later I received a letter from Mr. Lumley, "Will you give me a call? Messrs. Leathley and Wills, defendant's solicitors have called. They wish to settle the action out of Court by paying you £100, and giving you a written apology, if you will accept, with an undertaking by them, to stop publication of the pamphlet."

This was accepted.

Just before taking the Nursing Home, I had again been compelled to keep my bed, suffering from the old malady, the Cullingworth surgery.

A friend, Mrs. Watts called one afternoon to see me. "Why don't you send for a doctor? Let me fetch one. You ought not to be so ill without having medical attendance."

"No doctor would attend me," I said. She knew little of the quarrel between Cullingworth, the doctors and myself.

"Why not try the West London Hospital?"

"No hospital will attend me, I have tried several," I said.

"Have you tried the West London?"

"No."

"Is it not prejudging them if you have not tried it, when you are in the neighbourhood of it?"

"You do not know the malice of medical officialdom as I do," I said, and laughed.

"I am going to get you a hospital letter. I will go with you and test for myself to see if they refuse."

"I will help you," I joked, knowing well what would happen.

The hospital outpatient letter was secured. I got up from bed and with Mrs. Watts attended at the West London Hospital punctually at 1.30 p.m. It was arranged I should say nothing except just to answer the questions put by the officials.

I had neither been a patient nor a nurse at this Institution.

The porter took the new patients' cards, mine with them. Other new patients were called in to see the doctor, I waited and waited from 1.30 to 4.45, when the porter came to me saying, "Miss Beatty I have to tell you, the doctors will not attend you."

Mrs. Watts now convinced of my statement, was indignant at the refusal, and asked to see the secretary, Mr. Gilbert. He saw her and informed her that "*no doctor at that hospital would ever attend Miss Beatty as a 'Minute' had been placed upon the hospital books to the effect that 'under no circumstances is Miss Beatty to receive medical or surgical relief at this Institution.'*"

A street parade by the local Temperance Societies to collect funds for the West London Hospital was in preparation to take place in about a fortnight's time round the borough of Hammersmith. I knew the secretary of the Demonstration Committee. I told him what had transpired at the West London Hospital when I had asked to be attended there, and of the 'Minute' placed on the books.

"What a disgraceful affair," he said. "And we are giving our time to collect for the Hospital. Come and see our Committee."

I laid the facts before his Committee and a Sub-Committee was at once formed and delegates appointed to wait on Mr. Gilbert for information. Mr. Gilbert received the deputation and gave the statement as he gave it to Mrs. Watts.

"What!" said Mr. Brewer, one of the deputation, "if Miss Beatty were to meet with a street accident, and were brought here, on a stretcher by a police constable, would you still refuse to attend her? Even if she were suffering from hæmorrhage, and to tie an artery would save her life, you would refuse to tie it?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Gilbert.

It was suggested that a question should be asked in the House of Commons as to the legality of the 'Minute.' It is thought generally by the public, that Hospitals are *public* Institutions. I had said they were private Institutions. One could not live in one as a nurse without gaining this knowledge. If they were public institutions, would not the roofs be inspected and the cruelty to animals in the vivisector's cages hidden from view be stopped? And would not the patient in the Ward have a legal claim over his body in the Poor Law Infirmary.

I saw the Member of Parliament for Hammersmith, General Goldsworthy, who doubted the existence of the 'Minute.' "I am a member of the Hospital Committee, but have not attended for some time. I will go to the next

meeting and ask for the books, I will soon put my foot down on such boycotting," said General Goldsworthy.

He went to the Committee meeting and I saw him again at the House of Commons.

" I could do nothing. Dr. Bird and Father White placed the ' Minute ' there.

" It is there?"

" Yes," said the General, " I will see Sir R. Webster about it."

Sir Richard Webster also doubted its existence so he said, and asked to see me. One has only to do some outrageous action and better humanity cannot credit it.

I saw Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone, we discussed the Cullingworth case. I told him that Sidney Holland had thrown the taunt at me:— " That twelve jurymen had refused to believe me on oath." And I gave him a copy of the pamphlet which I had had printed showing the connection of relationship between Dr. William Bird, personal friend of Dr. Leonard Bidwell, chief witness for Cullingworth and George William Bird, proprietor of the University Tavern, the rendezvous of the medicine men, and foreman of the jury who stopped the case.

" I am surprised that Mr. Sidney Holland should do it," (but no surprise at the injustice in the Courts).

" I will give you a Hospital letter to King's College Hospital, to see if they will attend you. I think they will," he said, thinking of his power. " They will not," I said " Mr. Gilbert informed Mr. Brewer from the Demonstration Committee that a similar ' Minute ' existed at the other London Hospitals, and that King's College had refused to attend me."

On the morning of Saturday, I received a subscriber's letter on the Goldsmith Company as subscribers, from Lord Alverstone, " with Sir Richard Webster's compliments," to be used either at King's College or the West London Hospital.

Miss Morant had advised me at one time to keep myself before the public as the only means of securing my safety. I had always acted on this advice, and was a member of various public Committees in the neighbourhood for this purpose. I was at this time on the Hammersmith Public Baths and Wash-houses Committee with Sir William Bull, Sir William Richmond and others, and on this Saturday afternoon I was to act as spokeswoman for a deputation waiting on the Metropolitan Radical Federation holding its sitting at the Grove Hall Club, Hammersmith. It was seldom I went about alone.

I was still battling with the Cullingworth case, and knew I had powerful enemies at work against me for him. He

did not know when the true facts of the case would be brought home to him.

It was a fine afternoon, I had the time free, and decided I would test Sir Richard Webster's influential letter at the hospital; going by myself, leaving word that I would be back in time for the deputation to the Metropolitan Radical Federation. I attended the out-patient's department at King's College Hospital; giving the letter to the porter in the usual way.

"I am afraid the doctors will not attend you, Miss Beatty," said the porter. "It is a cruel thing, but I will go in and ask to make certain."

He returned. "The doctors will not attend you."

"Can I speak to the secretary? I shall have to report the refusal to Sir Richard Webster."

"Yes, go to the front entrance."

I saw the secretary, the same warden whom I had seen previously, and told him Sir Richard Webster could hardly credit my statement that the hospitals refused to attend to me, although it was well known to the men the terrible condition in which I am left by Cullingworth.

"I knew it was waste of time to try the letter," I said, "as Playfair turned me out into the streets when I was more seriously ill than I am just now."

It was not the warden's fault, and there was no warmth in the conversation between us as we stood in the Hall. A surgeon in his white overalls had been walking up and down on the opposite side of the Hall. He may have been the one to refuse to see me. I do not know. I did not think he had either heard or had been listening to the conversation which passed between the clergyman and me. I daresay the name of "Playfair turning me into the streets" had struck his ears. A policeman walked into the hall. I had no idea that either the one or the other being there had any reference to me, but the constable walked over to me at once, took hold of my shoulder and said roughly to me "Clear out of here." And he led me out.

I was more amused and surprised than otherwise, but I was still more surprised when I got to the side gate of the Hospital in Portugal Street, when he said, "You must come with me."

"What for?" I asked.

"For causing a disturbance."

"But there has been no disturbance," I said.

There was absolutely not a single human being about outside the Hospital to be seen, and there had been no disturbance in my conversation with the secretary-warden, the only person I had spoken to except the friendly porter.

As the policeman led me past the Hospital front gates,

another constable came up to the surgeon. *Their hands met,* for what purpose, it may well be conjectured; as the second constable came to meet the first policeman and myself, he took hold of my other arm, and said :—

"I know this woman, she was in Oxford Street last night kicking up a row, she is a well-known woman on the streets."

The lie was too ridiculous. I had not been in Oxford Street for months, and I do not think I have ever been in Oxford Street or its vicinity in the evening or at night in my lifetime. Certainly, never in my life alone. I was taken to Bow Street Police Station tightly grasped by the two policemen. I was placed in the cage and charged " with causing a disturbance in Portugal Street."

"Why there was no one in Portugal Street to cause a disturbance with," I said. "The policeman took hold of me in the Hospital hall, and never left go of my arm till I got here. Where is the surgeon who fetched you?" I asked. In an aside to the Inspector the first constable said, "she is a woman on the streets. She was in Oxford Street last night causing a disturbance."

"No wonder the prisons have so many criminals in them, if this is the way you concoct evidence," I said. I was known to many of the officials at Bow Street Station by my several applications for a summons against the Cullingworth perjury. Officials in position seldom leave. "What is your name?" asked the Inspector.

"Miss Beatty," I replied.

"Are you the Nurse Beatty?" he asked, with some surprise in his tone.

"I don't know about being *the* Nurse Beatty, but I am Miss Beatty, a trained nurse."

"Have you anything on you to identify yourself? What is the medal you are wearing?"

"A badge of the Royal British Nurses' Association."

"Are you a member?"

"Yes."

To the constable I heard the remark "there is some mistake here." To me, he said, "You are charged with causing a disturbance in Portugal Street."

"Which is an absolute untruth," I said. For some time I was left in the same room in which I had rested when turned out of King's College Hospital in a critical state of health by Dr. Playfair.

Policeman after policeman, and detective after detective, came to have a look at me, presumably to identify me, before I went to the cells. It seems they communicated with the police at Hammersmith, the district in which I lived *and they were in a fix.*

I had a book with me, "Memoirs of a Physician." Rather appropriate, in the position in which I found myself. I sat in the cell and read, presently the jailor came and having a pencil with me, on the envelope in which the Hospital letter had been sent by Sir Richard Webster, I wrote out two telegrams—one to Mr. Radford, the solicitor, fearing he might be out of town, *it being again Saturday afternoon, as usual,* the other telegram to a wealthy lady friend; and gave the envelope with two shillings to the official, asking for the telegrams to be sent. Very shortly he returned.

I was taken to the door of the Court by the constable who had arrested me, he was now in a state of trepidation.

"Why did you say you were on the streets?" he said.

"I said no such thing. You said that," I replied.

I was called into Court. The magistrate had evidently been informed of the position the police were in, for as soon as I stood in the dock, and the clerk at the table spoke to him, the Magistrate said, "the case is dismissed. You are bound in your own recognisance."

I hailed a passing hansom, drove to the Station and got to Hammersmith at 4 p.m. Three of the members of the deputation were standing at the entrance to the Station discussing my absence. The other had gone again to my home to make enquiry for me. I was known to be punctual at public Meetings, Committees or Deputations, and unless found at home laid up by illness, it was to be assumed that something had happened to me. It was this which they were talking over. I touched one gentleman on the shoulder, saying, "Let us get over to the Hall."

"Where have you been? You are very white," said one of the delegates.

"Never mind, I will tell you afterwards," I replied.

There is always a large attendance at the Metropolitan Radical Federation meetings. I was called on, I rose to speak, but the reaction had set in from the ordeal through which I had just passed. I fainted. Miss Biddlecomb, the assistant secretary, was soon by my side—"Will you go on with the other business for a while, Miss Beatty is ill." She sat by me. I told her somewhat of what had happened; she stood up again and asked to be allowed to address the members. "I am going to move that all business be postponed that I may make a statement which Miss Beatty has just made to me."

The business was postponed. Later I gave to the meeting the facts of my arrest, and the statements made. The meeting developed into an indignation meeting. A question would be asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Pickersgill

both as to the charge and the existing 'Minute' on the Hospital books.

In the House of Commons Mr. Jesse Collins answered the first question "that Miss Beatty had been charged with causing a disturbance in Portugal Street, that the case was dismissed by Mr. Marsham; and I am informed," said the M.P., "that Miss Beatty made no request to send for her friends or Solicitor."

I wired to Mr. Jesse Collins:

"Your reply to the question is a deliberate lie. They have the 2s. to pay for the telegrams still to this day."

To the second question referring to the "minute" on the Hospital Books, Sir Edward Carson, Cullingworth's counsel in the action of Beatty v. Cullingworth, replied:

"The hospitals are *private institutions* and as such the Committees can do what they like. No one has power to interfere with them."

I had my Nursing Home. I was well able to meet all liabilities of rent, rates, and taxes. I had been there some time when Mr. Beek the tax-collector called for the rates. Asking him inside to pay him, I saw he had a Borough Council account book, which is published annually, in his hand.

"May I see it?" I asked.

"Yes, I will leave it. Let me have it when you have done with it," said Mr. Beek.

Reading through it I found that a subscription was given out of the rates to the West London Hospital each year. I decided I would raise the issue of the "Minute" on the West London Hospital books by deducting a penny from my next rates. I surely ought not to be compelled to contribute — through the rates—to an institution which debarred me from participating in the so-called benefits which it was supposed to provide, and which contribution could be enforced by distraint or imprisonment.

The next time Mr. Beek, the rate-collector, called for rates I tendered the amount less the 1d., but he gave the receipt for the full amount. I had always paid the rates on the Collector's first call. As he handed the receipt I said to him:

"Well, if you choose to give a penny to the West London Hospital it is little business of mine, but I do not wish to compel you to give it. I will let you summon me for the rates next time they become due, as a protest against the subscription to the West London Hospital. At the next rating time I had to appear before Admiral Hand and Dr. Bennet, magistrates, with the usual coterie of officials in attendance. I made the protest:

"I ought not to be compelled to subscribe to the Hospit-

als " I said, giving the facts of the position between myself and the doctors.

Dr. Bennet was a friend of Dr. William Bird, chairman of the West London Hospital, and interested in the local hospital. Admiral Hand's son was a medical student.

" Give me a receipt for the rates less 1d. and I will pay you at once," I said, as I held the money in my hand to the justices.

" You may pay, and retain the penny," said Admiral Hand.

I paid, less the 1d., but the receipt was again made out in full, and Admiral Hand gave the penny from the Bench. I was annoyed.

" Very well, I will deduct the 1d. in another way," I said.

On the next rates becoming due I sent the amount by post, again less the 1d., but the receipt was given in full.

I had spent about 1s. 4d. in this arrangement. Next time I determined to protest personally again, as the receipt was given in full. I have said that I seldom went about alone, and a socialist had accompanied me to the Town Hall. Admiral Hand and Dr. Bennet, with another doctor, were sitting as justices. As I was talking to Admiral Hand, Dr. Bennet said :

" Next case," and a policeman, evidently new to the protest and to me, put his hand roughly on my shoulder to remove me. Said the Socialist :

" Take your hand off that lady ! "

Before I could move the Socialist was on the floor of the Town Hall and eight or nine men were struggling with him. The place was in a state of turmoil. The justices did nothing.

" What do you want the man to do? " I asked. " Why do you wish to keep him on the floor? Let him get up, and you clerks go back to your seats. If the stupid rash policeman exceeds his duty it is not for you to do duty for him unless ordered by the men—the justices—who should be able to keep order in the Court." I was obeyed.

The man was allowed to get up; he was taken outside the near door on the top of a flight of steps.

I turned to Admiral Hand.

" I will not pay 1d. of the rates, but I will spend the money over this affair."

The man was taken to the police station, and charged with interfering with the police in the execution of their duty.' I followed to the station.

" Why do you not charge me," I asked. " Let the man out on bail. I will stand."

" We cannot take your bail, Miss Beatty, as the matter is over your rates," said the Inspector.

"Very well, I will get others."

I sent over the man's dinner and took a cab to friends for bail. While I was gone this short time the man was rushed off to the police court. The Magistrate was then sitting. I was in time to get to the first solicitor opposite the court. I paid his fee, and instructed him to get an adjournment. I told him what had happened, why and how.

It was sought to prevent me being in court, but I insisted. The case came on before Mr. Rose, stipendiary magistrate. The solicitor asked for the adjournment, saying "There is something behind this."

Bail was in readiness, other than mine, the magistrate consented to the adjournment, asking for the bailee to go into the box.

The Solicitor said, "There is a lady present prepared for this."

I stood in the box.

The Police Inspector asked: "Is the lady known, and will you accept her as bail for £40?"

The Inspector smiled, as he answered:

"The lady is well known, and can be held responsible for the amount of bail."

The case was adjourned for a week. I engaged my own solicitor to defend.

Mr. Rose was sympathetic, "but as the scene took place," as he said, "in a Court of Law, the fine would be 40s."

Before Mr. Rose could (if he had so intended to) give an alternative of imprisonment, I walked up to the Clerk, and placed the 40s. on his desk, and the Socialist walked out of the box.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Rose?"

"Yes," he replied, smiling, taken aback at my audacity and fearlessness of officialdom.

"You are, Mr. Rose, a subscriber, through this court, to the West London Hospital," I said. "If you got nothing from it for the money would you subscribe again, if the money you gave were your own, and they had placed such a 'minute' on the books against you, as they have placed against me. Would you be made to privately subscribe out of the rates, enforced by imprisonment as you could have compelled the payment of the fine of 40s.?"

"Well," said the Magistrate, "perhaps not, but the question of your dispute with the West London Hospital is outside my jurisdiction."

"Yes, I know it is; but I will not pay, and may yet have to come here myself before you in the matter."

"Good day."

"Good day, Sir."

I called next day after the action was settled to tell Mr. Beek that I would not pay the rates.

"There is no need for you to do so, Miss Beatty; they are paid."

I was annoyed.

"Who has paid them?"

"Admiral Hand came here and asked: 'Are Sister's rates paid?'"

"No," said Mr. Beek.

"I will pay them," and did so. The whole amount was paid.

"It was a kindly action," I admit, "but as I was trying to force an issue on the subject I would rather it had not been done."

Admiral Hand called on me, saying "he would not be a party to send me to prison," and only once sat again as a magistrate, I think.

The protest was left to the two doctor magistrates.

The local and daily paper Press took up the subject. Many remarks were made, doubting the existence of such a "minute" upon the books of "public institutions," all assuming the hospitals to be such, and all condemning "if true," the boycotting of a woman in this question of medical aid by the medical fraternity.

The local ratepayers were interested in watching the proceedings, and public meetings of protest were held in the neighbourhood. I was informed that several subscribers withheld their subscriptions, but the "minute" remains.

I raised the objection of subscriptions being given to a private institution out of the rates before Mr. Carson Roberts, the Local Government Auditor, at the auditing of accounts. He became interested in the moot point as to whether he could allow the subscription or not, and adjourned the audit.

Mr. Carson Roberts informed the Town Clerk, Mr. Thompson, who did not like the dispute, and was always unfriendly to me, that:

"Under the subscription out of the rates, if Miss Beatty is a sick inhabitant you cannot refuse her one of the hospital letters you receive from the hospital in return for the money."

"I will produce," I said, "two or as many certificates as you require as to my state of health. No hospital could refuse to attend me if this boycott did not exist."

"Will you go to the hospital and see if the 'minute' is actually on the books of the hospital, Mr. Thompson?" asked Mr. Carson Roberts.

"Yes," said the Town Clerk Thompson.

At the next audit I produced two medical certificates, one

from Dr. Bedford Fenwick, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., and the other from Dr. Carter.

Mr. Thompson reported to the auditor that he had been to the West London Hospital as requested by Mr. Carson Roberts, and had seen the 'minute' in the books against Miss Beatty refusing her medical attendance. The books were shown to him by the Secretary, Mr. Gilbert.

"Do you ask for a Hospital letter, Miss Beatty, from the Borough Council?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You must give her one, Mr. Thompson."

The letter was given by the Town Clerk on behalf of the Borough Council.

I presented it at the West London Hospital, but like the others, including the one from Lord Alverstone (the Lord Chief Justice of England), it was refused.

The war was a friendly one between myself and the officials outside those of the West London Hospital, and the Town Clerk.

Mr. Carson Roberts, at each audit, made a formal note of my objection, ordering a special notice of it to be made and printed in the annual Borough Council Report.

"Your next step, Miss Beatty, is either to appeal to the Local Government Board or to the High Court of Justice. The first you can do without expense. The second is, as you know, a costly one."

I could go to the High Court, for which I had not the slightest respect, or to the Local Government Board, for which I had little.

I wrote to the Local Government Board, placing the facts in writing, before them, and asking the same question left unanswered by their auditor.

Mr. John Burns, as President of the Board, replied "that laws could be made by a Borough Council, excluding part of the ratepayers from benefit under their own rates"; practically to the effect that Borough Councils dealing with public moneys can subscribe to private institutions in which the members are interested. I dispute the legality of the subscription and the ruling of Mr. John Burns.

I made an application on an affidavit to the High Court of Justice. The application came before Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, who had given me the hospital letter from the Goldsmiths' Company to the King's College or West London Hospitals. "But," said the Lord Chief Justice, "I make no decision. The affidavit remains on the 'Rolls.'"

The moot point is still to be decided.

Mr. Hopwood, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool (who spoke of the action of Beatty v. Cullingworth as the grossest act

of public injustice) hearing of the dispute between the doctors in hospitals and myself, which he realised was solely due to the Cullingworth question, wrote to me asking me what the expense would be to have Dr. Fenwick and Dr. Carter to attend me at my own home, if I wished to be attended by the two doctors, and if they would attend me.

Dr. Fenwick would undertake the operation, but the operation would be a serious one, and he might need to see me in an emergency, and that unless I could be in a locality nearer to him, the distance to Hammersmith was too much, he could not on this account, make himself responsible for the operation.

While this question between the doctors was being discussed Mr. Hopwood died suddenly. I should think the last letter, this kindest of men wrote, must have been to me, as I received a letter of the keenest sympathy from him, both on the cruel wrong done to me by Cullingworth, the boycotting and inhumanity shown towards me by medical men trading on the British public by professions of humanity, and also because of the injustice meted out to me by judge and jury. As I opened the morning paper I saw the notice of his sudden death. I revere his memory.

CHAPTER XVI.

I am, naturally, of an active temperament, to sit and brood over the wrongs done me has never appealed to me. I would work for redress even if I failed in obtaining it. I know officialdom to be corrupt, the "immaculate English justice," so loudly preached, to be one of a large banking account, and influence behind the scenes, perjury to be the trump card of the legal profession, who hold the monopoly of settling disputes, and the conspiracy of silence of officialdom, including judges.

Yet I have all this time a sacred vow ever in front of me. I leave the issue to the One to whom, and by whom, I made it.

I was advised to try cycle riding instead of walking, either the one or the other I must do, both for constitutional purposes and others.

I received a letter from the Local Government Board with reference to the compulsory subscription to the hospital. This I received on Saturday, October 6th. On Monday, about 9 a.m., I cycled to take the communication to a Press correspondent, who at one time was Leaderette writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was a local ratepayer, and keenly with me on the illegality of the subscriptions out of the rates to any, and especially to private institutions such as the hospitals have become—practically medical schools—into which the unconscious public entering as patients lose all legal right over their bodies. I had left the letters with the Press correspondent, and had intended to call at the municipal offices in Goldhawk Road.

Coming from the gentleman's house in Ravenscourt Road I turned Young's Corner into the Goldhawk Road, Hammersmith. The road was up, close to the pavement, with work being done by the London County Council on the main drainage, and barriers were standing close to the works, leaving the eighteen inches to the tram lines clear, which it seems to be the duty of the London United Tramways Company, Limited, to keep in repair. As I neared the hoardings a man was standing at the corner of the street near by.

"Can I get behind those houses to the Municipal Buildings?" I asked.

"It is only a stone's throw to walk, nurse," he said.

I dismounted, and with hand on the centre of the handle bars walked and reached the middle of the first barricade;

there were spaces left between these barriers for pedestrians to pass through. *My machine was snatched out of my hand ..a tramcar was on me. I was impacted in the eighteen inches between the hoarding and the tram.* I squeezed round for escape, but could not go forward nor backward. I stood on tip-toe to make myself as narrow as I could. The tram continued to move. I had seen my cycle carried away under the front part of it, and my mind centred on the idea that *when the end wheel came on me my legs would be torn off, and I should be carried to the West London Hospital with no legs.* The thought and position were terrible. The driver must have felt that he had something foreign between the tram and the wheels, but the car went on until stopped by the screams of the passers by—who had called out—"Where is the lady?"

It was a vivid experience.

I seemed to have stood so fixed for an age, with my arms outstretched against the hoarding at the back of me. I was in leisure time at home reading Farrar's Life of Christ, and during the illness following the accident my dreams were frequently from this position, that I was being crucified, and on waking I would find myself with my arms outstretched as though fixed in this position of the death by crucifixion.

The gathering crowd could not see me—only saw the bicycle under the tram. The workmen were pickaxing at the back of the hoarding. I heard no gong nor sound of the car until it was on me. My mind was fixed on the mental assumption that my legs were gone. I suddenly realised I was being dragged backward over the hoarding, and although I knew, instinctively, that in the eighteen inches of space there was not sufficient room for them to drag me up and over the four feet hoarding I had no power of speech to tell them to desist. I was on the small of my back, with my feet caught in the tram, being dragged over.

A man, who gave his name as Benjamin Gale, seeing the position I was in came in alongside between the hoarding and the tram. I could hear the cry: "Where is the lady?" But I was speechless as Mr. Gale placed me on the pavement. I still thought I had no legs, and the inclination to sit down was strong. When I realised my legs were still on my body, I laughed.

"Will you go to the hospital?" was but a confirmation of my mental anguish.

"No," I nervously answered.

The crowd were round me, one gentleman saying:

"There was a man killed here last week. The London County Council should place a man here. Take my card, Madam"

I was deadly faint; one man again said:

"Take her to the hospital."

A lady came to me.

"Come to my doctor, close by, out of the crowd."

She and a gentleman took me to the surgery of Dr. Hall Wilson. Someone handed me my key, but someone had taken my purse, and the pieces of the cycle I never saw again.

I was dazed. I got home and to bed. I was in pain and sick; my legs ached. I had been on a rack with strong men dragging me over a hoarding backwards, while my legs were fastened in front of a tramcar. Dr. Hall Wilson had given me a draught. I was frightened of being taken to the hospital. I realised either they would not attend me, or if they did I should never come out alive.

I was obliged to see Dr. Carter in the evening.

In the morning I was too ill to get up, and for nearly three months I was in bed absolutely unable to move. Dr. Carter, who attended me, diagnosed I was suffering from internal injuries, which had probably been caused in the attempt to drag me over the hoarding. Dr. Carter saw me twice, sometimes three times, and at one period came four times a day. I heard, when I was better, that the doctor had motored to Harley Street to see if he could find a specialist to help him in the emergency arising for the necessity of an operation. *He could find no doctor to help me;* and the West London Hospital also refused him assistance. Dr. Carter had himself fetched a trained nurse. After I had left Mr. Hall Wilson's surgery, after the accident, he seems to have telephoned to a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Roger Sadd and Stollard, of Gresham Street, City, and to have informed them of the accident. Mr. Roger Sadd called on me the same evening with reference to the accident—he asked me if he might take the case for compensation.

"Don't drag me into the Law Courts," I said, "I dislike them—I have no respect for them, and not the least faith in those in office there."

Dr. Carter took off my hands the correspondence I was engaged in, on the subject of the "Minute" on the Hospital's books, by informing the Local Government I was much too ill to attend to it at present, and also relieved me of any correspondence with the solicitors, Messrs. Roger Sadd and Stollard, over the accident.

A week after the accident—the solicitors having notified the London United Tramways Co., Ltd., that I was seriously ill—a request was sent to Dr. Carter that their doctor, Dr. Hewitt, should see me. I raised no objection if Dr. Carter would remain with me during the visit.

Dr. Hewitt came on the Monday, just a week after the accident. "A lady of independent means?" he asked, as

he entered my bedroom. "No; only a nurse," I said. Dr. Carter was present, and mentioned what his diagnosis was. After a long examination by Dr. Hewitt, he admitted I was very ill, and agreed with Dr. Carter as to the injuries received.

The accident had happened on October 8th. On October 31st the entry in Messrs. Roger Sadd and Stollard's Bill of Costs for £139 13s. is, "Subsequently attending Mr. Hall, from the Tramway's Co., discussing matters at length, and informing him that you would be at least two months ill; and *he admitted that their doctor agreed with yours that on account of a previous operation there was a likelihood of internal complication,* and he arranged that the Company should write us early next week with an offer of settlement."

The question of the Borough rates was again to the fore. I had, as I said, always taken the money for the rates with me to the Town Hall when making my protest against the subscription to the Hospital, offering it and saying, "Make me out a receipt, less the penny, and I will pay it over."

I had had a bad day of pain and sickness. Dr. Carter had called twice to see me, and would call again at 10 p.m. By the last post I received a notice from the Borough Council that on the morrow I should "be committed to one of His Majesty's prisons." I handed the document to Dr. Carter as he paid his last visit about 10.30 p.m. He said he would go on to the Town Hall in the morning, to inform the Town Clerk I was much too ill to be moved. I have said I was not a favourite with Mr. Thompson, the Town Clerk.

Dr. Carter was a busy man. I realised he might be called out to a case, leaving him no opportunity to call at the Town Hall early enough to prevent the men appointed coming to my Home to fetch me. "I will go myself," I said. The nurse tried to persuade me not to go, but I went. I managed with assistance to get to the Town Hall, a short distance from my home. I knew the malice with which I had to deal—two doctors forming the Bench—one connected with the West London Hospital, and both with the antagonistic professional feeling against me on account of the Cullingworth question, left me no shadow of chance of mercy. My illness was their chance.

As I attempted to walk across the entrance hall I fainted, losing consciousness. I came to with Dr. Bennet, J.P., one of the two magistrates, standing by me holding my pulse. "Drink this," he said.

"I will not, Dr. Bennet," I said, as I recognised him. "What are you doing here?" thinking I was in my own room.

"The Mayor called me from the Bench to you. You

ought not to have come here: you are far too ill," said Dr. Bennet.

"You would take the opportunity in my illness to send me to prison, Dr. Bennet, if I had not come."

Mr. Green, the Mayor, came to me. "I have telephoned to Dr. Carter, Miss Beatty," he said; "I know your objections to strangers attending you. Will you drink this brandy for me? It is only brandy."

I took it from him and drank it. "Send all these people away," I asked, as a host of officials stood round me.

A message was brought from the telephone from Dr. Carter to the Mayor: "Send for a cab for Miss Beatty. Wrap her up, and send someone with her to her house. I will go on there. Don't let her stand."

"Mr. Green," I said, "I will not subscribe to the West London Hospital. I am here in answer to the summons. Now, then, what are you going to do?" I said to Dr. Bennet.

The Rating Committee was sitting, and Mr. Beek, the rate collector, came to me. "Miss Beatty, you should not have come. The Rating Committee did not know you were so ill until I told them just now. And nothing is to be done until you are well enough to deal with it."

"I am not afraid of the Rating Committee, nor of you, Mr. Beek, but of the two medical magistrates. The matter is in their hands, as you have summoned me. If they wish to send me to prison, let them do it now—a fortnight hence I shall still be ill in all probability."

Mr. Green called the magistrates to me, as I insisted upon knowing what was to be done.

"What are you going to do, Dr. Bennet? Deal with it while I am here. Nothing will make me subscribe to the West London Hospital."

"I have a notice from the Rating Committee," said Dr. Bennet, "taking the matter out of my hands."

"It shall rest with me," said the Mayor. "You will trust me. Let me help you to the cab." A chair was brought, and I was carried to the cab.

I had to pay dearly for my determination, and was in bed for weeks following. Christmas Day was the first occasion when Dr. Carter would give permission for me to go out. Friends, Mrs. Brown and daughter, had gone to Dr. Carter, asking permission to fetch me to tea at their house, a short distance up the road. Miss Brown fetched me, and took me back home, letting me rest on the couch for tea.

In November the Borough Council election took place. Dr. Carter was a candidate. I had always taken a keen interest in public work. I had stood as a candidate for the Board of Guardians, missing success only by a few votes. Had I been able to get about, or even out of bed without increasing the pain and sickness, I should naturally have

canvassed and voted for Dr. Carter, who was putting up for the contest, the only member of the medical profession besides Dr. Fenwick who would attend me. I begged Dr. Carter to take me with the nurse in his motor car to record my vote for him.

"Much as I want votes, I dare not do it. Neither will I be responsible for your life if you venture out again. You have had one narrow escape over your summons for the rates at the Town Hall," said Dr. Carter.

I asked my opposite neighbour, also a candidate for the Borough Council, Mr. Cockerill, to send a carriage for me to go to the polling station; but the reply was, "Dr. Carter says you are much too ill."

I could not walk, I knew. I had to be content and lie still. Dr. Carter and the Misses Brown, two of his canvassers, promised to come in to tell me the result of the election as soon as the poll was declared. I deal with these details because of the direct, deliberate lies, concocted evidence, and perjury on these subjects used in the High Court of Justice at the trial of the action for damages for injuries received by the negligence of the servants of the London United Tramways, Limited.

I was none the worse for my first time out, on Christmas Day, with Dr. Carter's permission, to tea with the Misses Brown.

Dr. Carter, having supplied me with a special surgical belt, advised me to try outside walking as much as I could for physical purposes. The internal injuries had laid me up, but the concentration of mind at the time of the accident upon the thought that I should lose my legs when the next wheel of the tram moved towards me had affected them, and I had at first to use a walking-stick to balance myself, at the remembrance of the ordeal and the sight of a tramcar.

At the end of January, being out walking, as usual, one morning, I met a young friend, an engineer, speaking to a crowd of working men. I had just come out of a dairy, where I had had a glass of hot milk, and noticing Mr. Hall's hoarseness, with his throat muffled up, I took him a glass of hot milk. Some of the men recognised me.

"Serve us all alike, nurse," said one man.

"Who are the men?" I asked of Mr. Hall.

"Unemployed," he replied. "The Borough Council suggested a deputation to Mr. Kiralfy, of the White City fame, asking him to employ local men of Hammersmith at the Exhibition. I have taken the deputation, but Mr. Kiralfy says he has nothing to offer them. The men are cold and must be very hungry. I do not know how to dismiss them with so little hope. Will you address them?"

"They do not want words of an address," I said, "but work and food. Why not take them to the Town Hall and

ask the Mayor for money from the Bishop King's fund left from the 16th century to provide food and warmth for the poor of Hammersmith? They have at present thousands to the fund's account lying at Simpson's Bank in King Street."

"I do not know enough about it," said Mr. Hall. "Will you come with us and see if we can get them something to eat, if only bread and cheese?"

"If the men care to follow you, Mr. Hall, I will undertake to get them some bread and cheese within the hour. If I cannot get it from Bishop King's Charity or from the Mayor, I will pay for it myself, and deduct the amount from my rates."

Without going into details of management, I secured for the men (it was said in Court that the number was 400) a bread-and-cheese dinner, supplied at Palmer's Stores in Hammersmith Broadway. There were several constables, with two inspectors, with Mr. Hall and the unemployed men, who continued with the procession of men until after the distribution of the bread and cheese. One of the inspectors congratulated me on the order of the whole transaction.

"I did not think, when you made the promise to the men, Miss Beatty, that you would be able to fulfil it," he laughed, as he added, "I hope you will not become an active suffragette and lead the women with the same success in my district."

The members of the Philanthropical Society gave me many tickets to distribute amongst the men's wives. A man named Cheeseman, who was in the deputation to Mr. Kiralfy, led by Mr. Hall, and who also received the bread and cheese, came to me on the morning following, saying he "had no money, no work, no food, and his wife was near her confinement." I gave him some tickets on the Philanthropic Society's funds, and he took those tickets from me. He is an old soldier, and was said to have been out of work for six years, spending his time standing on the pavement of the Hammersmith Broadway. I knew him by sight; he was a member of the local branch of the Independent Labour Party. I had no idea that he was employed as a spy upon me, or practically to serve purposes in the action of Beatty *v.* the London United Tramways Company.

No compensation had up to this time been offered to me through Messrs. Roger Sadd and Stollard, the solicitors.

A man called at my house, telling me he had come from the "Law Society" (evidently the Law Guarantee Society, probably the insurance company in which the judges and members of the legal profession held such large amounts of shares—now wound up, with no publicity). The man said he had been told to ask me to settle the claim made by me for damages in the action against the London United Tramways Company for £100. I referred him to Mr. Stollard, and

wrote the latter to see the man and accept!

The case still hung on, and was, when concocted evidence was ready on the defendants' side, set down for trial at the High Courts.

I had allowed Mr. Hall, leader of the "unemployed," to hold his committee meetings at my house in January, supplying the members of the committee with hot coffee and other refreshments before they went on their march. Cheeseman was always with the committee. Mr. Hall became ill, and the meetings ceased.

Some time in February, Mr. Hall came to see me one morning.

"May I speak to you, Miss Beatty?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "come in."

"I am not annoyed in any way, and do not think I have any motive but to serve you; but why have you subpœnaed the man Cheeseman to give evidence in your action against the Tramway Company?" he said.

"I know nothing about Cheeseman being subpœnaed," I answered.

"I know they are plotting against you," said Mr. Hall. "Cheeseman came to me last night to ask me if I would join him, by payment, to swear you led the unemployed, with me, in November, and not in January. I told him I would kick him down the steps. I have come to ask you to let me come to the Court and denounce the plot."

"What has my leading the unemployed got to do with the accident?" I said. "However, I will telephone my solicitor, Mr. Stollard, about the matter."

I telephoned at once, but Mr. Stollard said, as I had done, "Your leading the unemployed has no bearing on the action, and it would be useless to call Mr. Hall."

Mr. Stollard's whole attitude at this time changed towards me—so much so that I wrote Messrs. Radford and Frankland, asking if their firm would act for me in the action; but Mr. Radford wrote, "It is always bad policy to change solicitors in an action." So I had to go on with Stollard, although suspicious of and dissatisfied with him. I called at his office to again give instructions, but he would not call Mr. Hall—he would not call Mr. Gale—he would not take into consideration, so he said, "the enemies against me in the interests of Charles Cullingworth." Up to this time the case was said to be so certain that compensation would be paid, that I had not been asked by him for any fees or money, as the solicitors would get their expenses from the other side.

Mr. Stollard had several times called on me at home, as I was too ill to go to his office. My house was well furnished.

He had personally had the case in hand since the 8th of October. Now, when the foul play was started, of which

he would apparently not hear, although he must have known of it, he suggested for the first time that I should secure his costs by giving him "a charge upon my home." This I refused to do, telling him he had undertaken the case without charge to me, saying he would get his costs out of the compensation, the case was so clear—"but in any event we shall not trouble you," Mr. Sadd had said.

The case came on for hearing on June 11th, before Mr. Justice Channel, in the High Court. Mr. Hogg, K.C., had been briefed for me, with a junior counsel. Mr. Roskill, K.C. and Mr. Pike for the London United Tramway Co., Ltd.

I went into the witness box and gave my account of the accident.

Mr. Roskill rose to cross-examine.

"Where were you in November, Miss Beatty?" holding a letter in his hand as he asked.

"At Rowan Road, Hammersmith, in bed the whole of the month, with a trained nurse in attendance upon me," I replied.

"I am going to prove you were not there at all: you were in Cornwall, having a good time of it. You owe a cabman £2 8s. for cab drives, do you not?"

"I have never owed a cabman a penny. I do not drive about in cabs. I have to content myself with buses and tramcars. If I use cabs my patients are responsible for the fare."

Mr. Roskill.—I am going to put the cabman in the witness-box to whom you owe the debt, and who in November drove you to Paddington *en route* for Cornwall, where you said you were going with a Dr. Beale to get your son into a school."

"I have never been to Cornwall, and I am not married, and never had a child yet," I said, "and do not know any Dr. Beale."

Mr. Roskill: "We will see," as he put the letter down. "You were hard-up?" he next queried. "You have been many times summoned for your rates?"

"Yes," I answered, "I was not hard-up, but I have been summoned for rates—not because I could not pay, but because I would not pay, on principle that as the medical men on the staff of the West London Hospital would not attend me, I do not see why I should subscribe through the rates to the institution," I made reply.

Mr. Roskill: "I am going to put the rate collector in the box."

"I see Mr. Musserd, the chief collector, is in the court—put him in the witness-box; he knows, as well as I do, all about the protest. I have always taken the amount of the rates with me to the Town Hall. If I could not afford to pay the rates, I could not afford to fight and protest against

the medical boycott. You cannot do these things without some expense," I said.

Mr. Roskill: "I am going to prove further, that in November you were out leading an active life—heading the unemployed, taking part in the Borough Council election, actively canvassing for a Dr. Davidson, a Socialist candidate, and that you were in Cornwall in November."

I thought the man was mad at first; it was so outrageous, that I could but laugh. *But the rules of the game!*

Mrs. Crawley, a total stranger to me, and the same lady who came into the surgery of Dr. Hall Wilson directly after the accident, was the next witness. Her evidence was to the effect that she had witnessed the whole of the accident. She was walking on the opposite side of the road, and had seen me walking, holding my cycle. To a passer-by she had exclaimed, "Oh, if that man does not ring his bell, that lady will be killed!" She swore emphatically that the driver, William Robert Brown, No. 1821, did not sound his gong. She had fainted afterwards, and been ill for a long time from the shock.

Dr. Carter gave his medical evidence of my illness from internal injuries received from the accident, saying that, with his diagnosis Dr. Hewitt, from the Tramway Company (who with Dr. Carter had held a consultation and examination of me) had agreed. Dr. Carter stated that at one time my illness became so serious, that he fetched a trained nurse in, and had motored to Harley Street to find a specialist to see me and to operate, but could find no one who would attend me. He had supplied a surgical appliance in December to enable me with safety to get about; that he had seen me twice and sometimes three times a day during the month of November.

Dr. Carter had a serious case of illness on hand, and as soon as he had given his evidence he asked Mr. Hogg, my counsel, if he might leave the court. He did so.

Mr. Sargeant, the gentleman who had handed me his card at the time of the accident, who had been subpœnaed to give evidence by both sides, telegraphed on the day of the trial that he was laid up with influenza, and by the doctor's orders could not attend. He had supplied a drawing of the road, the hoarding, and the position in which I was placed—the very point so denied by Mr. Roskill.

Mr. Sargeant was an entire stranger to me. I have his drawing sent to Rogers and Co. before the intrigue began.

A juryman rose in court and asked me if I looked behind me when I dismounted.

"There was no traffic as I turned the corner, and none as I dismounted, and no tramcar in sight," I said. "My duty is to look in front of me."

William Robert Brown, badge 1821, of 19 Gould Terrace,

Gould Road, Twickenham, stage driver of the car, was called. He delberately swore I "was not past the hoarding, that I had placed my machine in front of the tramcar and attempted to commit suicide."

At the last remark even Mr. Justice Channel could not but laugh, saying, "The plaintiff does not look of a suicidal turn of mind; it must be taken as a joke."

Brown swore he sounded his bell, and that I took no notice; but why he ran me down, even if I had attempted suicide, he gave no reason. He did not stop the car, with my cycle under the wheels, until the last wheel was just on me.

The conductor of the car, Thomas James Jordan, badge No. 1114, now cancelled, also stated he saw me place my cycle in front of the tram, but omitted the suggestion of suicide—he had taken the cue from Mr. Justice Channel's laugh. He gave no explanation of why, having seen me place my machine under the car, as he stated, he did not ring his bell as conductor to stop the car.

Next came the most active witness, the tram inspector, William Ward, of 2, Holly Road, Chiswick, for a long time stationed at Hammersmith Broadway, who knew me well in passing to and fro through the Broadway.

Ward had been with Police-Inspector Powell to take particulars of the accident at the time, and therefore knew perfectly well the true facts and the names of all witnesses likely to be called.

Inspector Powell's report was in the hands of Messrs. Roger Sadd and Stollard, and must have been in the hands of Messrs. Stanley Washborough, Baker and Company, defending solicitors, or how could they have had the several names of the strangers who had witnessed the accident, including that of Mr. Gale, the young workman who saved my life.

Ward, in his evidence, swore he "had left the Broadway for a time, and had been employed by the Company as a detective to follow up the case." He had, he said, seen me leading the 400 unemployed men in November; he had spoken to a man named Cheeseman (one of the unemployed in the procession), remarking to him, "That nurse has an action against our Company. She is supposed to be ill in bed." He had, he swore, followed me to Borough Council meetings in November; he had seen me taking an active part in the Borough Council election in November.

It was he who had concocted the evidence that was used by Mr. Roskill, that "I owed a cabman £2 8s. for driving in his cab about Hammersmith, and who had driven me to Paddington *en route* for Cornwall, on November 13th, where I had gone, he said, to get my son into a school there, and that I was accompanied by a Dr. Beale. I knew no such man.

Charles Cheeseman, of 57, Cardross Street, Shepherd's Bush, was called. His evidence fitted in in every minute detail with that given by William Ward.

I do not wonder at the summing-up of Mr. Justice Channel ; yet he holds his position as a Judge upon the supposition of being a level-headed man, and as such should have been able to detect and deal with the barefaced perjury committed by these men. It is admitted by judges themselves that wholesale perjury is the rule of the day in the Courts of Justice ; but for some reason they having the power do nothing to stop it.

This case Mr. Justice Channel should, in public morality, have sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. But could any judge really accept and believe, as he said he did in summing up, that I was on November 13th in Cornwall, or travelling there—at the same time, on the same day, leading 400 unemployed hungry men to a bread-and-cheese dinner in Hammersmith ! And I was, according to Dr. Carter's evidence, the trained nurse's, and my own, too ill to move out of bed until December 25th. Someone was deliberately lying.

To Cheeseman, the witness, as one of the unemployed I had been more bountiful than to any of the other men, because of his extremely pitiful tale—without any suspicion that he was at the time in the pay of the London United Tramways Company. Although out of work so long, he was suddenly found to be a most desirable workman, and he was given work in the tramyard—washing of the cars—while the case of Beatty and the London United Tramways, Limited, was pending. As soon as his perjured evidence had been given to back up that of William Ward's concocted evidence, he was no longer wanted, and was discharged.

Two Police-Inspectors—Inspector Powell and another, with attendant constables, were next called. The evidence given by the police was the only truthful evidence given by the witnesses called by the defence.

It was said by each of the police officers that I was a well-known public speaker. They had no record whatever of my attending unemployed meetings, or any other meetings, in November, that the feeding of the 400 men took place at the end of January, at which they were present, and had congratulated me on the order maintained.

Mr. Douglas Hogg elicited from the Chief Inspector that as I was so well-known as a local resident and speaker, no local constable would be at all likely to omit my name and notes of my speech in his report at the end of his duty.

" No, certainly," said the Inspector.

Dr. Hewitt, on behalf of the Company, was the next witness, and although he had to admit I was extremely ill when he saw me a week after the accident, that I was un-

doubtedly suffering from internal injuries—Dr. Carter had, in his evidence stated that—because of the condition in which Dr. Cullingworth had left me, complications had set in, and that I was "a bad subject to receive any local injury."

Dr. Hewitt was defending his Company, and with the medical animus against me stated, that because of the Cullingworth operation from which he said I had completely recovered, that I was stronger to bear internal injuries and should have recovered in three weeks' time, his evidence was nearly as perjured as that of Ward's. He was a medical man, he had examined me in the presence of Dr. Carter, and knew and could not help but see my condition, which still prevents me from following my profession, and which neither the president of the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians could deny that I am in need of surgical aid which no hospital will render. There is no disguising my condition.

Mr. Roskill, K.C., now a minor judge, addressed the jury. In spite of the fact that the Company's servants—I presume Ward and Cheeseman had canvassed Hammersmith to find someone to whom it could be said I owed even a single penny, and because no one could be found (I had had the same tradespeople for years, and had paid my bills), my landlord had informed them I was "a model tenant." I had paid my rent regularly on the quarter days, and had had the house for years. Yet Mr. Roskill started his address with: "The plaintiff was in debt"—(on the concocted evidence); he had stated he would put the cabman in the witness-box, to whom he alleged I owed £2 8s. No cabman was put in, and although he had Mr. Musserd, the chief rate-collector of Hammersmith just behind him in Court, he dared not put him in the witness-box—the reason of rates protest by me could not but have come out had he done so. The statement that I had not paid the rates, without giving the reason, suited Mr. Roskill's purpose in his statements to the jury.

With these barefaced untruths he dragged in the Cullingworth case at every chance, making a long rambling speech over the quarrel between Dr. Cullingworth and myself, and based the present action on it.

Mr. Douglas Hogg, K.C., rose, with the apt expression of his opinion that "any stick and every stick that could be found was used to beat the plaintiff with. What if the plaintiff had a grievance against Dr. Cullingworth—there was no two opinions as to her belief in the wrong Dr. Cullingworth had done her. The plaintiff flatly denies the statements made concerning her being in Cornwall, and in other ways leading an active life in November, or that she was in debt."

Mr. Justice Channel: "I do not ask you, Mr. Hogg, why you did not call the man, Gale, who is said by the

plaintiff to have saved her life. If he had been called I should very much like to have congratulated him from the Bench for his heroic act, because if the plaintiff's story were true and she was in the position she states, this working man certainly rescued her from what undoubtedly would have been death—because so fixed as she said she could neither move one way nor the other, and if it were so she would be entitled to the fullest damages which a jury could award—but I do wonder why you, Mr. Roskill, have not called him."

Mr. Roskill: "The man cannot be found."

Mr. Justice Channel: "Then I am to assume he is a myth?"

Mr. Roskill: "Yes."

Mr. Roskill must have given advice on evidence of the papers placed before him by the solicitors to the London United Tramways Company. The police report was in the hands of Stanley Washborough, Baker and Co., solicitors to the defendants. Is it likely that Mr. Roskill would not have asked for and have seen it? Mr. Roskill well knew that Gale was not a myth. These solicitors had written some six or seven letters at the time of the accident and the trial, and it was well known to the defendants' witnesses, and especially must it have been known to Ward, the Tramway Company's Inspector, for the time being employed as a detective in the case, that Benjamin Gale was at the same address to which the solicitors had written him, where he was living with his mother.

The case came on for hearing in the High Court on Monday morning. Mr. Roskill had deceived the Judge by saying Mr. Gale was a myth. I heard from Mrs. Gale, the mother, when making enquiries afterwards, that men from the tramway had been to her house on Sunday, the day before, asking that Mr. Gale, her son, would sign a paper, "that the nurse who met with an accident was not past the hoarding." The mother informed me that Mr. Gale had refused to sign it, saying "I cannot save a woman's life, and then swear lies against her." (I have his evidence in a written statement signed by him.)

Doubly does this young working man, Gale, whom I have only seen twice in my lifetime, deserve some public recognition, not only for his heroic act in saving life, but also for his honourable conduct in refusing—poor man as he is—to gain money by perjury. I had several times protested to Mr. Stollard, when acting for me, about not calling Mr. Gale. It was the same old legal quibble—"The other side are bound to call him." I did not suspect what was going on behind the scenes. When Mr. Roskill said Mr. Gale was a myth, I said to Stollard, "Tell Mr. Channel the man's

name," but he replied, evidently to keep me quiet, "We will appeal for a new trial."

"I believe," said Mr. Justice Channel, "that the plaintiff was in Cornwall in November, that she was leading the unemployed in November, that she was leading an active life, in spite of the statement that she was ill in bed, with a trained nurse in attendance, and Dr. Carter visiting her twice and sometimes three times daily."

The Cullingworth prejudice was uppermost. The medical man has the ear of the Judge, who is sworn by oath to be impartial, but is not.

The jury were out of court for about an hour.

Mr. Stollard turned to me. "We have lost the case."

"I do not mind," I said; "I shall appeal. You should have put Mr. Gale in the box."

"I was informed the other side were calling him," said Mr. Stollard.

"Why," I asked, "do you solicitors always play with the principal witness? It was done in the Cullingworth case with my sister."

The jury returned with "Verdict for the plaintiff, with £50 damages." It was something that twelve men should accept my statement as against such well-fitted-in perjury, and against the illogical and libellous summing-up of Mr. Justice Channel, who had certainly shown a degree of malice against me that for a time—I wondered why. When the foreman of the jury announced the verdict, Mr. Channel was not only surprised, but angry, saying "I would not have given her a penny."

Mr. Roskill asked for permission to appeal on the Judge's strong remarks. Permission was very readily given.

"I am afraid you must pay the money into court, Mr. Roskill, as the jury are unanimous in their verdict for the plaintiff."

I instructed Mr. Stollard to apply for a summons for perjury against Ward and Cheeseman. Mr. Stollard drew up the particulars, but said "Wait until the appeal."

I did not like Mr. Stollard's attitude towards me. I could not see papers, nor get much information from him. I determined to apply to Bow Street Police Court for the summons against the two men myself.

Mr. Marsham, the sitting magistrate, said he could not grant me a summons while Civil proceedings were pending. I must make another application when the appeal had been heard.

I instructed Mr. Stollard that he was not to appear for me at any Court except I was with him—neither on appeal nor elsewhere.

On returning to Hammersmith, on my way home after the trial, I passed through the Broadway. The witness,

Ward, who had, it seems, finished his detective work, was standing in his usual place as Tram Inspector, at the Broadway.

"You can concoct evidence, Ward," I said to him. "And where is this cabman to whom you say I owe £2 8s.?"

"I know where he is; he has written a letter which is in our solicitor's office at Chiswick and it was in Court this afternoon. You shall never get the £50, our firm will see to that," he called after me.

There is a cab rank close by the Broadway. With a friend who had been in court, and had heard the evidence given there, I asked of the first cabman I met, "Is there a cabman here who says a nurse, Miss Beatty, owes him £2 8s. for cab fares?"

"Yes," answered the man. "It is Mr. John Ruff; he lives at 3, Lori's Mews."

I went with the witness to the mews, and asked for Mr. Ruff.

"He is not in, but I am Mrs. Ruff."

"Is there a nurse who owes you money—£2 8s.?"

"Yes."

"What is her name?"

"Nurse Beatty," she answered.

"Have you anything to show she owes you this money?"

"We have several letters," she said.

"May I see them?"

She went indoors, and returned with some letters which she gave me to read.

"These are signed 'Leo Appleyard,'" I said; "there is nothing about Nurse Beatty in them. Here is one from Cornwall, written from Bedford House, Camborne, Cornwall, dated March 6th, 1906, signed 'Leo Appleyard and Grace Martin.'"

"But why do you call her Miss Beatty?" I asked.

"Inspector Ward came to us just now and told us we shall get our money, as Nurse Beatty has won £50 against them this afternoon."

"Has he been to you before?" I asked.

"Yes, several times."

"But why do you say 'Miss Beatty?' There is nothing about her here."

"The Inspector told us it was the same Miss Beatty who had a quarrel with the West London Hospital, who owes us money, and the same one who had an action against his Company."

"Do you know me?"

"No, I have never seen you before."

"Is your husband in?"

"No, he won't be in until eight o'clock."

"Will you ask him to come to my house this evening?

I am Miss Beatty—the only known Nurse Beatty in Hammersmith, and the one who has a quarrel with the West London Hospital, and the one who has an action against the Tramway Company, heard in the Courts to-day; but I am not the nurse who owes you or any cabman or any other tradesman money."

Mr. Ruff came to my house in the evening, very frightened and crying, begging me not to get him into trouble.

"It was Ward, the tram inspector, who had told us that the nurse was a Miss Beatty. I have never seen you before. The nurse was dark," he said.

I said to him, "But Ward has known me for years."

Mr. Ruff signed a statement "that he had never seen me until that evening, that I did not owe him money, and that he had never driven me in his cab."

I had in passing called at Mr. Mizens, fishmonger, in the Broadway, to order some fish—I usually dealt there. I mentioned the subject of the cabman and Ward.

"Ward called here to know if you paid your bills. Yes, always, I answered," said the assistant. "'She does not pay her cab bills,'" Ward retorted. "'I don't believe it,'" remarked the assistant.

"Why did you not tell me before?" I asked. "I should have been up to the treachery of Ward."

"Because I did not believe it, and thought it was only gossip."

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as the case was over I was summoned for the rates before the Bench of the two medical men.

"You are still determined to make me subscribe to the West London Hospital, who refused to attend me even when ill from a street accident?" I said.

"We have made an order, committing you to Holloway Prison," said Dr. Bennet.

And to Holloway Prison I went. I was arrested in the streets, but managed to get home and change into nursing uniform. It was as well to go to prison as a nurse. The warrant officer, Charrington, was standing on guard outside my door, waiting for me, when a friend, Miss Shaw, called to know if I could take a patient into the house. A friend in the house admitted Miss Shaw, and she came to my bedroom where I was dressing.

"I cannot attend to anything now. I am dressing to go to prison," I said.

"There is a man outside: shall I ask him what he wants?" she asked, not in the least taking in the position I mentioned.

"He is waiting to take me to Holloway Prison," I repeated.

"Nonsense," she said, "don't joke!"

"It is true," I said.

"What for?"

"For the rates."

"How much are they?"

"I really cannot say, but the principle is over a penny, which I will not pay."

"I will go and see him," she said; "he must take my cheque whatever the amount."

Miss Shaw's cheque would have been good enough for *any* amount, and could have been easily changed or held over until Monday or the guarantees accepted, but the object and the malice was to get me into prison, to sample the power of the Medical Bench. Mr. Charrington refused the cheque.

"Look after my dog and cat and pets," I said. "Here I am, Mr. Charrington."

Miss Shaw was amazed. I was taken to the Hammersmith Police Station, and I caught sight of the tram inspector Ward, as I passed, and he laughed.

"Is Miss Beatty to go into the cells?" asked Charrington.

"No," replied the Inspector.

A woman and a cab were sent for, and with Mr. Charrington we drove to the gates of Holloway Gaol.

The King was giving a Garden Party, and I was also to be one of his Majesty's guests, although an unwilling one. I could not but smile at the inconsistencies of life. I had also driven to a garden-party given to the nurses by the same King, at the same royal residence, Marlborough House.

I am credited with British pluck and spirit, and had been spoken of by the local police as a "plucky little woman." I had naturally read of prison life—of Elizabeth Fry's work of reform. I entered the gates of the prison to find a system of cruelty, oppression, and tyranny that had never entered my imagination ; and unless I had passed through it, and was at Holloway—it is true, for only a week—I could not have realised that such a system was still in existence in these days of voting power.

I was submitted to the usual indignities — stripped, weighed, eyes, hair, age, etc., noted by the wardress, my hair inspected by two other prisoners. I mercifully escaped a bath in the dirty bathroom, which I had espied close by—how many and who had just been there, I quaked to think. In undress I had to appear before a young medical man, who, without looking up, still writing of the former human item who had passed him, he placed the stethoscope on my chest, and this finished the medical examination. I re-dressed in my nurse's uniform, and was packed with five other prisoners in a dirty cell. The suffragettes had been there before me. There on the walls was scratched, "Votes for women!"

"Good luck to the suffragettes!" said one oft-time prisoner ; "they'll help us when they get the vote."

One young girl about eighteen was sobbing bitterly. I tried to cheer her. A dirty can of thick, greasy cocoa and a small brown loaf of bread, on top of the cocoa, was brought into the cell. I sickened at the sight of it. I was still affected by sickness from the result of the accident, and have always suffered from the same since the Cullingworth operation. One poor woman, thin and white, gladly took my allowance and ate both quickly.

About six p.m. (I had been arrested at 1 p.m.) I was taken up to a cell. The door was standing open.

"Take that can, and fill it with water," was the peremptory command of a woman who seemed to have mechanically given the same order for hundreds of times. I filled the can, and the cell door was slammed on me. I did not undress. I laid down on the bed.

Sunday, about 6 a.m.—there are no means of knowing the time of day to a novice prisoner—a wardress (whose name, I subsequently heard, was Davis and who was said to

be a sister of the midwife employed at the gaol) on throwing open the door of the cell, in a loud, gruff voice said, "Do you want to see the doctor?"

"Yes," I answered.

In a few minutes another wardress threw open the door.

"Chapel!" this one announced.

I was dressed in a nurse's outdoor uniform. "Take off that bonnet—you are not going to chapel in that; *we* never wear bonnets."

I took off the bonnet and went to chapel with head uncovered. The Catholic priest raised no objection as he saw me. He was a *State* servant, and the rules of Holy Church must go.

When on admission I was asked by the wardress, "What religion?" "I was a Roman Catholic, but belong to no religious sect now," I answered. So down went R.C. against me. I learned that Roman Catholic prisoners who know the trick enter prisons as members of the Church of England—they have more liberty as such.

All the laws in England affecting women have practically been made and are based upon the dictum and prejudice of St. Paul; yet one of his most pious Church laws, that a woman's head must be covered, was broken in this State institution on the flimsiest pretext, that the officials had taken to wearing a style of bonnet adopted usually by the trained nurse. Father Carey would have been very shocked had I entered a Roman Catholic Church outside prison, or Convent Chapel, with uncovered head!

I was in prison and wanted to see and know all I could find out while there.

Annie Kenny, of suffragette fame and heroism, published a pamphlet on the aspects and appearance of the women in gaol at Church. But no pen could describe the abject misery depicted on the emotionless faces—some old, some young, some mere girls. The amount of suffering, the torture, the tyranny each must have gone through to bring the face of the human being to such a terrible exhibition of lifelessness!—I have never seen such in my career as a nurse from physical suffering, even when most acute or prolonged. Man's inhumanity to man is terrible, and to woman more so.

The whole performance at Church was but a bit of State regime. I neither stood for the hymns nor knelt for the prayers, but sat and watched. By the side of me was the drawn curtain of the "condemned to death" woman. When the number of the hymn was given out by Father Carey, and the prisoners mechanically started to sing, "O Paradise, O Paradise!" I could have laughed aloud at the irony of it all.

I got back to cell. As I entered, Davis, the wardress,

accosted me with "How dare you go to chapel when you have asked to see the doctor?"

"The officials of an institution should know their own rules and regulations. I was told to go, and obediently went," I answered. With some volley of words she locked the door. Presently the doctor came, with another wardress. Davis was not with him.

"Can I lie down?" I asked: "it seems I am not allowed to do so without your permission."

"Yes," he said.

When Davis next came to the cell in which I was imprisoned she was very irate at seeing me lying down on the bed.

"You have not come here to do as you like." She turned the bed up, and kicked it over.

Sunday is a day of solitary confinement, probably to give officialdom a free day. It is a confinement to barracks with a malicious vengeance. I could not see to read even if I felt so inclined. The only amusing reading was, "The happy home, and how to keep it," and I had been taken from mine.

On being arrested I had telephoned Mr. Stollard, informing him that if I found my health was affected by life in Holloway Gaol I would send for him and he could pay the rates, but if possible I would do the time and not pay them, on principle. On Monday morning I had so far had no sleep, and no food since Saturday at 12. I had neither undressed, nor was in bed. I could not do my hair, the comb supplied had about five teeth to it, and the hair-brush was a mere handle of wood—to me useless, with a quantity of hair. So when the door was unlocked—the exhibition of the most insanitary arrangements that are too disgusting to describe, met my gaze—I decided to send a letter to Mr. Stollard to come on to me. I asked Davis for writing materials, saying I wished to write concerning the rates to my solicitors.

"You are not entitled to write a letter: you are only here for a week," and off she went.

"Tell the head wardress I wish to write a letter," I said.

Bang went the door. It was presently unlocked and a prisoner entered the cell, carrying the biggest pail filled with water I have ever seen.

"Scrub your cell," said Davis.

"I have no intention of doing any such thing. If you want it scrubbed do it yourself. I have paid the police rate for years, out of which comes your salary," I made reply.

"I shall report you," said Davis.

The pail was left in the cell, and bang went the door.

The doctor came. "Don't you like scrubbing, nurse?"

"No," I replied.

"Let some one do it for her," he said, and left.

I waited and waited for writing materials. I had no intention of being the first to rouse any dispute with Davis, but equally had no intention of submitting to her temper. She had, as one of the prisoners said, got her knife into me.

My cell, 20, was next to the lavatory and slop sink. For three mornings both were stopped up, the sewerage running to my cell door. I have worked in the slums of Liverpool, Belfast, and London ; I have never seen humanity under such filthy conditions as I witnessed in this expensive State institution at 6 o'clock in the mornings. Monday I was not allowed out for "recreation"—what a misapplied term! Tuesday the head wardress going her round unlocked my cell door.

"Have you not been told to go out in the court?"

"No."

"Were you not out yesterday?"

"No, I have not been out since I came in except for the chapel half-hour on Sunday morning."

She told me to follow her, and with her I went to the steps into the open air—the first breath since Saturday 1 p.m. My cell was practically hermetically sealed.

To Davis, whom the head wardress called, she said: "This debtor should not be in her cell."

The airing court is divided into two parts for the purpose of "recreation"—one where the remands and prisoners have to march round and round, with a space between each prisoner ; the other small patch for the debtors, who are allowed to talk. Davis placed me with the first. It mattered not to me—it was a breath of fresh air. The senior wardress seeing that I was with the prisoners again called Davis, telling her I should be on the other side. There were four debtors besides myself, and I learnt much.

The matron and a black-coated official, as I took him to be, walked round. I had not seen the matron before, but gained the information from a poor woman, in prison for inability to pay a fine of 4s. for not sending her child to school who had no boots, who the matron was. The two officials stayed but a second.

"Who is the man?" I asked.

"He is the magistrate," said the poor woman.

"I wish I had known it," I said ; "I would have told him I am being illegally detained."

"Back to cell." Davis followed me into mine, evidently she was annoyed that the head wardress had happened to find me not out with the others.

"You have come here to give as much trouble as possible." She walked up to the rolled mattress and bedding—done up, as I thought, to prison regulations—and kicked it over. "Just roll that up again!" she almost screamed to me.

"Roll it up yourself—you unrolled it," I said.

"I shall report you again," she said, as she slammed and locked the door.

The bed remained as she had left it. As I did not reap the doctor's permission to lie down in the day-time I did not touch it.

Wednesday morning, as soon as she unlocked the cell I was subjected to the same tirade of anger. I was in no mood to put up with it further—possibly it was being done intentionally. With no sleep, no food but an occasional drink of the thickened cocoa—to manage which I had to pinch my nose and shut my eyes, as we advise child-patients to do—and very little constitutional sanitary arrangements, the trial to remain was beyond me. As Davis finished speaking to me I said, "Send the matron, the Governor, or the head wardress here to me."

The head wardress came.

"On Monday morning I asked this wardress, Davis, for writing materials to send for my solicitor, who is waiting instructions from me as to the rates. She refused to supply me with them," I said, "and what is more—although I am a prisoner, I resent being attended by her. She never comes near me but I get some abuse."

"Did this debtor ask to write a letter?"

"Yes," answered Davis, "and I told her she could not write."

"You should have reported the request to me. She is entitled to write. She is only a debtor for rates," said the senior one. As the cell door was closing I heard the head wardress say, "There will be a bother over this."

Davis was off, and a totally different type of wardress opened the cell door the next time it was opened. As I heard the key turn I expected the usual volley, but instead I was met with: "I am sorry you have had such a rough time of it. I have been away on holiday and have only just returned. Never mind!"

Miss Shaw I knew would be likely to call at the prison on Wednesday, to make enquiries and to pay the rates if I wished to leave. I spoke to the new wardress, saying a friend will probably be here this afternoon. I will go away with her. But although Miss Shaw called I was not made aware of the fact—it was apparent that I was to be made to do the week's imprisonment.

Miss Shaw, I heard, was well received. She was shown over the elaborate official part of the gaol, with its well-polished brass, its well polished furniture; the wardresses in their semi-trained blue uniform, copied from the nurse's style of dress, who parade the corridors with their haughty airs of officialdom, were effective.

I laughed as she spoke of the cleanliness of Holloway Gaol! Her description of the civility of the officials! The

whole was so totally the opposite to Holloway Gaol behind the scenes—in the part of the cells, the part used for the purpose of reclamation of the unfortunate, even if to punish humanity—the tyranny of the officials with all things supplied to those placed in their power, beggars description. I had had a taste of it myself, and saw and heard of it from others who were prisoners at the same time. Whether from the fact being recognised that I was being illegally imprisoned, or that I might prove an inconvenience when released, or from the visit of Miss Shaw, a lady of ample means, I cannot say, but the change of the manner and attitude of the officials towards me was apparent—my cell door was often ajar—I was out in the airing court after the other prisoners had gone in—it may have been that I was again showing apparent signs of illness and breakdown.

Thursday afternoon the key turned in the cell door, with the order "Stand for the matron." I did not stand, but kept the position in which I was.

The matron walked over to the sorry pile of books—the Bible, "The happy home, and how to keep it," with three others, neither of which I had touched and they were placed as I had found them on Saturday.

"This prisoner should be shown how to arrange the books. She has not been here before. Have you an interesting book to read?" she asked .

"No," I replied.

"See that she has one."

Not a word about me not rising according to prison rules. I smiled. I recognised the ruse of the official to have a good look at me—at one who had dared to complain.

Friday the head wardress came into the cell with letters in her hand. "Would you like to have your letters, Miss Beatty?"

"I could not reply to them if I had them," I said. "You refused to allow me to write to my solicitor on Monday. Has Miss Shaw been here to ask after me?"

No reply to the question ; but the wadress asked: "Would you like to go to chapel?"

"I got into hot water for going on Sunday," I said.

"Come down with me and I will ask matron if you may have your letters. Have you not been to chapel since Sunday? You should have gone."

"It seems you have made me as much of a prisoner as you possibly could do," I volunteered.

The head wardress walked with me to the chapel. After Mass she met me again in the corridor.

"The matron has kindly given permission for you to have your letters, Miss Beatty."

"I see you have opened them," I said. "They were

here on Monday. One is from my solicitor, and should have been given to me then."

"We always keep the envelope" was the only remark I got from her as she handed the letters to me.

Saturday morning. There were not sufficient small loaves to go round, but I kept mine for the first time, I wanted it. The doctor came to see the prisoners leaving that morning. As he came to me he said: "Prison life does not agree with you, Nurse."

"No," I said. "No food, no sleep; in ill-health; prison is not an ideal sick-room."

"You will be glad to get away. I hope I shall not have to see you here again." His manner was a contrast to the general harsh, tyrannical attitude of the wardresses.

The next bit of officialdom was an audience of the matron.

"Have you any complaints to make?" she asked.

"Yes. You have kept me here a prisoner since Monday. Your institution is dirty—insanitary; your officials, or most of them with whom I have come in contact, should change places with the unhappy prisoners until they have learnt a sense of a common humanity." I had roused her official anger.

"I am surprised that a woman like you, a nurse, who knows what it is to keep order should complain of order being maintained.'

"It is not order that I complain of—that there must be in any institution. The scene here at 6 a.m. is such as I have never seen, although I have lived in public institutions since I was seven years old. It is one of want of order, and one of the most disgusting, ill-managed institutions where humanity is crowded into that I have ever seen, and should not be allowed anywhere. Your wardresses should work, instead of being tyrannical officials over under-fed, unattended—from a health standpoint—humanity. No order could be kept under such conditions except by threats and force—as here."

"Do you wish to see the Governor?"

"Yes."

"Put this woman back to the cells."

I had dared to express an opinion to one of our officials! I was to be punished for the daring; but I had intended to speak. Into a cell, rank with the smell of alcoholic vomiting —someone had been ill and the cell had not been cleaned—I was ushered, and the door slammed.

To Father Carey, who had spoken to me in the corridor once during my week's imprisonment, I remarked: "Has God Almighty provided a worse hell than this?"

"Hush!" he laughed.

He cannot find worse attendants upon humanity with a

weight of care and suffering, hungering for sympathy, than are found here. What if nurses in hospitals used the same tactics to patients! Human nature is the same, whether the suffering is moral or physical.

"This is your first experience, I gather?" said the Anointed.

"Yes, they have entered me as one of your flock, but I am not."

In this dirty cell again the welcome "Votes for women!" met my eyes. I stood in the cell waiting for some time. I had had five days' imprisonment at the pleasure of officialdom. I knocked at the cell door. "I want to see the Governor," I said.

"You must wait his convenience."

"I have no intention of doing any such thing," I said. "You have money of mine. Send a telegram for the nearest magistrate and my solicitor—here is his address." I offered her one of the letters given to me by the head wardress on Friday, which was from him, asking me when he could see me. The door banged; but in a minute or so the wardress ushered me into the sumptuously appointed quarters of officialdom. Some prisoners had done hard labour there with effect. I was standing on the highly-polished floor, and so was the attendant with me.

"Stand on the mat," was the dictatorial order given by her to me.

"You are standing on the polished floor," I said. "I will make room for you to stand on the mat." I passed at the back of her, but she preferred the polished floor to the mat, and so did I.

What an array of officials! Away from their duties—if any. The priests, the Church of England clergymen, the Rabbi, attendants by the score—men and women.

I was ushered further into the sanctum of the Governor. Was ever king or pope so important? He is an old man—too old for the Army—retired. He rose as I entered.

"You have some complaint to make?"

"Yes." And I repeated the same complaints I had made to the matron, emphasizing my illegal detention. The latter was present, with the wardress Davis.

"I cannot accept your complaints, madam, because you have had extraordinary privileges here. The matron has allowed you to have your letters—a most unusual favour."

"Does it not strike you, sir," I asked, "that the privileges, as you term them, were only given to me because you were illegally detaining me?"

"I have nothing more to say. The lady may go."

I smiled, thinking I shall have a rough time of it when I return here. I was escorted to the huge entrance gates.

"Anyone waiting for me?" I asked the porter.

"Are you Miss Beatty?"

"Yes."

"Your friends have been waiting since 8 a.m." It was now about 10 a.m.

"I have been given two hours extra imprisonment for daring to address our masters, our servants—officialdom," I remarked to the porter.

To friends waiting, "Let us find the first restaurant. I am starving."

After breakfast, on my way home, I called at the Town Hall of Hammersmith.

"I have just come from gaol, and I will not pay the next rates, which are nearly due. I will not subscribe to the West London Hospital, whatever you do."

Miss Shaw met me at my house. "Will you come on with me to Great Malvern. I have come up to-day to fetch you. Bring doggie with you."

"I cannot yet. I must build up my house again. I have done nothing since the accident, and the appeal will come on shortly."

I was waiting this latter. Having given definite instructions to Mr. Stollard that he was not to attend Court on my behalf unless I was in attendance with him, I was greatly surprised and annoyed to receive a letter from him notifying me that he had on the previous day gone to the Appeal Court with Mr. Roskill, counsel for the defendants, and informed the Court that "the appeal would be withdrawn with the consent of both parties."

"Does the plaintiff consent?" Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams seems to have asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

I took the letter to the court the next morning, and told Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams the particulars. I wanted a new trial—both to clear my character and reputation. I told him the lies which had been concocted, and which Mr. Justice Channel had chosen to accept—statements which he could not but realise were fabrications.

"But you consented, sister,"—I was in nurse's dress—"to the appeal being withdrawn."

"I did not. I knew nothing about any such arrangement, nor the attendance at Court, until I got Mr. Stollard's letter

"Well, it was so stated in Court, but if you will attend here to-morrow morning I will ask—I cannot compel—both counsels, Mr. Douglas Hogg and Mr Roskill, to come to court to speak to me."

I went to Court at the time appointed. Both counsels appeared.

"We did not say the plaintiff consented," stated the two men.

"But you did state that the plaintiff consented," said the Judge.

"Send for the Court record," and from it the clerk read: "Beatty *v.* The London United Tramways, Ltd. Appeal withdrawn by consent of both parties."

"You congratulated us upon the arrangement yourself," said Mr. Roskill to Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams.

"Yes, quite so, because you led me to believe that the plaintiff was a party to the consent ; but she says she was not, and had instructed her solicitors to appeal on her behalf for reasons of her own which she has given to the Court. I think she was entitled to take out an appeal, and if she wishes to make an application for extension of time, it will be considered and your appeal should go on."

I made the application to the Court, which was readily granted by Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams. I had been so treated by Mr. Stollard, who had landed me again into this quagmire, and who had not shielded me from the most atrocious conspiracy of lies, which he must have known of, that I decided to take the appeal myself. With legal coaching by one of the best of solicitors and the most honest, I set the appeal down. It was legally in as good an order as if done by the best of counsels ; but in spite of the assumed readiness of the defendants to appeal, they dared not face me in Court to repeat the lies which they had so wilfully deceived the Court with before Mr. Justice Channel ; and so they resorted to more legal trickery and refused to go on with the appeal, and evidently thought the defendant Tramways Company, whose directors were Sir Clifton Robinson (a Roman Catholic) and Mr. Sydney Holland (the Honourable, the Pope of the Hospitals and the nursing profession), were well off with only £50 to pay. All their papers were refused. The £50 was in the hands of court officials, and could be used for their expenses. Like Dr. Cullingworth, they were afraid of courting publicity.

The whole of the appeal case proceedings had been dealt with, so far, in Mr. Justice Vaughan William's Court—he is said to be a fair judge—and I thought there was some chance of at least getting the facts of the perjury and manufactured evidence given in the lower Court out when I found that the case was entered in his list for hearing. But Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy, Master of the Rolls, whom I knew to be very much in favour of Dr. Cullingworth as against me, upon the point at issue in the quarrel between us (this I heard from a relation of Mr. Cozens Hardy, a resident with Mrs. White at 21, Portland Road, at the same time I was ill there, at my first stay with this landlady) I was on the look out, and on the day before the appeal of Beatty *v.* The London United Tramways Company was to be heard, the

case was taken out of Mr. Justice Vaughan William's list and entered for hearing in that of Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy, the Master of the Rolls.

On hearing this I gave up any hope I might have entertained of justice, but still thought the dealing with the case in a public court, by a member of the public, even although only a woman, was mine.

The case of Beatty *v.* The London United Tramways Company was called.

I saw, as did the friends who had accompanied me to the court, the titter on the lips of the three judges. Before I could begin to speak,—

"The case is dismissed, with costs against the plaintiff," said Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy.

"I have a right to speak, and you, as a public servant sitting there as such, are there to listen to me. You have no legal right to prevent me from being heard in a Court of Law."

"You shall not be heard," said Mr. Cozens Hardy, sharply, whitening and nearly leaving his bench chair as he spoke.

"Then I ask you a pertinent, or an impertinent, question, if you like—What shares have you in this company? What is your interest in preventing publicity in the case? Wrong has been done—deliberate perjury committed—concocted evidence made use of by the London United Tramways Company. You have £50 in court—it is not a question of the costs being met. What is your interest in the case? Is it Dr. Cullingworth?"

"Leave the Court or I will send for the usher," said Mr. Cozens Hardy.

"I will wait until he comes. You have power over your own court. You have power, and you may send me to Holloway ; but I plead justification inasmuch as you refuse me the right of a hearing of the case."

I sat down. After a few minutes I was turned out of court.

The Daily Telegraph and other papers gave a long account of "an unprecedented scene in the Law Courts."

Attendants were placed each side of the numerous doors to open and shut them after all comers for the day. One K.C. remarked : "I have not had such obsequious honours paid to me for sixteen years."

I walked through the Court to receive the same. It was evidently thought I was being backed by the suffragettes, and fear was uppermost. But I was not backed by them. I attended at the same Court the next morning *re* the £50 which had been detained. All eyes were upon me as Mr. Cozens Hardy took his central seat with the two other men.

It was known I was in waiting. After bowing to officials, Mr. Cozens Hardy turned to me.

"Have you come to apologise to the Court, Miss Beatty?"

"I have done nothing that needs an apology from me. You choose to refuse me what is the boast of the English people—the right to justice. I asked you your motive, and repeat the question, and also—What are you going to do with the £50 in Court? An application is to be made for immediate possession of my home, and then they will put me into Holloway again, where you would have liked to send me yesterday."

"Well," said Mr. Cozens Hardy, "the Court will tie up the £50 and make an order that no one but you can take it."

It was so tied up that Stanley Washborough and Co., solicitors to the London United Tramways, and Mr. Stollard got it between them, as it was intended they should do.

Soon after an application was made for immediate possession of my home. The case came on hurriedly at noon on Saturday, as usual, before Master Bonar, acting for Master McDonnell.

"Are you the nurse who has had a scene in the Master of the Rolls' Court?"

"Yes."

"Immediate possession," went the stroke of the pen of Master Bonar—and I was homeless. "You go back under contempt of Court."

"I shall go," I said. "You shall not have my dog and animal pets for the purposes of vivisection at the West London Hospital, whatever you do to me."

Again after the home was gone—oh, the boasted chivalry of men! I laugh at its absence—I was again summoned for the remaining rates. I appeared before the same two doctor magistrates; the question of proving means was too merciful a method with such men as against me.

"What are you going to do about these rates, Miss Beatty—" said Dr. Bennet with a sinister smile.

"What are you going to do, Dr. Bennet? You may send me to Holloway Jail again. I care not. I will not pay a penny as a subscription to the West London Hospital. You medical men have done all but kill me, and would do that if you dared and could do it secretly."

"You had a bad time in prison; we know prison life does not suit you," said Dr. Bennet.

"Neither would it you, Dr. Bennet, if instead of going to the South of France or to a seaside resort to recruit after a serious accident you were sent by me to a prison cell; but do as you like. I will not pay, and neither shall anyone else for me." (I knew Miss Shaw was there to prevent my being sent to prison again, but I resented any interference.)

" I have not the power to send you to prison, Miss Beatty. I have a letter from the Rating Committee, your neighbours and fellow-townspeople, to say I am not to send you to prison so I am going to keep you a prisoner in the Town Hall until the Court rises."

" I do not want any different treatment, but I accept the consideration not from you, Dr. Bennet, from whom it would not be given, but from my neighbours, who know me, and my townspeople, whom I have lived amongst. I accept it in the spirit in which they have taken the power to send me to prison out of your hands. Anyway, I am going to have a prisoner's rights, which were refused me in Holloway Jail. I am entitled to read, to talk, and to write. If you keep me past 1 p.m., you must provide me with dinner."

The people present in the Town Hall cheered.

I talked as I sat at the Rate Collector's baize-covered table, sending round to them a Press cutting from *The Morning Leader* newspaper, recording a case where a man had been summoned by a rate collector for a farthing, and asking why I could not have been summoned for the penny

I had no home.

I had tried for my faithful dog's own sake, a large retriever, whom I have had now for nine years, to let a wealthy lady, anti-vivisectionist, have her. " She would pet her and try to make her forget me." She had been away for a few days, when I received a postcard from the lady saying, " Your pet refuses to eat or be friends."

The next morning I received another postcard : " I wrote you last evening about dear doggie, and I was feeling very unhappy about the sweet thing, but this morning she has made friends with me and eaten a good breakfast, and also shaken hands with me, etc., so I think it would be better if you do not come, as it would only upset the poor, dear, faithful soul again. It has been most distressing to see her fretting and moaning after you so, and absolutely refusing to be comforted by anybody, as she could not have her mistress. Oh, how beautiful is the devotion of a dog! And yet there are men and women—fiends—who ruthlessly carve them up alive, not even being ashamed of being called vivisectors, so vile and low down in heart and mind are they.—With best wishes and kind sympathy, S. D. Robinson Guppy."

Needless to say, I took the next train to fetch LuLu.

And in empty rooms we were together, homeless, ill, boycotted professionally both as regards work and medical attendance; my pension and sick-pay from a Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses refused; and justice !—Where? Certainly not in English Law Courts—and a solicitor's bill for £139; with all the expense of a long illness. I had my dog Lulu ; she sits beside me now, as I write—a faithful friend. If she could speak and tell our mutual efforts to

keep together, in spite of poverty, in spite of homelessness and hunger! She has been my constant companion and protector. The devotion of our dumb friends surpasses all human; in her it is intensified. My incentive to survive and live was the vow still not accomplished. My motive to struggle on was for the sake of my faithful friend, who would pine for me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The medical fraternity and the Roman Catholic Church never forgive nor forget.

The Honourable Sidney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital, the Tilbury and the Poplar Hospitals, was with Sir Clifton Robinson, a Roman Catholic, both on the Committee of the London Hospital, both directors of the Tubes Railways, and both principal directors of the London United Tramways Company, Limited.

The Hon. Sidney Holland was, as I said, the first person to taunt me with the foreman of the jury's (George William Bird's) wicked act in the Cullingworth action—the first to throw at me the verdict in derision. On making enquiries why the Cullingworth case should have loomed so blazingly in the accident case, I looked up the directors of the Tramways Company, and found the reason. I wrote Mr. Sidney Holland: "So you who taunted me with 'that twelve jurymen refused to believe you on oath,' in spite of the fact that you are aware of the truth of the Cullingworth case, are in influence to ruin me again by taking my home, through an accident by the negligence of your servants?"

The reply I received from him was: "I was not on the Board of Directors of the London United Tramways Company, Limited, at the time of your accident and trial, and never spoke to Sir Clifton Robinson," with a postscript added, "I spoke to him once, on the Tubes Committee."

Again and again he wrote to me thus.

I held in my hand "The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence," giving his name, with that of Sir Clifton Robinson, as practically the two directors of this company. When at last I confronted him with it, after his letter to me in which he had said, "It is a fact I was not on the Board of Directors of the London United Tramways Company, Limited, until a year after your accident and trial for damages," he replied, "*I did not know when I became a director.*"

Moreover, is it credible that two men working together on three such committees should only speak to each other but once? *I do not credit it nor accept it.* I placed the facts of his servant's perjury and concocted evidence before him; but of what use?

Sir Clifton Robinson's office was next door to that of his official solicitors in Great George Street, Westminster. I also placed the same report before him, and I said, "You, Sir Clifton Robinson, if you go to confession, you, a Roman

Catholic, according to the rules of the Church which you have recently joined, are bound to make restitution for the wrong you have done in this matter ; but you have done it, intentionally. God pays debts without money. I leave you to Him."

Shortly after Sir Clifton Robinson died suddenly in a tramcar.

Was it a retribution?

What chance for justice, or even a fair hearing, had I with such influences behind the scenes, at the hands of Judges (themselves being large shareholders in many of the insurance companies), to whom the members of the general public have to appeal for compensation when meeting with street accidents from motor, bus, or tramcar? It was this which prompted *my question* to Mr. Cozens Hardy, the Master of the Rolls, who refused to allow me to make an appeal for a new trial in the action against the London United Tramways Company, Limited.

Such has been my experience.

What is the next ordeal through which I am to pass—through medical tyranny which brings in its train legal injustice ?

The members of the first trade union have irresponsible power, and are allowed by the second trade union to be above the law. In America, no such medical absolutism exists. I gather from letters and in conversation with an American surgeon practising there, "that surgeons are legally answerable for performing 'operations' upon patients without their consent —for excessive disfiguring incisions and other matters objected to by a patient."

Dr. Ulner (a one-time resident in my home, wrecked by the two directors of the London United Tramways, Ltd.), on attending surgical work at the West London Hospital, remarked, to an American surgeon on the staff there, on his rash surgery, "You could not do that in America with impunity."

"No," replied the operating surgeon. "We can do it in England. It is absolutely useless for a patient to take a legal action against a surgeon here—he would never win in a Court of Law."

He may have had my case in his mind—so far I think I am the only patient with a sufficient knowledge of anatomy—to realise the terrible results of a surgeon's unlimited power and mania for the knife—who has been able to carry the subject to the highest legal tribunal for a decision upon the right of the individual over his or her body in this matter. My punishment has been medico-professional boycotting in the refusal of aid from those Hospitals—their exclusive property

although supposedly public instiutions, and the determination by the fraternity to prevent me following my profession as a nurse. Both boycotting could have been checked—if the Judicial officials had administered the law according to the oath they are compelled by the public to take to Almighty God "to do right to all manner of people, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will."

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